

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

1872.

August.

MOLIÈRE.

BOILEAU, on being asked by Louis XIV who was the greatest French writer of his reign, replied, "Sire, it is Molière." "I had not thought so," said the king; "but you know better than I." Another French critic, not less distinguished, styles him "the best comic poet that ever lived, in any nation." After making due allowance for the partiality of a native criticism, it will probably be conceded that, in ancient or modern times, there are few, if any, that can contest the palm with Molière as a writer of comedy, unless it be Shakspeare; and even here the most enthusiastic admirers of the great English dramatist will hesitate to indicate a preference. "Of Shakspeare," says Hallam, "we may justly say that he had the greater genius, but perhaps of Molière that he has written the best comedies."

Jean Baptiste Poquelin, born in Paris, January 15, 1622, was the son of John Poquelin, a *valet de chambre*, and upholsterer to the king. His early education appears to have been neglected; but at the age of fourteen, at the solicitation of his grandfather, the future author of "Tartuffe" was sent to the Jesuit College of Clermont, where, as had been anticipated from his characteristic zeal, he made rapid progress in his studies. Here he remained five years, during a part of which time he enjoyed the instruction of the famous Gassendi, who indoctrinated him in the tenets of the Epicurean philosophy. He had scarcely completed his course of study, when, owing to the delicate state of his father's health, he was compelled to assume the duties of his office as *valet de chambre*. He shortly after accompanied the king in this capacity to Narbonne, from whence he made numerous excursions into different parts

of France, making observations that were subsequently of great service to him in his dramatic representations.

Having resigned a position so ill-suited to his disposition, he commenced the study of the law at Orleans, and was admitted to the bar in Paris, in 1645. At an early age he had contracted a taste for theatrical representations; and now that the French drama was culminating under the influence of Corneille's genius, his youthful passion received a new and powerful impulse. Accordingly, relinquishing the bar for the stage, he organized and assumed the direction of a theatrical troupe of amateur performers, known as the "Illustrious Theater," with which he traveled over France, giving representations, with various success, in the principal cities.

Meanwhile he was a careful observer of manners and character. While sojourning at Pézénas, a provincial town in the south of France, it was his custom to frequent the barber's shop, which, before the era of newspapers, was the general rendezvous of those who wished to hear or recount the news and gossip of the day. Here, seating himself in a great arm-chair in one corner of the shop, he became a silent spectator of the comedy of human life, quietly studying the various phases of human nature that came under his observation, as the rustic idlers passed in review before him, and treasuring up those materials which he ere long turned to good account in his inimitable comedies.

Young Poquelin having resolved to devote himself to the stage, either following the example of the Italian actors, or out of respect, it may be, for the feelings of his parents, who were dissatisfied with his choice of a profession, he changed his name, and assumed the *nom de guerre* of Molière. On becoming an

author, he did not at first discover the true bent of his genius, but turned his attention to tragedy. At the age of thirty-one he produced his first regular comedy, "*L'Etourdi*," which was represented at Lyons and elsewhere with great success.

Prior to this he had composed some farces in the Spanish and Italian style. Having led a nomadic life for a number of years, during which time he secured the powerful patronage of the Prince of Conti and the Duke of Orleans, he returned to Paris. Here his itinerant troupe, now known as the "*Troupe de Monsieur*," by way of compliment to the Duke of Orleans, was permitted to play before the king, who was so well pleased with the performance that he adopted the company as his own, and conferred upon Molière a pension of a thousand francs.

Of the thirty or more dramatic pieces that Molière has produced, the principal are, the "*Précieuses Ridicules*," "*L'Ecole des Maris*," "*Les Facheux*," "*L'Ecole des Femmes*," "*Le Mariage Forcé*," "*L'Avaro*," "*Le Misanthrope*," "*Le Tartuffe*," "*Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*," "*Les Femmes Savantes*," and "*Le Malade Imaginaire*." On the appearance of "*Les Précieuses*," a spectator cried out, "Courage! Molière, there at last is good comedy." "*Tartuffe*," in which religious hypocrisy is mercilessly unmasked, was bitterly denounced among professioned saints and irreligious ecclesiastics, who, doubtless, were greatly scandalized by the faithfulness of the portrait. The Archbishop of Paris forbade not only the recitation, but the reading, of "*Tartuffe*" by any person whatsoever within the limits of his diocese, on pain of excommunication. It was only after repeated attempts that the author finally succeeded in having it represented before a Parisian audience, so violent was the opposition on the part of those who attempted to cloak their scandalous practices under the garb of a religious sanctity. "I would like to know," said Louis XIV, on one occasion to the Prince of Condé, "why the people who are so scandalized by the comedy of '*Tartuffe*,' should say nothing against that of '*Scaramouche*.'" "The reason of that," replied the prince, "is, that the comedy of '*Scaramouche*' ridicules God and religion, about which these gentlemen care nothing; but that of Molière ridicules themselves, and that is what they can not tolerate."

The "*Malade Imaginaire*" closed his literary career. He had suffered for some time from an affection of the lungs. On the third representation of this piece, his indisposition was such that his friends advised him not to take part in the play. "What," he replied, with his

characteristic benevolence, "what will all the poor workmen do? I could not forgive myself for neglecting a single day to give them bread." During the last act he was seized with paroxysms of coughing, followed by a hemorrhage, that resulted in his death a few hours after, February 17, 1673, in the fifty-second year of his age. The clergy refused him the last sacraments of the Church, and the rites of Christian burial; but the king himself interposed, and his remains were quietly interred, during the night, in the Cemetery of St. Joseph, Rue Montmartre.

It is related that Louis XIV, having learned that the Archbishop of Paris would not permit the remains of the poet to be buried in consecrated ground, sent for the prelate and expostulated with him; but finding him inflexible, his majesty inquired how many feet deep the consecrated ground extended. The archbishop, taken by surprise, replied, after some hesitation, "About eight." "Well," said the monarch, "I find that there's no getting the better of your scruples; therefore, let his grave be dug twelve feet deep, and let him be buried there."

In 1778, the French Academy, after having decreed a public eulogy in honor of his memory, admitted his bust into its chamber, with the following inscription:

"Rien ne manque à sa gloire: il manquait à la nôtre."

As a man, Molière was humane, benevolent, and disinterested. A considerable portion of his income was expended in benefactions. He not only freely distributed alms among the poor, but often encouraged indigent young authors by rendering them pecuniary aid and other assistance. Among others, he generously befriended Racine, at a time when the latter was struggling with the difficulties that beset the commencement of a literary career. He was as free from malice as from envy. It is well known that the author of "*L'Amour Médecin*" was on no very friendly terms with the medical fraternity. In truth, some of them, as related by Barrère, carried their resentment so far as to refuse their services when summoned to the bedside of the dying author. One day, however, when he was dining with Louis XIV, he asked and obtained a canonry for the son of his family physician.

"You have a physician then?" said the king. "What does he do for you?"

"Sire," replied Molière, "we chat together. He prescribes some remedies. I never take them, and get well."

Though grave and reserved in his intercourse and of ignoble birth, his society was courted by

persons of the highest rank and refinement. The Grand Monarque caused him to be seated at his own table, and did not hesitate to stand as sponsor to his eldest child at the baptismal font. If he spoke but seldom, however, it was not because he had nothing to say, or lacked the ability to say it forcibly and well. He affords a notable illustration of the fact that a man may be a fine writer or a great orator, and at the same time a poor conversationalist; that, like Addison, he may not have a guinea in his pocket, and yet have the ability to draw upon his banker at sight for a thousand pounds.

He was naturally inclined to melancholy. This man who made the world merry was himself unhappy. Barrère tells us that there are two classes of comic writers: those who have laughed and provoked laughter because they were happy, and those who have done so because they have suffered. To this latter class belongs Molière. He had married a young and beautiful actress, Armande Béjart, who, though graceful, elegant, fascinating, and witty, was at the same time capricious and coquettish. Though devotedly attached to her to the day of his death, his life was greatly embittered by her frivolous, if not scandalous, conduct. When his friend Chapelle reproached him, who had so often ridiculed jealousy, for being jealous himself, he simply replied, "I see, then, you have never loved." It may be said, in praise of Molière, that though he has satirized woman with an unsparing hand, no French writer of the seventeenth century has better comprehended her dignity, or more nobly vindicated her rights.

Like his distinguished contemporary, La Fontaine, Molière was absent-minded to the last degree. Having one day hired a sedan-chair to take him to the theater, and being in great haste, he was so annoyed by the slow movements of the carriers, that in his impatience he leaped out and began to push the vehicle; nor in his abstraction was he aware of what he was doing, until aroused by the peals of laughter which greeted him from the by-standers.

Though Molière, like Shakspeare, was an actor as well as dramatist, no one, perhaps, has animadverted with more severity than he on the questionable morality of the stage. On one occasion a young man of talent consulted him with a view of becoming a comedian.

"Have you any property?" inquired Molière.

"My father is an advocate in easy circumstances," replied the young man.

"In that case," said Molière, "I counsel you to follow his profession; ours is not the one for you; it is the last resource of those who know

not how to do better, or of libertines who are not willing to work. Besides, to come upon the stage is to thrust a dagger into the hearts of your parents; you know why. I have always reproached myself for having thus displeased my family; and I confess to you, that if I had to commence anew, I should never choose this profession. You believe, perhaps, that it has its pleasures; but you are deceived. It is true that our society appears to be sought by great lords; but they make us subservient to their pleasures, and it is the saddest of all amusements to be the slave of their fancies."

In Molière we have a rare combination of genius and common sense. His great power lay in his knowledge of man as a philosopher, and his fidelity to nature as an artist. He knew men instinctively. His book was society, the human mind his theater. In his comedies we have a faithful transcript of the tastes, manners, and fashions of the age of Louis XIV. He selects his characters without regard to social condition, but principally from the rank and file of society. His sympathies are universal. He castigates the follies and weaknesses of mankind with an unsparing hand; but it is rather as a social reformer, than as a cynical censor. The *Précieuses* of the Hôtel Rambouillet—marquis and burgher, miser and prude, learned simpletons, pseudo-philosophers, tyrannical husbands, courtly libertines; pedagogical doctors, hypochondriacal patients, and hypocritical saints—are all ridiculed or unmasked in turn, while each one is compelled to laugh at his own expense, to see his weaknesses and follies so cleverly exposed.

"Of all that have ever written," says La Harpe, "Molière has observed man the best, without proclaiming his observation; he has, too, more the air of knowing him by heart than of having studied him. When we read his pieces with reflection, we are astonished, not at the author, but at ourselves. . . . His comedies, properly read, may supply the place of experience, not because he has painted follies that pass away, but because he has painted man, who does not change. He has given a series of strokes, not one of which is lost; this is for me, that is for my neighbor; and it is a proof of the pleasure derived from a perfect imitation, that my neighbor and I laugh very heartily to see ourselves fools, simpletons, or meddlers, and that we should be furious, if any body were to tell us in another manner one-half of what Molière says."

The "*Tartuffe*" is now generally regarded as the crowning effort of Molière's genius. No analysis or isolated extract can give an adequate

idea of this, or any of the poet's comedies, and yet we may be allowed to indicate an outline of the plot, and illustrate it with a single quotation as a specimen of his style.

Tartuffe, a false devotee, by a show of superior sanctity, succeeds in imposing upon the unsuspecting credulity of Orgon, an honest and wealthy burgher, to such a degree, that the latter receives him as an inmate of his house, offers him his daughter's hand in marriage, and makes him sole heir of his entire fortune. The hypocritical Tartuffe shows his appreciation of his friend's kindness and hospitality, by attempting to corrupt his wife; and failing to do so, and being thoroughly exposed and unmasked, makes use of the legal instrument by which Orgon has conveyed to him all his property, to eject the latter from his own house. Crime is triumphant. Orgon is confounded. Henceforth he will trust no one. In his extremity, the authority of the king is invoked. Tartuffe is arrested as a swindler; the contract is canceled; Orgon is restored to his possessions—and thus ends a comedy in which the hypocrisy of the impostor is only exceeded, if that were possible, by the credulity of his dupe.

The infatuation of Orgon for Tartuffe is, perhaps, nowhere more strikingly apparent than in the following celebrated scene, where Orgon, on his return home after a temporary absence, is so impatient to learn the state of Tartuffe's health, that he pays no attention to what Dorine is saying respecting his wife's illness:

Orgon—Has every thing gone quietly, Dorine, Since I left home, two days ago? How are they all within?

Dorine—Your wife has suffered much; a fever first: And then a dreadful pain, as if her head would burst.

Orgon—And Tartuffe?

Dorine—Tartuffe! he does marvelously well. His lips are red; with fat his cheeks, like cherries, swell.

Orgon—Poor fellow!

Dorine—All that day she had no appetite; And ev'n at supper could not eat the poorest mite, So cruel still the pains that rack'd her head.

Orgon—And Tartuffe?

Dorine—Comfortably sat, and took his bread; And first, devoutly, two entire pheasants ate; Then swept a leg of mutton from his plate.

Orgon—Poor fellow!

Dorine—But throughout the tedious livelong night She could not to her eyes one moment's sleep invite, The dreadfully oppressive heat all rest forbade, Nor soothing anodynes a moment's sleep conveyed.

Orgon—And Tartuffe?

Dorine—By the gentlest slumbers sweetly soothed, Directly from the table to his chamber moved, And, snugly covered in his bed, he quickly lay, Dismissing every care, until the coming day.

Orgon—Poor fellow!

Dorine—Finally, by my persuasions led, She suffered us to call the surgeon; and was bled; A quick relief from pain was the result.

Orgon—And Tartuffe?

Dorine—Courage took, his stomach to consult. Then, strengthening his soul the ills of life to bear;

And Madam's loss of blood in order to repair,
For breakfast quite four bottles of good wine he drank.
Orgon—Poor fellow! (Act 1, Scene v.)

Molière has been charged with advocating impiety, and, while satirizing hypocrisy, with bringing religion itself into contempt. Those who take exception to "Tartuffe" on this account, have been advised to read it again, as they are probably among the number of those for whose benefit it was intended. Though Molière's morality is not of a very high type, he clearly draws the distinction between a true and a false devotion. He not only distinguishes between genuine piety and its counterfeit, but pronounces it the most essential requisite of true heroism.

"The hero whom I most admire,
Is he whom true religious sentiments inspire.
No sights the world presents so beautiful appear,
As holy fervors springing from a zeal sincere."

The style of Molière is characterized by vigor and force, rather than purity and elegance. He was the poet of the people, as Racine was of the court. Of such importance did he esteem the opinion of the simple and unlearned, that he frequently rehearsed his comedies in the presence of children, or read them to an old domestic belonging to his household, and afterward subjected them to revision if the humorous passages did not produce the desired effect. Philosopher as well as poet, he was an acute observer and a forcible delineator. To an animated dialogue and a spirited versification, he joins an exquisite humor and a profound philosophy. Although he is indebted to the older comedians, especially Plautus and Terence, not only for some of his plots, but also for many of his most humorous sallies, it is not from any lack of fertility or invention, but is rather to be attributed to the fact that many of his plays were composed hastily, we might almost say impromptu, for the entertainment of the court. While he laid every thing he saw, heard, or read under contribution, he so assimilated it by the transforming power of his genius, that it lost, as it were, its former identity, and reappeared under new and original forms.

We do not know that we can close this article more appropriately than by transcribing the famous passage upon the illusion of lovers, in the "Misanthrope," in imitation of the Latin poet Lucretius:

"If pale, the very jasmine's beauty there is met;
If swarthy as an Indian, then she's a brunette.
If lank and tall, then her proportions are admired;
If fat, her gait is then with majesty inspired;
If she is carelessly, nay, sluttishly attired,
Then is it graceful carelessness she has acquired.
A giantess in bulk, a goddess he esteems;

A dwarf the miniature of heavenly beauty seems.
 If haughty, then a diadem her brow should bind;
 If cunning, she has wit; if silly, she is kind.
 If talkative, she's full of brilliancy and fire;
 But if reserved, the world her prudence must admire:
 The lover thus by his imagination sway'd,
 Deformities t' admire is frequently betray'd."

(Act ii, Scene v.)

THE OLD NORTHERN RUNES.

THE origin of alphabetic letters is still involved in obscurity, notwithstanding the extensive researches made, and the many theories proposed, by learned men in relation to it. The representation of the different articulate sounds of a language by means of visible signs, is as wonderful as its effects upon the advancement of civilization are incalculable. It is, therefore, no wonder that uncivilized tribes, like some of the American Indians, who, for the first time became acquainted with letters, thought them possessed of wonderful powers of sorcery; while others, like the Thibetans, believed them to have flown, like sunbeams, from the Divine essence; nor yet, that some called the letters usually employed in writing Sanskrit "*Devanagari*," signifying the alphabet of "the city of the gods." Some learned men proposed and defended the theory that the alphabet, whose invention is generally ascribed to the ancient Egyptians, was gradually developed from the hieroglyphics, just as the advancement of the human mind in knowledge and science has been slow and progressive; and that, as thoughts have been mentally separated into words, words into syllables, and these gradually into distinct sounds, so, also, by a similar sequence, words have been marked or pictured on external objects to represent internal thoughts, successive syllables to represent one or more words, and finally, single letters to represent distinct sounds. This view seems, at first sight, to have something natural and attractive in it; yet, it must be admitted that the real question, as to how and when the picture of a thing, or the sign of an idea, was separated into so many distinct signs, representing the exact number of distinct sounds that enter into the name of a thing or idea, remains still unanswered. Nor has any other theory furnished a satisfactory solution. True, history gives us a clew by which may be traced the progressive stages in the development of the written language.

According to Herodotus there existed in Egypt, side by side, two kinds of letters. 1. Hieroglyphic letters, considered both sacred and secret. 2. A kind of alphabetic letters,

which, according to the antiquarian Zoega, had a double form; the one extremely rude and simple, designed for the common people; and the other, ornamented with accents and flourishes, designed for the priests. The Greeks, on the other hand, had at first a limited alphabet, which, in the course of time, received new additions, and was thus enlarged. At the time of the discovery of America, the use in Mexico of a kind of hieroglyphics, or pictorial signs for things and ideas, was so extensive that, according to Humboldt, thousands of persons were employed in making them; and yet no trace was found among them of a knowledge of alphabetic letters, although the condition of the inhabitants was neither rude nor wild, as their traditional laws, regulating even the smallest affairs of private life, abundantly prove. Among the Chinese, whose stagnant customs and torpid refinement have for centuries checked the development and progress of their intellectual life and activity, the idea of alphabetic letters, as signs of separate and distinct sounds, has as yet found no entrance, the ideophonographic system being still in use among them. It is possible that the culture of a language might not be dependent upon alphabetic letters, nor the introduction of the latter be necessitated by the former; it is also possible that a language might exist in a cultivated condition without its being written; and yet it is not probable that a people, endowed with a rich and noble language, should remain without a knowledge of alphabetic letters. During the time of Bishop Ulfilas (311-381), the knowledge of alphabetic letters was extremely limited among the Goths; and yet their language had attained a considerable degree of culture.

But whatever theories may be propounded in relation to the origin of alphabetic letters, it may be assumed as certain that rude pictorial signs or symbols were originally used to represent to the eye the notions both of external objects and of internal thoughts and emotions, and that in the course of time they severally were, by an analytical process, developed into separate signs, each of a definite form, several of which were conjointly used to represent first a word or idea, then a part of a word; that is, a syllable; and, finally, each sign singly to represent only a distinct sound. It may also be assumed as certain that the Runes of the Goths, the ancient Northmen, and Scandinavians, were originally rudely shaped letters representing certain words and ideas, the meaning or signification of which was concealed from the common people. Indeed, the signification of the word *rune* implies this: Rune (Anglo-Saxon,

runn; old High German and Gothic, *runa*; Icelandic, *runn*) signifies a mystery or secret. Some philologists suppose that the word *rune* has the same root as the German word *runs* or *runse*, signifying a mark, cut, or incision (into a boundary-line stone), as also the course or bed of a mountain streamlet; while others suppose it to be derived from the Anglo-Saxon and old High German verb *runian* (Low German and modern High German, *runen*), signifying to whisper, to speak low, or secretly; that is, to tell a secret. Probably both derivations are correct, for the Runes may have been employed for the purpose of representing either a mysterious or secret art, or the mystery or secret communicated through them, or both. Runic characters were sometimes cut or carved on twigs from the beech-tree; sometimes on stone, wood, glass, and metal. The verb in the old Northern tongue employed to denote this act was *rista* (Icelandic and Swedish, *rita*; old Danish, *rytten*; Low German, *riten*; High German, *ritzen*; Anglo-Saxon, *writan*; English, *to write*), to carve, to cut, to engrave; that is, to write—from which the English substantive *writ* (as in "Holy Writ"), and the German, *ritz*, are derived; and both of which may be regarded as synonymous with the word *rune*. The Runes cut on staves were called by the ancient Scandinavians *bók-runar* (beech-runes), and the staves themselves *bók-stafir* (beech-staves), from which the German word *buchstabe*—the name for any alphabetic letter—is probably derived.

The Runes have been distinguished into three kinds: 1. The Scandinavian kind, consisting of sixteen letters; namely, F, U, Th, O, R, K, H, N, I, A, S, T, B, L, M, Y (or, final R), to which were later added, G, E, D, P—formed by diacritical points from K, I, T, B. 2. The German or old Saxon kind, consisting of twenty-two letters, and found generally on metallic objects between the Weser, the Elbe, and the Eider. 3. The Anglo-Saxon kind, which is properly a modification of the German kind by its having been adapted to the Anglo-Saxon vocalism; hence it has signs peculiar to itself, and numbers about thirty letters. By comparing the three kinds of Runes with each other, and with the Semitic, Phœnician, and Greek alphabets, it appears either that they all had a common origin, or that the former are descendants or modifications of the latter. Some of the Runic characters correspond to those of the old Greek and old Latin, while others are similar to Phœnician and even old Hebrew letters. All throw light on each other. It must not, however, be supposed that the Northern Runes were mere copies or transcripts of Roman or

Greek letters. Their order is different. The Roman are in A, B, C; the Runic, in F, U, Th, O, R, K (Runic letter notation). Their number is different; the Runic characters, especially those of a later period, are more numerous than the Roman and Greek. Their shape in many cases is also different, which indicates a deviation from the common origin. It is supposed that Bishop Ulfilas (311–381), who translated the (Septuagint) Bible into the Gothic language, invented, or rather constructed, the alphabet of that language by adopting that of the Greek as a basis, and incorporating into it those signs from the Saxo-German Runes corresponding to the sounds of the Gothic tongue not found in the Greek.

As to the original home of the Runes opinions differ. Professor Stevens maintains that Runes, as well as the Northern tongue in which they were written, had never been found outside the North—Iceland and all Scandinavia, from Lapland to the Eider, and all England, from Kent to the Firth of Forth—while they are every-where the ancient literary characteristics of the Northern tribes within the "Anglo-Scandic" lands. They are not the special inventions or heir-looms of any one of the Northern clans or tribes, but of all. They are met with in Sweden, from the north to the south; in Norway, from the north to the south; in Denmark, from the north to the south; and in England, from the north to the south. All the Northmen had them in common, and at one common period. Other antiquarians, however, are of opinion that Runes were also in use among the original Anglo-Saxon tribes, as well as among those who inhabited the regions now known as Holstein, Mecklenburg, and Westphalia; for objects containing Runic inscriptions have been found there, and even farther in the interior of Germany.

The monuments and objects upon which Runic inscriptions have thus far been found are generally classified as follows: 1. Minne-blocks, or tombstones, which were evidently erected as tokens of affection. 2. Isolated, or standing rocks or stones, containing inscriptions of events, beliefs, incantations, etc. 3. Loose things, such as carvings, weapons, jewels, ornaments, tools, toys, etc. 4. Golden blinks. The number of Runic characters on these different objects varies greatly. Sometimes only two or three words are found, sometimes more; occasionally a short hymn, or prayer, or incantation. The latter plainly show that these ancient Northern tribes entertained the belief in man's immortality, a future state of existence, and the personality of their deities, even before the

introduction of Christianity. Thus Christianity had only to give clearer views, and make known the name and nature of the "unknown God," whom all felt after, in order to gain a rapid and wide acceptance.

As to the precise age of the Runes, Professor Stevens and W. Grimm agree that no Runic monuments or objects, heretofore discovered, yield any thing like a date, or fixed period of time, or a time-measure, such as the names of months, weeks, days, hours, or the age of deceased persons, or numerical figures. It is, therefore, unknown how the ancient Northmen, previous to the introduction of Christianity, reckoned events or time, or what were their ciphers for numeration, or if they had any. Nor are such data found on the great mass of the later Runic monuments of the Christian period, when numeral marks were known. It is very seldom that such a monument bears a date, still rarer the age of the deceased. "Among these," says Professor Stevens, "a few slabs, perhaps the earliest using Christian chronology, are found on the isle of Gotland. But no such dated Runic grave-stone is older than the fourteenth century. Dated Runic bells go a hundred years farther back. Runic coins—with Scandinavian Runes—appear in Scandinavia at the end of the tenth century, and in England—with old Northern Runes—as early as the seventh century. Golden Bracteates (O. N. Runes) began in the fourth and fifth century." Tacitus seems to refer to the existence of Runestones on grave-mounds in the southern regions of Germany and Switzerland, when he says (Germ. iii): "Quidam opinantur monumenta et tumulos quosdam, Graecis litteris inscriptos, in confinio Germaniae Rhaetiaeque adhuc extare." True, he calls the inscriptions "Greek letters;" but when the similarity between the old Greek letters and the Runic characters is taken into consideration, it is no wonder that he looked upon them as Greek. But whatever value may be attached to the testimony of Tacitus, it is certain that the use made of some Runic characters by Bishop Ulfilas, above referred to, proves their existence at that time; hence it may be safely inferred that they existed at least one or two centuries before the time of Ulfilas; and may thus be traced as far back as the commencement of the Christian era. Professor Stevens mentions the existence in Sweden and Norway of several objects whose Runic inscriptions are believed to date as far back as the year 200-300.

Notwithstanding the enormous amount of destruction of Runic monuments that has been going on for centuries, the number of Runic

pieces still extant, in various forms, is said to be very considerable. Those in old Northern Runes—as being so much more ancient—are comparatively few; but those in Scandinavian Runes may be roughly given as upward of two thousand, excluding Rune-bearing coins, about three-fourths of which are in Sweden.

The various purposes for which the Runes were employed among the ancient Northmen and Scandinavians, may be ascertained, first, from the Runic inscriptions themselves, as has already been indicated in some of the preceding remarks; secondly, from the "Edda."* It is evident that, no matter for what other purposes Runes were employed, there is little reason to believe that they were used by the ancient Northmen and Scandinavians for what can properly be called literary purposes. Mr. Marsh, in his work on the "Origin and History of the English Language" (p. 69), well observes that the Scandinavians carved incantations and brief inscriptions in these Runic letters; but it remains to be proved that either the mystic lays or the prose sagas of that people were ever written down at all before Christian missionaries introduced into Scandinavia a new religion and a new alphabet.

One of the chief purposes for which the Runes were employed by the Northern tribes, was the practice of the arts of divination and of magic. Tacitus already describes (Germ. x) how the art of divination was practiced among the ancient Germans. According to his account, a number of little branches from fruit-bearing trees were cut into small staves, upon each of which was carved a Rune. These staves were then shaken, and thrown upon a spread-out cloth. The priest, having taken them up at random and placed together in a row, sought to interpret the meaning of the Runes thus obtained, and thereby to read the future. According to a remarkable passage in the "Elder Edda," a similar custom seemed to prevail in the North. At the very beginning of the "Hymiskvidha," or the "Saga of Hymir," we read:

"Valtivar rhisto teina ok á blaut sá," etc.;

That is, the gods shook (threw) the twigs (Rune-staves) and saw the (sacrificial) blood; or, to give the substance of the saga, the gods, subject to a Power superior to themselves, and wishing to know the future, slew the sacrificial animal, poured its blood into a consecrated vessel, and shook, or threw, at the same time,

*The "Edda" is the religious or mythological book of the old Scandinavian tribes, containing a collection of songs and sagas concerning the old Northern gods and heroes. It is the chief source of Northern mythology.

Rune-staves cut from fruit-bearing trees, and then watched both the position of the Rune-staves and the motion of the blood, from which they sought to read the future.

Again, the "Elder Edda" contains a poem entitled, "Odin's Song of the Runes," in which great magic power is ascribed to them. By them Odin, one of the greatest gods of the Northmen and a master of Runes, represented himself as doing the most wonderful things. By them he made Vala, the prophetess, to rise from the realms of Hela, and to answer his inquiries concerning the fate of Balder. By them he could destroy the edge of weapons, put out fires, heal diseases, make life pleasant or unpleasant, win the love of others, or fill their hearts with terror, etc. He thus closes his "Rune-song:"

"Now is the High-song sung
In the High One's Hall;
Useful to the sons of men,
Needless to the giants' sons.
Long live who hath learn'd it!
Hail him who hath heard it!"

But not only Odin, but also the other North-ern gods and heroes, kings and queens, poets and prophetesses, are represented as having possessed the magic power of the Runes. By it they acquired a marvelous influence over the people. Like the South-sea Islanders, who believed that there was a spirit in the chip on which Williams, the missionary, had written a message to his wife, these Northern peoples, in their superstitious simplicity, were persuaded to believe that there was a mighty spirit in the Runes, and that those professing to understand them, had a wonderful power over their weal or woe. They were taught to believe that queens and princesses could cast the Runic spell over their enemies and thus conquer them; that ladies could thus inspire warriors with love; and that awful women, especially wicked step-mothers, could perform all the evil things, by means of the Runes, that are attributed to witchcraft and sorcery.

Such was the use made of the Runes, and such the power they were believed to possess, by the ancient Northmen and Scandinavians. Even for some time after the introduction of Christianity, and notwithstanding the severity with which the Church opposed and denounced it, this superstitious notion of the miraculous power of the Runes retained a strong hold upon the minds of the people. But by agreement between the Church and the governments, the practice of Rune-spells was punished with exile and loss of property. The Runes were finally abandoned by the learned, the Latin alphabet was introduced in their stead, and the super-

stitious faith of the people in them gradually lost itself, though traces of it may yet be found among the Icelanders.

HOW REUBEN HALY WAS RECLAIMED.

WOMEN clamor to vote; they want to wield an influence. They do not know what a powerful influence for good or evil they can wield in the sphere they think so limited, the bonds of which they wish to break.

Woman^o does not know the power of even her silent influence, of her very presence, or she would cause herself to be so clothed upon by every excellence, she would so improve her native gifts, that she would possess a transforming power upon the characters of all about her, would "make it possible that daily contact with her would be a liberal education."

How few women bring themselves up to the high standard it is in their power to reach! Has any one ever made of herself all that might be made?

A little history that came to my knowledge not long since, has caused these reflections—numerous reflections of a similar kind, which I will not now pen. I will give the history, and let it bring its own moral, suggest its own train of reflections.

Reuben Haly was bred a farmer, and upon the death of his father, when he was about twenty-six, he became master of the homestead, his mother having died some years before. Being an only child, he was sole heir of his father's farm of fifty acres within about half a mile of a thriving village; and when the old aunt, who had kept house for them, left him, a few months after his father's death, to take charge of the household of a son, Reuben began to look about him for a wife. Bessy Green was a smart, likely, dark-haired, bright-eyed, buxom, rosy lass of twenty-two, the daughter of a neighboring farmer. Upon her Reuben cast his eye. All the good wives in the neighborhood said she was "a notable maiden for work." This was a qualification that Reuben desired; but had she not been comely also, he would have looked farther. As it was, what more could he desire? he thought. Young, handsome, tidy, smart, an adept in the mysteries of butter and cheese, able to turn her hand to any thing, and, withal, so good a scholar, so well versed in lady-like ways, that Reuben would not be ashamed to have her write letters to his city cousins, the best of them, visit them, or entertain them at his own house, when Bessy should preside over it.

The old ladies that praised her housekeeping, said she was "a genteel little thing." She was well-read, withal, and could hold an argument with the best of them.

Reuben turned the matter over in his mind, and decided that nothing could be finer than to make Bessy the mistress of his house and heart. Now, all that was wanting was to get the consent of Bessy herself to this arrangement.

She was an only child, like Reuben himself, and would inherit her father's broad acres. Reuben had "waited on her" home from singing-school several times; on two occasions had gone in and spent an hour or two, been treated with apples and cider, and a dish of chat by the old gentleman, smiled upon by the old lady, and invited to call again. Bessy had been smiling and gracious.

The way seemed smooth to him, and so, arrayed in a new suit of broadcloth, and a shining beaver, purchased purposely to aid in his designs upon Bessy's heart, one sunny afternoon—as singing-schools were not in season, and he did not feel disposed to wait their return, to put his fate to the touch—he made his appearance in front of the dwelling of Mr. Green, in his brand-new buggy, drawn by his dappled gray; and, hitching the latter to a post, made his way to the house, with his heart in his mouth, and a sheepish consciousness of his errand.

He would ask Bessy to ride, he thought, and pop the question at once. Where was the use of waiting? He knew Bessy well enough; Bessy knew him. He was in pressing need of a housekeeper. They could marry at once, if Bessy was willing, and court afterward.

He found Bessy "dressed up," sitting at her sewing; so when he broached his errand, Bessy, nothing loath, put on her bonnet and was ready to go. Reuben talked of every thing as they rode along, but still with one thought uppermost in his mind, upon which he dared not touch.

He drove far out on a lonely road. It seemed to him, grown suddenly bashful, that the very rocks and trees would hear him.

"No soul within ten miles to hear,
But still poor Reuben's silly fear
Forbore to speak of love."

And so—like the general who, with forty thousand men, marched up a hill, and then marched down again—Reuben rode out, and then rode home again, accomplishing nothing. He called himself forty thousand fools after he went home that night, and the very next morning went boldly up to the house where Bessy lived, prepared to storm her heart. The fates

avored him. He found her alone, and left her, an engaged man. Bessy begged time to think—it was so sudden—she had not thought of it. She had known, in her heart, the day before, what was in his. Will not the recording angel leave out these little fibs that women use—as the French are said to use all speech—to hide their thoughts?

Reuben overruled her objections—by what art, is best known to those two, and, as I said, went home with Bessy's promise to become his wedded wife in one month from that very morning. This interval was spent, on his part, in furnishing and altering and replenishing the old homestead, to make it meet for the reception of so lovely a bride.

Reuben could scarcely believe that so much bliss was in reality in store for him. He was afraid, sometimes, that he should wake and find it all a dream.

He must needs have his Aunt Alice—who had been as a mother to him since his own mother's death—come to share, to witness his joy. She lived about twenty miles distant, and he drove over, one day, to bring her to be present at the wedding.

When he told Aunt Alice of the happiness in store for him, to his astonishment, instead of breaking into raptures, at his good fortune, she looked grave and serious.

"What is the matter, Aunt Alice?" he said, "I thought you would be pleased, and you look sorry. Don't you like Bessy?"

"Yes, I am sensible of all Bessy's good qualities; still I am, as you say, *sorry* that you are going to make her your wife."

"I can't see for what reason, aunt. She is not only well versed in every thing that pertains to farmer housekeeping, but is a lady in her manners, has a good school education, and a taste for reading which will make her good company in the evenings. I should not wish a wife that knew nothing but work."

"I grant all you have said; and still I am sorry."

"Why, aunt, do state your objections. You are not wont to be unreasonable."

"I trust not. I will tell you my objection. With all Bessy's learning, she has not learned to rule her own spirit."

"Why, aunt," said Reuben, rising and pacing the floor, speaking impatiently. "I know Bessy is outspoken, but she is kind, every one says that. I do not want a tame, spiritless wife."

"I do not desire one for you. I would, as the old proverb says, choose a wife, as I would a knife, by her temper. I would have a woman, as I would a horse, spirited, yet gentle."

"But, aunt, there is no danger of a woman with as good sense as Bessy has, and kindness too, becoming a shrew, or a scold.

"There ought not to be, and there would not be, in Bessy's case, possessing, as you say, good sense and real kindness, could she only see her danger, and guard against it."

"Well, then, aunt, you shall be her mentor. You will visit us often, I hope."

"Bessy has too much spirit to submit to be lectured by an old woman like me—too good an opinion of her own power to govern herself."

"Well, aunt, the die is cast, and time will tell."

They were married. They went to keeping house. Reuben found Bessy every thing he could wish, kind, affectionate, careful, industrious. But after a while the desire of gain, to lay up for the future, gained such a hold on Bessy, always somewhat parsimonious and acquisitive, that she seemed possessed of a very demon of work. She toiled early and late. Every thing was cared for, nothing wasted. Such golden butter and creamy cheese as were turned out of their dairy! They were the pride and boast of the country round. Reuben had asked his wife's leave to thrive, and was gaining rapidly in outward possessions.

He had himself labored harder since his marriage than ever before, seemingly actuated by his wife's spirit. She herself never seemed to tire, and she was unwilling that *he* should rest when there was any thing to do. She even insisted upon his spending his evenings shelling corn, paring apples or pumpkins, or something of the sort, instead of passing his time with a book or in some recreation, chatting with a neighbor at home, or dropping in to pass the evening with one, as had been his wont before his marriage, and for some little time after. Something of this kind refreshed him for his daily toil, he said. He needed it. He would break down before he reached the middle of life, if he went on in this way.

But Bessy was inexorable, and when he demurred at any of her biddings, made him feel the sharp edge of that spirit of hers. *Work, work*, had got to be her sole motto, often to the accompaniment of *scold, scold*, when there were obstacles in her way. Work for the clothing and feeding of the body—work to clothe and feed the body in a future far beyond any which it was certain her feeble body would ever attain in this life.

She gave up her own reading. She was seldom seen with a book, unless it was a treatise on dyeing or raising fowls or gardening, or something of that sort. I would not disparage

these. They are well, but they are not all. We have souls to be clothed and fed, or they will enter another existence naked and meager. Let us not sacrifice the greater to the less, and while we are careful not to neglect the meaner—that which pertains to the outward and perishing—let us give our chief thought to the nobler, that will survive decay.

I said Bessy gave up her own reading—useful reading—that would give her mental aliment; that would help her to preserve the proper poise of her faculties; that would help her to see whither she was tending. Not only did she neglect herself to seek that "medicine for the diseases of the soul," that is to be found in good books, but she was uneasy if she saw her husband with a book in his hand. She would be sure to have something for him to do, to disturb him.

Three years things went on in this way. One evening, Reuben said to his wife: "Bessy, I'm afraid I can't stand it, this way. I'm beginning to get rheumatic now, working early and late. When I bend over, it's all I can do to straighten up again—like an old man seventy years old—and sometimes, when I go to my work, it seems as if I had weights hanging to my feet. I can hardly drag one foot after the other."

"Reuben," she said, "I do believe you're getting lazy. It's a willing heart makes a light foot. The other night, when you thought you could hardly 'drag one foot after the other,' as you say, to do any work, when your Cousin Sam called to have you go with him to town, to that lecture, you were light of foot enough, and walked two miles and back, and sat up till midnight; and I heard you laugh so that you might have been heard half a mile, after you came back, when you and he were talking over the lecture, and telling Aunt Alice about it"—the aunt of whom I have spoken was on a visit to them then. "And I'm sure you got up earlier the next morning than you had for a month. I have such hard work to get you out of bed lately."

"What you say just proves my position. It shows that I needed the recreation, the rest, the change. This was why I was lighter, more cheerful, the next morning. As to my being able to take the walk to town, with the incitement of amusement, recreation, at the end of it, do you not understand the philosophy of this? My mind had been starving from want of proper aliment; it had become dull from inaction. It was cheered by the hope of something to enliven it, and gave new vigor and animation to my body. Have n't you read of

soldiers whose strength had so flagged that they were about to give up in despair their weary march, who, on being animated by the hope of victory, have suddenly gained new strength and spirits, and were able to pursue their march? It is not a parallel case, certainly, but it shows the influence of the mind over the body."

"Yes; I remember reading this in my reading days, and I read, also, that in surveying, in a new country, it often happened that those who carried the chain wearied much sooner than the principals in the matter, because they had not the same interest to sustain them. This seems to me to be more a 'parallel case,'" said Bessy, with significant emphasis.

"I understand your sarcasm," said Reuben; "but you know, Bessy, I have never been accused of wanting interest in my affairs, or of indolence. But I have always taken recreation, and I need it. A farmer's life ought to bring health, health of body, and health of mind. The business of a farmer ought to do this to a greater degree than any other avocation. There is no reason why we should not have food of the wholesomest, air of the purest; why we should not have all the outward comforts of life, and enjoy all its wholesome pleasures as we go along. But farmers do not work it right. They break down, it seems to me, earlier than any other class of people. I scarcely know a farmer, beyond sixty, but who is rheumatic, and full of ailments. They don't look hale and hearty and brisk and alert and cheerful, as they should do. I believe it's all owing to overwork, and the monotony of their lives, not giving sufficient diversion to their minds by reading and recreation—social pleasures. They are so tired at night they care for nothing but to eat their supper and go to bed. This, in itself, is enough to undermine their health, eating, as they do, hearty food, often unwholesome, perhaps made so by cooking. Farmers' wives are not apt to understand this matter. They have n't time to attend to any thing of as small importance as studying the influence of food upon health. It is equivalent, in their minds, to 'book farming.' You would be surprised to know how many farmers are troubled with dyspepsia. And, Bessy, do you know how large a proportion of the inmates of insane asylums are farmers' wives and daughters? About one-third, I believe."

"No, I do n't, and, besides, I do n't believe a single word of it."

"But statistics show it, Bessy, and 'figures won't lie.'"

"Well, if you've got through with your lec-

ture we'll go to bed, or you'll lie in the morning till I get breakfast ready."

This was the way they lived for three years; and then Reuben's health failed to such a degree that it was thought advisable to rent his farm and move to the village. The physician advised this, or Bessy would not have heard to it.

Reuben had a cousin there, engaged in trade, and he went into business with him. They hired a comfortable house, and Bessy, to keep herself in full employ, took two boarders, one a clerk in the store in which her husband was a partner, the other a young mechanic of the neighborhood. This afforded her full occupation for her energies. As for her husband, the doctor advised that he should not attend too closely to any employment for a time, until his overtaxed energies had been recruited.

Bessy did not relax her efforts. She found plenty of occupation, turning the house upside down and inside out, if nothing else was at hand. She was up in the morning before light, doing, nobody knew what, until their early breakfast. Reuben enjoyed a lively chat, or some game, after the clerks came in, at nine o'clock in the evening. Sometimes they would sit up till eleven. Reuben used to urge Bessy to put aside her everlasting work, and join them. Bessy would answer that she did n't need recruiting; that she was capable of being wound up every morning, and running till a decent bed-time—a bed-time which did not prevail in that house at present, but which she was going to institute speedily. A new leaf had got to be turned over.

This threat was put into execution not long after. She issued a "royal ukase," as the boarders called it, that henceforward bed-time was to be nine o'clock; that is, for herself and husband; the boarders could sit in their rooms and amuse themselves, after working hours, as long as they pleased. She knew they would not leave. Nowhere else in the village could they get as good fare, as pleasant a room, and as cheap, withal, as with her. They would submit to some privations for these advantages. As to her husband, he was absolutely in her power. He must submit to her royal authority, or she would give him no peace, day or night. The demon of work, of unrest, had got possession of her, and would allow no peace or quiet to her, or any about her.

She had her excellences. She was a prime cook; the pink of neatness, a pattern of order. She was essentially kind. Let her husband be laid upon a sick-bed, and nothing could exceed her care and attention, her tenderness even;

though, to see her about her every-day work, you would have said this feminine quality never held possession of her breast. Her face had acquired a hard and fretful look; her voice was shrill in tone; her grace was changed to angularity; her very features were sharpened, and her skin becoming sallow.

It was in the month of November that the new order of things with regard to bed-time was instituted. To this was added the requisition of turning out of bed before light, to eat a breakfast for which they had little appetite, and then wait a weary hour or so before it was time to begin business.

About three months after this, a babe was born to Bessy, and then, for a short time, freedom reigned below stairs. Bessy was too ill to take note how things were passing, and they went to bed, and got up when they pleased. The infant was puny and sickly, and lived only four weeks. Aunt Alice came to help nurse Bessy; and it was her opinion that if the mother had "favored herself" more before the birth of the infant, it might have been longer lived.

When Bessy recovered, things subsided into the old train, but a settled melancholy seemed to have fallen upon Reuben. His ill-health, the discomfort of his home, the want of companionship in his wife, the loss of the infant upon which he had set such high hopes—all these causes combined to depress his spirits, to make him almost weary of life, and to render his health still more feeble. He sought company outside of his home. He sought amusement there. The company was not always of the best, or the amusement the most approved. A knot of "jolly good fellows" met nearly every evening, at a hall not far from his residence, to play billiards. Reuben strayed in, at first, to look at them, not because he felt any special interest in the game, but because he wanted something to relieve the tedium, the dullness of his home-life—to divert his thoughts from the unpleasant theme upon which they had come to dwell almost solely. Was his whole life to be spent in this way? No relief, no rest, no sense of repose. Any change was a relief to his mind from the constant pressure of this thought, from the constant jarring of the machinery of his home. And so, as I said, he left his own fireside, and sought amusement elsewhere. I do not know the steps by which he was led to it, but it was plainly evident, before long, that he was in the habit, not only of joining his boon companions in their game, but in the drinking that accompanied it, so that he would come home frequently the worse for

liquor. The effect of this was to raise a storm at home, and make it still more uncomfortable. He had become so reckless now that he did not heed Bessy's authority. Ever since the death of his child he had shown this spirit. Her wishes, her commands, had but little weight with him. The curtain-lectures his late hours brought upon him, he received in silence, in callousness, and indifference, as it seemed.

One evening, when the lamp was lighted, and they sat around the fire in the early evening, he said: "Bessy, how much brighter and pleasanter this is than the cold gray morning! If you would let us have two hours later at night to enjoy ourselves, and then let us remain in bed a little longer in the morning, when all is cold and gray and uncomfortable, and there is nothing to do, and we do n't feel like talking and amusing ourselves, how much pleasanter life would pass, and the work of life would be just as well accomplished, and much more easily and pleasantly! I, at least, could work with better heart."

But Bessy called this a lazy man's plea, and was inexorable, and even hinted that all the "work" he did was not enough to base a new order of things upon. Things went on in this way till Reuben became a confirmed inebriate. Bessy had reaped the fruit of her blindness. It was nothing uncommon for him to come reeling home with rum-perfumed breath, and sit in the corner the very personification of stupidity, while Bessy heaped curses loud and deep upon his head. To such a pass had things come in a home that might have been paradise, but which a wrong view of things had converted into something quite the opposite.

Aunt Alice visited them when things had arrived at this stage. She had not done so before, since the death of Bessy's child. Reuben seemed to arouse from his degraded habits, and to do better after she came. One evening Bessy was out, and Aunt Alice remonstrated with him, kindly and tenderly, upon the habits into which he had fallen, and finally extracted a promise from him that he would quit the low company he had chosen, and remain at home in the evenings, and try to regain sober habits.

Bessy saw the change in him, and, short-sighted woman that she was, reproached him for yielding to Aunt Alice's influence, when he would not to hers—attributing the change she saw in him to its right source, and jealous that it had been brought about by any influence but her own, instead of being thankful that it had been wrought by any means. They were at supper when she made the attack on him. Aunt Alice had gone out that evening. Reuben heard her through, then rose and took his hat, and went

toward the door; and, as he closed it behind him, he said, "Well, then, here's go it, Bessy."

His conversation had become interlarded lately with the slang he heard in his favorite places of resort. He went to one of his old haunts, and he came home that night in a worse state of intoxication than he had ever been in before. So much for Bessy's jealousy, for her ungoverned rashness, for her not giving herself time for reflection—to pause and consider the consequence of her conduct, of her words.

Not long after this, Reuben was taken very ill of a fever that was then prevailing in the neighborhood. He was brought to death's door. Bessy was nearly distracted. She reproached herself with having brought it upon him. The doctor, who was an enlightened man, not only with regard to physical diseases, but mental and moral ailments, and being an intimate friend of the family, understood the true condition of things in it, set the matter before Bessy in the right light, seeing that she was now in a receptive mood, and Bessy made a vow to him, to herself, and to Heaven, that, should her husband's life be spared to her, she would study her true duty toward him—would endeavor to exert a gentle, a saving influence over him, seeing, now, that this was her highest duty; and that in endeavoring to make a home comfortable in material things—neatness, order, a good table, etc.—in giving her whole thought to these, she had driven out the true spirit of home.

Bessy kept her promise, with occasional relapses into the old course at first. Her husband has not tasted strong drink since his recovery from that illness, which he blessed as the key to an earthly paradise for him.

He has got back the Bessy of his early wedded life—a Bessy of a more gentle spirit, a more subdued temper. She shares his evening amusements, makes his fireside pleasant, allures him to it. No spot on earth is so attractive to him as his home.

MYSTERY OF THE GODHEAD.

REMEMBER, Jesus is the name by whom, as the Son of God, "we have access by one Spirit unto the Father." This passage illustrates, as it seems to me, the practical unity in the Trinity of our faith. It is the experimental mystery, which is no mystery to us in our devotions, involving no obscurity in our views; it is a faith, in communion with which the believer verifies his Master's pledge, "Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God." This is no ordinary privilege; it is one which calls for the deepest grat-

itude of believers; for it attracted even their Savior's acknowledgment, when he cried, "I thank thee, Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." The babe tests no word of its parent by rules of arithmetic, or balancings of probability; its confidence is reposed, not on what is said, but on who saith it. So the child of God, born as a babe in Christ, is content with the single sufficient sanction, "Thus saith the Lord!" Accordingly, when the Teacher of the Word of God in truth affirms, "I and my Father are one," the believer feels no anomaly, no contradiction, no moral difficulty in receiving the doctrine of the unity of the Father and of the Son. Nor is there any more insuperable obstacle to his believing, further, that a third person, God the Holy Ghost, is included in the same indivisible Unity of Godhead. None but the Almighty can secure the truth that Father and Son are one. No more almightiness is required to reconcile the hypothesis of three in one, than of two in one. A trinity is no greater mystery than a duality, nor trinity nor duality more inexplicable than the Divine Unity.

The three persons are no more inexplicable on grounds of human reason, than the one God. "Canst thou by searching find out God, or know the Almighty to perfection?" All we know of God is simply through his own august revelation; and if he has been pleased to reveal himself as Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, three persons and one God, we have no alternative but to accept a Divine trinity in unity, or else make to ourselves other gods. In so doing we only deify a dogma of our own; we indulge an idolatry of the subtlest kind, disingenuously pretending a zeal for God, but not according to knowledge. We set up our mental images of Deity, rejecting his incarnate Divinity, who alone is the revealer of the Father, the sole authorized representative of Deity, "the brightness of the Father's glory, and express image of his person," the "baptizer with the Holy Ghost."

There is a special unity, *per se*, in each of the Divine Personalities, distinct from their common unity in the same Godhead. There is "one God and Father of us all: one Son, the Redeemer of us all: one Holy Ghost, the Sanctifier of all them that believe." With which of the three unities and their several functions can a sinner dispense? Without the Father, the soul is more than orphan; without the Redeemer, the soul is lost already; without the Sanctifier, the soul can never be made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. In the

mean time there is nothing in the Arian heresy to supplement the tremendous forfeiture of Father, Savior, Comforter, except the dry bones of a visionary unbelief, with no quickening Spirit to "breathe on these slain that they may live." We are at one with the Arian in his belief in the Father's unity; we are at issue with him, when he excommunicates himself from the Scriptural hope of salvation, based upon the oneness of the Father with the Son and with the Spirit. The three persons and one God reveal a common unity in their adorable Trinity, by a co-operative economy of grace, through which the Father accepts the work of the Son, which work the Holy Spirit applies, and builds up, from basement to topmost stone, in a believing soul.

If this be the Divinely revealed plan of redemption, no human theories can, with impunity, set it aside, and substitute another. Abraham may offer the ram which God provided for a burnt-offering in the stead of Isaac; but he may not offer Isaac, nor any thing of his own, in the stead of the ram. "Thou shalt have none other gods but me."

Furthermore, the one propitiatory sacrifice, once for all, of the Lamb of God, is perpetuated, not in a rival series of repeated sacramental offerings by priests on earth, but in his own ever-living intercession, as our one and only High-Priest in heaven. The merciful concurrence of the Trinity of Divine Persons in the blessed unity of the work of salvation, is expressed in the Redeemer's promise, which comprises Father, Son, and Holy Ghost: "I [the Son] will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever; even the Spirit of truth."

And this abiding of the Trinity in a believing soul, as the three Divine visitants abode in the tent of Abraham, and "supped with him, and he with them," is predicated, not only of the indwelling Spirit, but equally of the Father and of the Son; as Jesus taught: "If a man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and *make our abode* with him."

Thus the Lord Jesus stands not alone at the door of men's understandings, consciences, and affections. His words are true there, as everywhere: "I am not alone; my Father is with me." And the Holy Ghost also, for his message is still the same, "Hear what the Spirit saith to the Churches." In effect the Trinity of Persons say, "We made man in our image, after our likeness," "body, soul, and spirit"—the symbol trinity in man reflecting its corresponding relations in the Triune phenomena of

Deity. We would renew that image which sin has marred, and restore that likeness which "after God is created in righteousness and true holiness." For this purpose the Son of God came "in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin," body, soul, and spirit—as, in the primeval manhood, repeated the Adam before the Fall—took our nature upon him, that we might become again "partakers of the Divine nature," and "be made like unto him." With this gracious and ultimately glorious end in view, the Lord Jesus represents himself as still standing at sinners' doors, and knocking, though so generally in vain, as he probably often did at the barred and unbelieving doors of Judah in the days of his flesh, when no man opened to him. But the loving, tender promise is to every man, because to *any* man; for, "if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me." It must be a hard heart that can refuse his invitation. Then, indeed, "to-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts, lest he swear in his wrath, They shall not enter into my rest."

Believe in God, as the infinite Being who must ever retain some one incommunicable mystery inaccessible to finite beings of his own creation. As a man ascending a mountain, at each successive height expands his field of view, though height after height a new horizon still circumscribes its area, so it is, and so probably it will be, in our views of the attributes of Jehovah.

The more we know of him, the more we shall find we have yet to know. One mystery of his Divine Being is removed after another, only to involve our thoughts in a profounder mystery still; point after point may give way to research and growing spirituality of communion with God, but there will be, and always must be, an ultimate point beyond which finite cognizance of the Infinite must fail. That point, on this side eternity, may be the Trinity in Unity; but if some other revelation explained the Trinity, that exponent would only take its place. The mystery would be one step further in advance, but the horizontal line of Deity would still obscure an infinitude of unexplored immensity beyond. The Christian's last ejaculation would be the same as his first: "Great is the mystery of godliness! It is high, I can not attain unto it." Not that filial nature is wholly silent in her inarticulate suggestions of a Triune Creator, nor is the order of her operations altogether destitute of emblems of the doctrine. Exposition may be at fault, but illustration supplies a substitute. Thus, time, as it seems to man, is a fragment of eternity; but in the

prevision of Deity, time and eternity are as one; and so, for aught we know, or can conceive, space is infinite as eternity; yet with God, distance and duration are as one. He who "inhabith eternity" is also "the fullness that filleth all in all," forever occupying with himself all time and space.

He is Jehovah, the everlasting Now and the universal Here. These qualities of being and occupation are beyond man's comprehension, but not more so than the Trinity of the God-head. A Triune Deity may be no difficulty with the angels who excel in strength: man, the inhabitant of such a parenthesis of eternity as, for want of a better word, is denominated time, can only recognize in the idea of eternity a succession of durations. Thus we think of a past eternity, a present eternity, and a future eternity, suggested by the facts of past, present, and future times; and to us they are the past, the present, and the future; but to Him "which is, which was, and which is to be," there are not three times, but one time—not three eternities, but one eternity—forever one, and yet forever three; without confusion of periods, yet with identity of nature. At any given moment the past, present, and future of eternity co-exist together, yet distinct, each everlasting itself, yet the other, and every other, the same as each—one infinite, indissoluble duration, "without beginning of time, or end of days, but abiding," like Him whose mystic attribute it is, "continually, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end." That which is the present to-day, was the future yesterday, and will be the past to-morrow; yet these relations to each other of present, future, past, constitute, in the sight of God, one time, as time itself is but a type or revelation of eternity. I forbear to apply the parallel of these relations of time or eternity to the Divine Persons, lest the infirmity of creature speech should stumble on irreverence. Let my readers think it over solemnly and silently in the shrine of their own meditations. In every case, may they be led to accept and hold fast the doctrine, though they reject, or fail to perceive, the illustration!

TRUST in God in the time of trial. Are you tried by the fierce onset of many difficulties? Cling the closer to the Rock of your strength. He has promised that he will not allow you to be tried above that which you are able to bear. Remember, even in the days of most dreadful trial, that all things work together for good to those who love God.

A SUCCESSFUL VOYAGE IN LIFE.

A FEW months since I was permitted, in the good providence of God, to make a pleasant and successful voyage across the Atlantic, and it suggested some practical thoughts respecting the *voyage of life*, which it may be well to remember and cherish, for they point directly to the conditions of success.

1. That sea-voyage was successful, *because the fire was kept constantly and powerfully burning*. Night and day, when the passengers were asleep as well as awake, the immense fire which generated the steam was kept up with great power. Not for a single hour was it suffered to decline. And, but for this, we could not have resisted the mighty currents of the sea which, for several days, opposed our progress, but should have been driven back, if not buried by the waves. This enabled us to resist these currents, surmount the waves, and advance in our course.

So it is in reference to the voyage of life. That can not be successful unless we keep the fire of *true piety* constantly and powerfully burning in our souls. The currents of evil in our own hearts and the world are so strong and destructive, that nothing but this will overcome them.

This holy fire consists in a supreme and all-constraining love to God; in the possession of the mind of Christ; in the hiding of his word in the heart, and in a heart-felt devotion to his will. These are the elements of this spiritual fire, and that individual who keeps it burning will find that it controls every disposition, sentiment, and purpose of the soul, every habit and action of the life, and will carry him forward in the road to piety and heaven. But without this, he will be dead in sin, and indisposed to resist its destructive currents. Indeed, he will yield himself to their power, be carried on by them to spiritual ruin, and finally sink to the abyss of woe.

2. Another condition of success in this sea-voyage was the *constant consulting of the chart which pointed out the course*. That chart plainly described, by certain broad lines, that course, mentioned the depth of the waters, indicated the dangers in our way, and how they might be avoided; and by deference to its directions we secured a successful voyage.

So we must do if we would make a successful voyage in life. We have a perfect chart of our course. It is the expression of Divine wisdom and love. It can not be improved. It is all we can ever need. It has never misled a single soul. Not one of all the hundreds of millions

who have followed its directions ever failed to reach the haven of eternal rest.

This chart is the Holy Word; the word which proceeded out of the mouth of God. Holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. It is "able to make wise unto salvation through faith in Jesus Christ." "It is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." Make this the man of your counsel; use it as the lamp to your feet, and the light of your path; then shall your way be prosperous, and you shall find great success.

3. The sea-voyage was successful because *there was a constant observation of the compass.* The compass, as all are aware, is a magnetic instrument for steering the ship, and it shows at a glance whether or not the vessel is going in the right direction. The man at the helm has one of these constantly before him. As he stands at the wheel guiding the ship, his eye is constantly upon it. He observes the slightest movement, and if the vessel deviates in the least from its proper course, he instantly checks it, and keeps it to the point. This is indispensable to a successful voyage.

Thus must we do if we would make a successful voyage to the realm of eternal rest. Hence the Divine direction: "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness;" "Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth;" "Let your conversation be in heaven." The apostle Paul said: "Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do: forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. Let us, therefore, as many as be perfect, be thus minded."

4. Another cause of success in the sea-voyage was *a daily comparing of our course with the sun.* That glorious orb is the great and perfect guide. Its movements are always right; and following its guidance will insure success. Thus we found it. Every day, and often twice a day when the sun appeared, the captain took his chronometer to find out the exact position of the ship. Thus we ascertained where we were, what was the time of day, and whether we were right or not.

So we must do if we would be successful in the voyage of life. The Savior, who is the *Sun of Righteousness*, must be constantly and closely followed. He has left us an example that we should walk in his steps. His course

was perfect. It can be easily ascertained, and if daily and prayerfully observed, success will be insured. No matter though we belong to different denominations on earth, and have no personal intercourse with each other, yet in this way we shall surely reach the home above.

5. Finally, the sea-voyage was *made successful by personal effort.* Though we had the sun to direct us in our course, the fuel to burn, and all the other means necessary to insure success, yet all would have been in vain without the direct and constant efforts of the ship's officers and crew. Had they not been incessantly active, success would not have been secured.

So it is in the voyage of life. It is not enough that we have the chart of the Holy Word, the compass, and the Sun of Righteousness, the means of grace, but we must personally labor, watch, and pray. We must keep the fire of piety burning in the soul, practically imitate the example of Jesus, avail ourselves of every favorable influence and help, work out our salvation, give all diligence to add to faith virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, and charity; "for so an entrance shall be ministered unto us abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ."

BROTHERLY LOVE.

WE greatly fear that our Lord's new commandment has not that place in the hearts of his people in these times which it ought to have. There is indeed much to be thankful for. The Gospel is widely preached, religious knowledge is being rapidly increased, and many persons are devoting themselves to works of true philanthropy; but notwithstanding this, there is room for a large increase of brotherly love. There are divisions among us which can not be justified; there is a disposition to disregard each other's feelings, and to ignore each other's efforts in the cause of religion, which is inconsistent with the spirit of the Gospel. There are religious men who are too obviously lovers of their own selves, when a very slight attention to the precepts of Christianity would teach them that, in lowliness of mind, each could esteem others better than themselves. Hence, men give an undue prominence to their own views and plans, and to the things that make only for themselves, which is unbecoming in itself, and which certainly does not fulfill the law of Christ.



FROM DAWN TO DARK.

OF mornings, when I draw my blind,
 And fill the chamber with the sky,
 Through welcoming roses comes a wind
 I 've known for many a year gone by—
 "Up and away!" it seems to say,
 "The world is full of joy and light;
 And I 'll attend you all the day,
 Till night."

VOL. XXXIII.—7*

Of evenings, when the new moon beams
 Above the garden's sycamore-tree,
 A bird, awaked from leafy dreams,
 Begins its whispered song to me—
 Notes that, like a crystal bell,
 Beating in the airy deep,
 Seem to say, "Sleep—'t is well—
 Sleep—sleep."

Such are the muses who inspire
 The happiest hours existence brings ;
 The wind of morning wakes my lyre,
 The bird of evening stills its strings.
 Brief is the life we have to live,
 Soothing our cares on Nature's breast
 With song ; and waiting death to give
 Us rest.

THE DEAD KNIGHT.

(THE SUBJECT OF AN OLD PICTURE.)

THE crash of the strife was over,
 The knights of the "Roses" lay
 Stark and dead in the darkness
 Where they had fought that day.

And one pale chief was lying
 Where the moonbeams wreathed his head,
 And a maiden bent above him,
 And these were the words she said :

"Is this my martial hero !
 O ! is my warrior dead?
 Lying so still where the moonlight
 Gloats o'er his glorious head.

I've searched 'mong the pale, dead lancers,
 In the fitful weird moonlight,
 And here, where the fray was reddest,
 I have found my gallant knight.

I twisted my scarf about him,
 And bade him this morn Godspeed ;
 How proud he rode to the battle
 On his prancing, milk-white steed !

I watched till the gleam of his armor,
 And the flash of his helmet grew
 Like waves of light in the sunshine,
 Then died in the distance blue.

This morning he led the lancers,
 And his was the foremost row
 Of glittering spears that leveled,
 Crossing the line of the foe.

Anon from my castle window,
 I could see his white plume dance,
 Wherever the battle thickened,
 There sprang his quivering lance.

Can it be the brave knight warring
 But a few short hours ago,
 Lies here in the shivering moonlight,
 With his bright head cold and low ?

O ! woe for the wild tears raining
 On the lips so pale and mute,
 That will never smile as he listens
 To the thrill of his lady's lute !

I can see the white tents gleaming,
 I can hear the sentry's tramp,
 But the sound of his name shall never
 Be heard in the field or camp.

The cheek that he kissed this morning
 Is warm with his clinging breath,
 But the heart of the warrior lover
 Is cold in the grasp of death."

NOT ON A PRAYERLESS BED.

NOT on a prayerless bed, not on a prayerless bed,
 Compose thy weary limbs to rest ;
 For they alone are blessed
 With balmy sleep
 Whom angels keep.
 Nor, though by care oppressed
 Or anxious sorrow,
 Or thought, in many a coil perplexed,
 For coming morrow,
 Lay not thy head
 On prayerless bed.

For who can tell, when sleep thine eyes shall close,
 What earthly cares and woes

To thee shall e'er return ?
 Arouse, my soul,
 Slumber control,
 And let thy lamp burn brightly ;
 So shall thine eyes discern
 Things pure and sightly ;
 Taught by the spirit, learn
 Never on prayerless bed
 To lay thine unblessed head.

Hast thou no pining want, or wish, or care,
 That calls for holy prayer ?

Has thy day been so bright
 That in its flight
 There is no trace of sorrow ?
 And art thou sure to-morrow

Will be like this, and more
 Abundant ? Dost thou yet lay up thy store,
 And still make plans for more ?
 Thou fool ! this very night
 Thy soul may wing its flight.

Hast thou no being than thyself more dear,
 That plows the ocean deep,
 And when storms sweep

The Wint'ry, lowering sky,
 For whom thou wak'st and weep'st ?
 O, when thy pangs are deepest,
 Seek, then, the covenant ark of prayer ;
 For He that slumbereth not is there.

His ear is open to thy cry.
 O, then, on prayerless bed
 Lay not thy thoughtless head.

Arouse thee, weary soul, nor yield to slumber,
 Till in communion blest,
 With the elect ye rest—
 Those souls of countless number ;
 And with them raise
 The note of praise,
 Reaching from earth to heaven—
 Chosen, redeemed, forgiven ;
 So lay thy happy head,
 Prayer-crowned, on blessed bed.

THE RELATION OF CONSCIOUSNESS TO CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

WHATEVER relates to Christian experience must, in the very nature of the case, be invested with peculiar interest to all who seek to be transformed, by the renewing of their minds, that they "may know what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God."

This interest deepens as we trace back, nearer and nearer to their source, the streams of thought, feeling, faith, and purpose, which enter into Christian experience, and constitute Christian character. The philosophy of the human mind, or the application of reason to its faculties or activities, and the laws that govern thought, feeling, and volition, are of the utmost consequence to the Christian student and thinker, in order that he may rightly understand his relation to God, and the phenomena of grace in a human soul.

Is it not probable that herein is accounted for, as a providence of God, the fact that the ancient philosophers gave themselves to the study of the laws of mind with such zest and power, as to unfold that philosophy to a degree that modern scholars have not been able to surpass or even equal.

The scientific mind of this age surpasses, in acuteness and patient perseverance, that of any previous age; but it either has not the power of metaphysical research of the ancients, or they have so completely covered the ground and exhausted the subject as to leave nothing further for us. This, I say, may be a providence of God, for Christianity needed at the first, and all through her history, the aid of philosophy more than the deductions of science.

If I have not mistaken the facts in the case, the relation of consciousness to Christian experience is of an interesting and vital character. By consciousness we mean the way or method in which we obtain the knowledge of those objects which belong to the mind itself, and which do not and can not exist independently of some mind. Love and hate, joy and sorrow, are expressive of objects that belong to the mind. They can not be supposed to exist independently of some mind that loves and hates, that is joyful or sad. Hence, every exercise of consciousness may be regarded as embracing in itself the three following distinct notions, at least, namely: 1. The idea of self, or of personal existence. It is true we do not possess this idea by direct consciousness, but by suggestion of the ego, or SELF. 2. Some quality, condition, or exercise of the mind, whatever it

may be. 3. A relative perception of possession, appropriation, or belonging to. For example, a person says, "I am conscious of penitential sorrow." Here is the idea of *self*, or of personal existence, expressed in the personal pronoun I; there is a mental state expressed in the terms penitential sorrow; and in the expression, *conscious of*, is conveyed the idea of relation between the mental state, or exercise of sorrow, and the I, or subject of the proposition.

Consciousness has nothing whatever to do with material things external to us. It is only with the emotion or sentiment awakened in the mind that it has to do. Nor has consciousness any thing to do with past states or exercises of the mind. The mental state or exercise called memory, or recollection, is within the province of consciousness. We are not directly conscious of the existence of the mind itself, but of its qualities, states, and operations, and of that firm faith or belief of its existence necessarily attendant on those operations.

Consciousness must be regarded as a law or ground of belief; and the belief attendant upon it is of the highest kind. We say we know, we think, or will, we are joyful or sad; and no process of reasoning will rob us of the conviction or knowledge growing out of the consciousness of the fact. When the mind can seriously reason against, or fail to trust consciousness, it is insane, and is plunged into utter confusion.

It would not be an easy task to point out the instances of knowledge developed in consciousness, because every mental state, all the ideas, emotions, desires, and volitions, come within the range and cognizance of consciousness.

Since consciousness is the notice the mind takes of its own qualities, states, and operations, there is developed in it all our knowledge of personal Christian experience.

Having thus presented, as we think, the true view of consciousness, and its offices and relations, so far as they concern the subject in hand, we come now to speak particularly of its relation to Christian experience; and in order to this, we call attention to those leading phenomena of the operations of grace in the soul lying within the range of mental philosophy. These we shall consider under three heads, or classes: 1. Mental exercises; 2. Mental states; and, 3. Mental presences.

First. Mental exercises. There is, in all true Christian experience, more or less of religious thought or reflection. It may occupy but little time, a few moments even, or it may extend over a series of years. The question as to whether the awakening of the feelings, or moral sensibilities, is always immediately preceded by

thought, or whether the Holy Spirit can not, or does not, sometimes awaken feeling prior to, and as the occasion of, thought, is a question for theologians, and not for mental philosophers, and so not debatable just here. But mental philosophy recognizes the awakening of moral feeling as a part, and an invariable part, of the mental states and exercises constituting Christian experience. Penitential grief, or sorrow for sin, is present in the mind. A perception of the truth follows; and then a belief of the truth, which we call faith.

Second. Mental states or qualities. There is the absence of guilt; it no longer burdens and weighs down the mind. Self-reproach has given place to a sense of approval. Then there comes a change of moral feelings with reference to the objects of affection without a change in the objects themselves. There is a change in the relation of the mind to the objects loved and hated, and then, as a result, the mind is possessed of a greater or less degree of joy and peace.

The third phenomenon of Christian experience is the presence, in or with the mind, of another, or second, SELF. It is all-pervading. It is found in the intellect, the sensibilities, and the will; and there is present in the mind the feeling or idea of relation, of the most intimate character, to that I, or SELF. This sense of relationship, or idea of belonging to, is styled adoption.

We do not pretend, in this analysis, to have covered *all* the mental exercises, states, and other phenomena, involved in regeneration, or the new birth, but we have given examples of the whole.

The relation of consciousness to Christian experience is brought before us in the case of the man born blind, whom our Lord restored to sight. The Pharisees ask him, "How opened he thine eyes?" He said: "I know not; one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see." The Divine process, in opening his eyes, he could not understand. God's methods or processes are utterly beyond man's comprehension, either in nature or in grace. The man said truly, therefore, with reference to the Divine process, "I know not." But with reference to the facts in the case—the phenomena—he could say, "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see." The Pharisees might have said: "Of the mode you are ignorant; how do you know the facts?" If able to speak in the language of philosophy, he would have said: "I know from consciousness that I can now see. I am conscious of mental exercises, states, and qualities I never had before, and of

which I have the fullest belief or knowledge that they are the result of sight."

Likewise, the processes of the Holy Spirit in a human soul are past finding out by finite minds. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." (John iii, 8.) And yet, though his modes in the renewal of the nature are among the "mysteries of godliness," yet the results of that operation in the mind are as much the objects of mind, and within the cognizance of consciousness, as any mental phenomena whatever.

The child of God says, "I know that I have passed from death unto life;" which is only another way of saying: "I am conscious of the absence of guilt, the presence of faith in Christ my Savior, and of joy and peace. I am conscious of hope of eternal life. I am conscious of the presence in me of another self; so that 'I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.' I am conscious of the firm faith and knowledge, accompanied by appropriate emotion, that I belong to God. I am conscious of a sense of relationship to God as my Father, and to Christ as my Savior, which is new to me. I am conscious of this new self, this other *ego*, this holy vitality in me, impressing itself on all my being." This consciousness of all these spiritual phenomena is the witness of my spirit. This holy vitality, this presence of another, is the Divine Spirit bearing witness with mine, that I am a child of God.

As in the ordinary exercises of the mind, consciousness is the ground of positive belief, the ignoring of which is insanity, so in Christian experience, consciousness becomes the ground of positive belief in regard to the change wrought in us by the Holy Spirit, and which we can not ignore except as the result of moral hallucination.

As, in the ordinary operations of the mind, knowledge is developed in consciousness, so in Christian experience, in consciousness, is developed all we know of our repentance for sin, our faith in Christ, the renewal of our nature, the witness of the Spirit, and our hope of heaven.

The relation, then, of consciousness to Christian experience is of an important and vital character, and of infinite consequence to the child of God.

We may learn from the subject as presented, first, that, as to the *nature* of the evidence of Christian experience, even in its lowest possible degree, it is of the highest or most positive character. If there is any positive knowledge

within the compass of mind, this is positive. It is generally supposed that the knowledge derived through the senses is the most reliable. But herein is a mistake. There are few persons who have not been deceived many times by the eye as to distance, color, form, and other qualities of objects; and likewise by the ear as to sounds. And what is true of these senses is true of all.

Our reason is but a poor guide, and the knowledge derived from its exercise is frequently unreliable, owing, it may be, to a want of sufficient data, or the improper use of premises, or to improper or defective processes in reaching a conclusion.

Not so with consciousness. It can not be set aside; it can not be reasoned against. It can not be strengthened by reason or the evidence of the senses.

We may learn, secondly, that the witness of our own spirit precedes the witness of the Holy Spirit, in the first instance, as to the order of time.

We may learn, thirdly, that while the witness of the Holy Spirit to the fact of pardon, regeneration, and adoption, is a direct impression or conviction, begotten in the mind of the renewed man—and which is not the change, but the witness of it—the mode of which we can not comprehend, we can have the knowledge of that impression or conviction alone in consciousness. "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself." (John v. 10.) "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." (Rom. viii, 16.)

THE CAUCASUS.

II.

THOUGH we have turned aside to visit the Caucasian watering-places, it is not my intention to linger long over them, or to inflict on the reader's attention any detailed account of the medicinal properties of their springs. All we have space for is the mention of a few of their leading features. The arrival at Pätigorsk will prove to most people a pleasant surprise. Having begun to fear that they have bidden a final farewell to civilization and its comforts, they will suddenly find themselves installed in a spacious hotel, with a restaurant and a *salle de danse*. When they go out of the court-yard, they will find a boulevard prettily planted with trees, which will lead them to shady gardens, enlivened by a military band, a lending library (consisting, however, chiefly of Russian books), and numerous baths, built

over the various sulphur-springs, and fitted up with every reasonable comfort. When disposed for a wider range, they may climb, in half an hour, an isolated hill, Machoucha by name, commanding a noble prospect, or they may drive by a good carriage-road round its base. Here they will find, during the season—the months of June and July—the cream of Russian society in the Caucasus, slightly too military for English taste, but still amusing for a time. Pätigorsk, though the principal, is only one among four places in the neighborhood at which baths have been built over mineral sources. Its chief rival—to use an inappropriate term, as both are managed by the same company as lessees of the Imperial Government—is Kisslovodsk, distant some twenty miles. The two towns are in many respects the opposite of one another. Pätigorsk is on a bare hill-side, facing the south, and consequently hot; its springs are sulphurous. Kisslovodsk lies deep in a well-wooded glen, and its pride is a spring of enormous volume, impregnated with carbonic acid. This source was made use of by the natives long before the Russians gained possession of the country, and was known to them as the Narzan, or Giant's Source.

While at the Caucasian spa, the traveler will have a good opportunity of making acquaintance with the Cossacks, those military inhabitants of the March which Russia maintained to resist the constant incursions of the mountain tribes. Only separated from Pätigorsk by the stream of the Podkumok is Goriatchevodsk, one of their villages which are scattered thickly along the northern flanks of the Caucasus. One of these military colonies may be taken as type of all. The houses stand at short intervals, and are planted in regular rows, an open space being left in the middle, near which the church is generally found. The whole is surrounded by a low moat and mound. The gates bear signs of having been defensible in former days, and are still sometimes guarded by a sentry. Along the line of all the great roads, isolated Cossack posts are constantly seen, generally perched on some mound to obtain a better view of the approach of the foe. Any natural advantage thus obtained is increased by the erection of a lookout post. These sentry-boxes on stilts are constructed by fixing in the ground four posts, which, at a certain height, support a small platform sheltered by a quadrangular roof. Others less primitive, and more like a pigeon-house, have their platform constructed on the top of one stout trunk, round which circles a spiral staircase. The outposts are in many cases falling into ruin,



A KABARDAN OF THE CAUCASUS.

their use having ceased with the complete subjugation of the neighboring tribes. In olden days the dwellers in these stations, which are quite incapable of defense, had often to trust to the speed of their horses to escape the savage onslaught of their foes. A life half spent in the saddle, and often depending on the skill and promptness of the rider, has given the Cossacks extraordinary skill in horsemanship, and they are always ready to execute their feats in honor of any traveler whom they may have

been charged to escort. Bounding away with a wild yell from the side of the carriage, they rush along the plain erect in their short stirrups, or even standing on their padded saddle. They will wheel their horses suddenly with a jerk, and return toward you, throwing their heavy flint-and-steel guns over their heads and catching them; or, again, dropping them on the ground, they will pick them up while still at full speed, with a swoop from the saddle little short of miraculous to an English eye. In personal

appearance these champions of Holy Russia are scarcely distinguishable from their hereditary foes of Circassia and Georgia, whose costume they have closely imitated. Both, as will be seen in the illustrations, carry the high sheep-skin hat, and wear the silk shirt, the long frock-coat decorated with cartridge-pouches on the breast, and fastened in at the waist, and the comparatively close-fitting trousers which distinguish the Caucasian from other Eastern races. Their religion is a primitive offshoot of Russian orthodoxy. Their women resemble in costume those of Little Russia. They bear a high character for personal bravery, and those specimens we met with impressed us most favorably, by their superiority in intelligence, manners, and pluck to the ordinary peasant. Their employment in Ciscaucasia being partially gone, many have been transplanted to the Persian frontier; and the traveler between Erivan and Tabreez, delayed by swollen streams, will often have to thank Cossack activity and promptitude for his escape from difficulties.

The Cossack and the Russian are not, however, the only types of humanity whom we can study during our stay at Pätigorsk. We are here (and it is the only place in our journey where we shall be) within the borders of the Tcherkess country—the true Circassia, so famous in romance and history. It is well at once to contradict the prevalent belief that Schamyl was the leader of a Circassian revolt, and that the scene of his struggle was in that district. His native highlands of Daghestan lie far away east of Vladikafkaz, where the mountain chain, spreading out widely its roots toward the shores of the Caspian, offers capabilities for guerrilla warfare which the famous hero of the Caucasus well proved his power to use. Only once—in the year 1848, when at the height of his power—Schamyl burst boldly, at the head of 12,000 men, across the Dariel road, and traversing the Kabarda to the foot of Elbruz, endeavored to induce the Western tribes to join the standard of national revolt. His success was not such as to induce him to repeat the experiment, and since then the intermittent revolts of the Western Caucasus have been unconnected with the chronic war in Daghestan, which was only put an end to by the capture of its great leader in 1856.

Of the Tcherkess women we shall see nothing as yet, for, being Mohammedans, they abide at home in the seclusion of their mountain "aouls;" but whenever we stroll down to the bazaar where the Armenians—the Jews of the Caucasus—keep their stores, we shall meet with specimens of their men, ideal mountaineers, con-

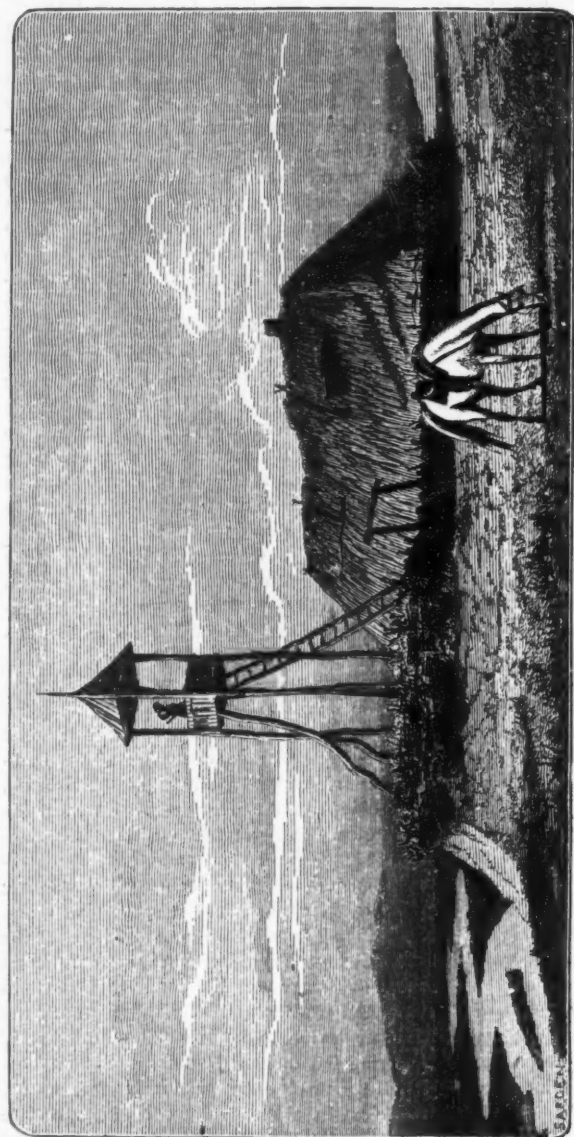
spicuous among the Russian soldiery as eagles among bustards, by their long aquiline noses, fiery eyes, and lofty stature. Their homes lie in the valleys west of Elbruz, and along the flat country at its base. The upper waters of the valleys east of Elbruz are inhabited by a less numerous but still more remarkable race, of whom frequent examples may be seen at the Russian watering-places. These are the Kabardans, the most noble of all the Caucasian clans, and the one which, exhibiting in the most marked manner the characteristics common to all, may well be selected for a somewhat detailed description. The following tradition as to their origin—given here for what it is worth—is current in the country. The tribe are said to have been originally dwellers in Egypt, which they quitted to establish themselves in the Crimea, on the banks of the streamlet Kabarda, from which they derive their present name. Driven from their second home, they crossed the narrow mouth of the Sea of Azov, and followed the banks of the Kuban to its sources, where a large part of the tribe established themselves. The rest, striking farther east, round the flanks of Elbruz, pitched their tents on the Baksan and the Tcherek, in the districts now known on Great and Little Kabarda. The new-comers, either by force of numbers or intelligence, very soon succeeded in taking a leading position among their neighbors, and the manners of the noble families of Kabarda seem to have been accepted as the standard of Caucasian chivalry. Such a people were little likely to submit easily to Russian rule. The venal justice of a military tribunal scarcely served to reconcile them to the abolition of their own ruder, but far readier courts; and forbiddal of the pilgrimage to Mecca was the match which roused into a blaze the long-smoldering heap of discontent. At the commencement of the present century a pestilence, which raged during fourteen successive years, destroyed half of the nation, and lightened the task of General Yermoloff when, in 1822, he set himself to ravage the Kabardas with fire and sword, and scatter and slay those whom the pestilence had spared. A small relic, scarcely numbering ten thousand souls, is all that now remains of this once powerful tribe, which, having lost its old leadership, has been, of late years, one of the most constant in its obedience to its Northern masters.

So much for the history of the Kabardans. Though the old gradations of rank which are asserted to have existed among them—and which, in their number and complications, remind us of our own feudal system—no longer exist, or

are hard to recognize, the most careless observer can distinguish two classes, the nobles and the common people, distinct from one another both in air and dress. But at Pätigorsk or Kisslovodsk we shall only see isolated specimens of the mountain races—a noble come

horses capable of carrying us over the mountain by-paths. The villages, moreover, on our road will be few and far between, and, unless provided with a portable tent, we shall do well to purchase one of the huge sheep-skin cloaks known as "bourcas," and worn alike by the

Cossacks and natives of the country. These are impervious to the heaviest rain-storm, and large enough to protect the whole figure, and are probably the origin of the fable that the Caucasians are in the habit of carrying about with them tents, in which they take instant shelter at the approach of bad weather. The excursion we propose to our readers will be based on actual experience, and where we go beyond it due warning shall be given; for we have no desire to imitate those travelers who reserve their greatest eloquence for the description of what they have never seen. We will, therefore, first ride across the steppe till we strike the Baksan, and then follow its banks to the foot of Elbruz; returning thence to Atashkutan, we will penetrate the defiles of the Tcherek, and spend a few days among the hospitable Tartars of Balkar, a mountain citadel almost overshadowed by the granitic heights of Dych Tau and Koschtantau. Were it not for the difficulty of concluding arrangements for horses with the impracticable peasants of a Tcherkess village, we might profit by our carriage for the first day's journey. Our road will lead us a little to the east of south, across the great plain; passing, first, a Cossack village (Zonitzki), with its green cupolaed church—more like a tea-garden Summer-house than an ecclesiastical edifice—in its



COSSACK WATCH-TOWER.

down at the command of the Russian officials to report on his district, or a peasant in search of some article purchasable in the Armenian bazaar. If we would study these tribes in their homes, we must make up our minds to abandon, for a time, our tarantasse or telega, and to hire

midst; then reaching the ford of the Malka, the meltings of the northern glacier of Elbruz, the snows of which will loom larger and larger on our right as we advance toward the mountains. On the river bank is situated a large Tcherkess village, a long straggling collection of homesteads,

each surrounded by a low fence. The steppe here becomes slightly undulating—a sort of rolling prairie—and is carefully cultivated, its whole surface seeming to wave with corn, except where it is dotted by the small ricks into which the cut sheaves are first collected. We now climb the side of a low, rounded hill, the first footstool of the mountains, and wind in and out of its heights and hollows, admiring the prodigious development of weeds and grasses which the Summer sun has called forth and ripened. Wild sunflowers and thistles overtop the dense mass, affording a home to myriads of insects, which issue forth in swarms to attack the passer-by and his unhappy animal. Horse-flies almost darken the air, and smaller foes, members of the mosquito tribe, whirl in ceaseless circles round our heads. At last the moon, rising in the east, brings into relief the pure snows of a distant summit seen over the nearer ridges, and shows, at the same time, a long white line flowing beneath us, and at right angles to our course. At our feet, on the banks of the Baksan, we distinguish the Tcherkess village of Atashkutan. Here food and shelter for the night will be easily obtained at the house of the chieftain, which, with its whitewashed walls, is even now conspicuous among the dark-colored cottages surrounding it. Lying on the edge of the plain, and within ten miles of a Cossack station, we must expect to find traces of Russian influence in the character of our quarters, and of the welcome offered us. Though old custom prevents the stranger from being repelled from the door, he can scarcely avoid seeing that he is looked on as a nuisance, and that the servant who brings him his food, regards with any thing but a hospitable satisfaction the strength of his appetite. Still, he will have bread, eggs, and a copious supply of tea from the omnipresent samovar, and sufficient cushions to lie upon. But his slumbers must not be very prolonged if he wish to reach Uruspieh, the Kabardan village on the upper Baksan, the next day, for a distance of fully fifty up-hill miles still separates him from his goal.

At day-break, then, his hosts being all asleep, he will arouse his horse-man, and having awoke the old steward, who attended to his wants the previous evening, sufficiently to offer him the fitting recompense in Russian rouble-notes, he will pass out of the gates of the inclosure of the chieftain's abode, and, getting clear as soon as possible of the houses and their fenced-in gardens, enjoy the freshness of a morning canter between the corn-fields. After an hour's ride these will gradually cease, and, fording a tributary of the Baksan, the traveler will pause

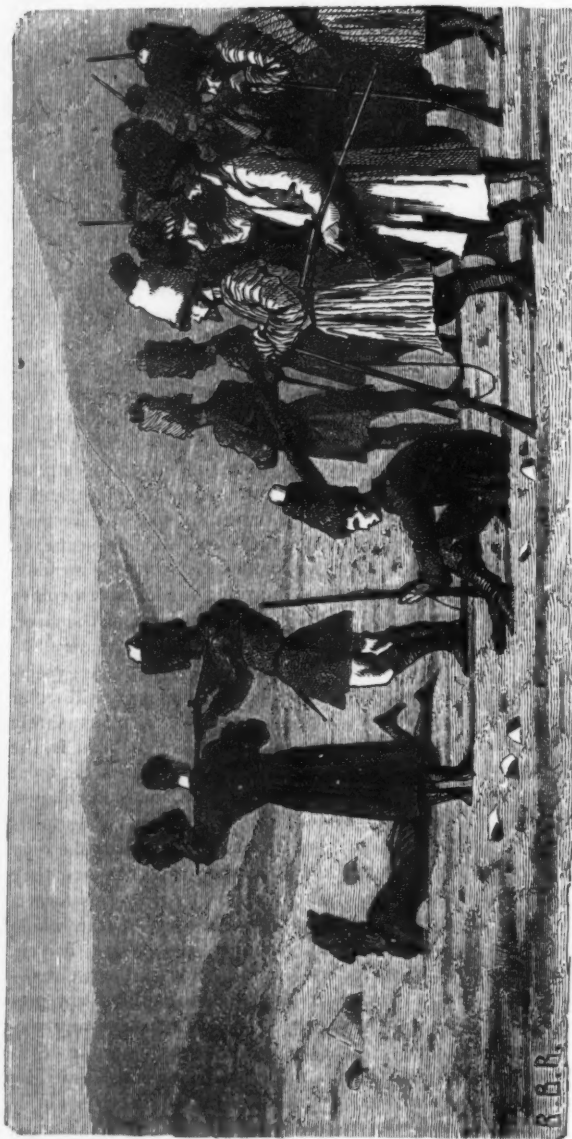
a moment to notice a weird-looking group of tombs, now falling into decay, concerning which his horse-man can give no further information than that they mark the resting-places of men who were once princes in the land. Following the river through a basin of the richest verdure surrounded by low hills, we may well lament the way in which nature's gifts are permitted to run to waste, owing to the sparseness of the population; a fact sufficiently proved to us by our encountering only two hamlets in our long day's ride. The scenery of the Baksan valley is divisible into three portions. The lowest stage lies among the rounded downs, which reach to Atashkutan. A defile narrow and well wooded, but on so small a scale as to seem out of place to one already acquainted with Caucasian scenery, leads to the middle portion, where the grassy meadows on the river bank are overhung by scarped crags, the ruddy hues and broken outlines of which are almost Sinaitic. Till a second defile, wider, larger, and more rugged than the first, is passed, the country is absolutely treeless. Above this, a sparse forest of firs clothes the mountain-sides; the stream descends, and the path mounts rapidly, and a broad snowy mass, curiously like the Zermatt Breithorn, closes the view. A few scattered farms occupy portions of the still wide meadow land; and at last the village of Uruspieh comes into sight, situated on the left bank of the river, where it is joined by two tributary streams.

And now the traveler, who has come expecting to find the Caucasian Chamouny, will suffer a grievous disappointment. It is unfortunately true that as the Valley of the Baksan is the dullest in the country, so is Uruspieh the most uninviting in situation of all Caucasian villages. We state this so strongly because, owing to its facility of access, the excursion to it is the only one ever made by Russians, and the one they recommend to strangers, who may thus form a most unfairly unfavorable view of the whole chain. The surrounding slopes are barren, uniform, and arid, and the houses themselves—low, flat-roofed edifices, built without any pretense of ornamentation—do not lend any picturesque elements to a position naturally destitute of them. The beauty, however, denied by nature to this nook of earth, she has amply bestowed on the male portion of its inhabitants. We feel, indeed, that we have left Russia and its type of humanity far behind, as we meet some of the villagers bending their steps homeward. Guided by one of them, we shall alight at almost the first house in the village, before an open portico supported by massive fir trunks, beneath which we sit down while news is

carried to "the princes" of our arrival. Meantime we shall be fully employed in scanning the crowd which gathers rapidly round us. The men are all habited in the sheep-skin bonnet and dress already described, but we can not fail to observe the handsomeness of their appoint-

friendly look of their countenances entirely takes away any feeling of distrust which might be caused by the sight of the numerous arms they carry. A few children—boys and girls, bright and intelligent-looking little creatures—hang on the skirts of the crowd, which will include no

women, the female sex being kept more or less in seclusion. We shall be already beginning to regret that our ignorance of the language prevents our entering into conversation, when a stir becomes visible among the people, and two tall men, distinguishable from the others only by their more costly accouterments, come forward, and addressing ourselves or our interpreter in Russian, welcome us to the village. These are Ismail and Hamzet, the two princes, or present heads of the family which by hereditary right lords it over the community. We shall learn more of them during our stay; at present they lead us into the house, a one-storied building, constructed, inside and out, of unsmoothed fir-logs. It contains two rooms, one opening from the other. Both have earthen floors; the inner, also the larger, is provided with a fire-place and a wooden divan. On this a domestic piles cushions, while another brings low stools and a round, three-legged table, on which is placed the samovar and a lordly pile of cakes. Over the tea we shall improve our acquaintance with our hosts, while a circle of villagers, gathered round the door at a respectful distance, indulge their curiosity by picking up what scraps they can of our conversation. Our past travels will first be demanded of us; having answered as to these, we may proceed to unfold our future plans, in confidence that



COSSACKS AT SHOOTING-PRACTICE.

ments. Their cartridge-boxes, belts, and daggers are adorned with silver, their clothes are in good condition, and their whole bearing is unmistakably that of gentlemen of the mountains. The effect of their tall stature is increased by their dress, while the open and

we shall meet with all the assistance possible. On hearing the word "Anglicany" (English), Hamzet's—the younger brother's—face will light up; for the years he has had to spend in the Russian army do not seem to have prejudiced him against our nation. He will proceed to tell

the story of the first ascent of Elbruz; of how, in the last week of July, in 1868, three weather-beaten Englishmen suddenly dropped from the mountains which separate Kabarda and Suanetia, accompanied by an interpreter and an enormous Frank. Then he will recount their demanding men of him to accompany them to the top of Minghi Tau—for Elbruz, the Russian name, is almost unknown at the foot of the mountain—and the amusement which they created thereby in the village; how they started on the expedition, and how, on the fourth day, they returned, swearing by Allah they had been on the very highest summit; how the village, at first, thought they were like Russians, who called the sides of the mountain its summit, until they had talked over the matter with Djapojef Djaktchi and Sotaef Achya, who had been of the company. These men, who were almost blinded by the hours they had spent on the snow-fields, declared that the foreigners had many strange devices to escape death, fear of which had made the mountain unscalable heretofore; that they cared nothing for the hidden pitfalls, from the danger of which they secured themselves by cords; and that when ice covered the mountain-side, so that even the chamois would slip, the gigantic Frank stepped forward and cut steps, by which, as by a ladder, they might scale safely to the highest top. The prince may add that Achya and Djaktchi are at hand, and will themselves tell the guests how they found of a sudden all the world at their feet, and beheld on one side the Karatchai, the Malka, and their own Baksan; on the other, saw, over the intervening ranges, the blue mountains which lie in the land of the true believers.

Turning to other topics, we shall discover Hamzet to be a man of no small intelligence and of some practical skill. He will show us carts of an improved model, which he has had constructed to imitate some he saw while in Russia; he may present us with a very fair imitation of a Gruyère cheese he has himself succeeded in making, and he will ask us a hundred questions about England, London, Turkey, and European politics. After a lengthened interview, we shall be left alone to decide on our plans, with the assurance that we have only to mention our wants and they will be attended to.

Having come thus far, no traveler will think of going away without gaining a nearer sight of the great Elbruz, which, though close at hand, is still quite invisible. To do this, it will be necessary to be away at least two days from the village; but this will not involve any real hardship, as water-tight huts, used by the guard-

ians of the flocks and herds, are found close to the glaciers. The sources of the Baksan are distant some seven hours from Uruspieh. The first feature observed after leaving the village is a gigantic moraine, which bars the valley like the Kirchet above Meyringen. Higher up, the mountain-sides are densely forested with firs; snowy peaks of fantastic forms peer down through gaps in the southern range, and an occasional farm-house, with its surrounding inclosures, diversifies the foreground. Further still, a large glacier comes in sight, closing the head of the valley. We turn off before reaching it, up a side glen, which leads to the foot of another and smaller glacier, descending straight from Elbruz. We must climb the steep hill-side beside its ice-fall until, when our aneroid barometer shows us to have attained a height of over 12,000 feet, we find ourselves on the rim of the snow-field lying at the base of the final cone of the great mountain, which, in shape like an inverted teacup, rises before us, with very little beauty of form, but much grandeur of size, to recommend it. Beyond the fact of having seen close at hand the Caucasian giant, we gain from this point a superb view, across the head of the Baksan valley, of that portion of the main chain which separates us from Suanetia. Above all other rivals tower two glorious peaks; the nearer one is the same we have seen from Uruspieh, a close counterpart of the Orteler from the Stelvio road; the other is the terrible Uschba—a peak destined to future celebrity—shooting up from the forests of Suanetia, whence, before leaving the country, we must hope to obtain a closer view of it.

What course our traveler now takes will depend on his climbing capabilities. If sound of lungs and legs, and provided with a rope and ice-ax, the knowledge that the summit of Elbruz is only eight hours distant, and that it may be gained without risk, will prove a sore temptation to him to seek higher ground. A less vaulting ambition may lead him to cross a glacier-pass over the ridge connecting Elbruz with the main chain, and descend thence to Uschkulan, the highest village in the Karatchai, inhabited by a tribe generally described as "brave fellows and no thieves." An introduction from Uruspieh will insure kindly greeting, and aid in returning along the northern flanks of Elbruz, the complete tour of which may thus be made in about six days. Whichever of these alternatives he may accept, we must carry back our traveler to Uruspieh, whence, in place of returning at once to Pätigorsk, we shall propose to him to retrace his steps to Atashkutan, and if not already wearied with the mountain

recesses, to turn southward to Naltschik, and thence make a fresh plunge into the heart of the Caucasus.

Naltschik is a small town or large military post at the foot of the hills, within a few miles from the point at which the Tcherek, one of the largest affluents of the Terek, flows out into the plain. We do not purpose to give any detailed description of the Tcherek valley, but only shortly to recommend it and its inhabitants to public notice. Unlike the course of the Baksan, densely wooded in its lower portion, it soon forks into two branches which run up to the water-shed of the Caucasus, and are separated near their heads by the great ridge, two of the summits of which, Dychtau and Koschtantau, are the second and third highest mountains in the Caucasian chain. The cluster of villages in the western of the two branches is called Bezeenghe; at the head of the valley is a glacier marked in the Russian map as the largest in the whole range; and, owing to the fact that the upper basin is wider and more open than that of the eastern branch, the great snow-peaks are said to be best studied from this side. Of the eastern valley, leading to the community of Balkar, we can speak from personal experience. Above the junction of the two torrents, the path wanders through dense beech-woods sheltering an undergrowth of azaleas and rhododendrons. In one day's ride from Naltschik, a party, even though delayed by the presence of baggage-horses, may reach the foot of an overhanging crag commonly used by the natives for their night's bivouac. Above this, a gorge is entered which may, without fear, be ranked far above any to be found in the Alps. The imagination even of a Doré could scarcely find any thing to add to the savage sublimity of the scene. Towering walls of crag, 5,000 feet high, every ledge and cranny of which affords a resting-place for noble forest-trees, first meet the traveler's eye. As he penetrates further into the gorge, the torrent is so closely hemmed in that a few fallen boulders form a natural bridge three hundred feet above its waters; by this, the path crosses the stream and descends to the bottom of the defile, through which, by persistent and sometimes almost desperate endeavors, it at last reaches the upper end of the gorge, and emerges into the Balkar basin. Here, in villages resembling Uruspieh in general character, we find a Kabardan tribe, whose industry makes the slopes of their mountain retreat yellow with corn. As the entrance to Balkar is more difficult than that to Uruspieh, so are the people of the former more primitive and less Russianized

than those of the latter. During a two-days' stay at the chief hamlet, Muchol, we were entertained by a worthy chief who loaded us with all the good things at his disposal; so far, indeed, were we from meeting with any religious bigotry among these strict Mohammedans, that we found our best friend in a Mollah who had made the pilgrimage to Mecca, and wore the Syrian in preference to the ordinary Caucasian costume. From the head of the valley—seven hours' ride from Muchol—two passes lead, one to the sources of the Rion on the south side of the chain, the other to the valley of the Uruch, the next eastern tributary of the Terek. The scenery is some of the wildest and grandest in the country; its chief elements consist of granite peaks varying from 14,000 to 17,000 feet in height, vast glaciers, and mountain pasturages feeding the numerous flocks and herds which form the staple of the wealth of these patriarchal mountaineers. We can do no more than point out the glorious scenery and good work which await an explorer in this part of the chain; it is time that we return to our head-quarters at Pätigorsk, and again follow the high-road of the Caucasus, from which we have made a long, but we trust not altogether unprofitable, digression.

THE END THEREOF.

ONE beautiful May morning, at about eight o'clock, my friend, William Avon, stood talking, over a nice wicket-gate, with a very lovely and intelligent girl, finely educated, the daughter of a widow lady in quite comfortable, though not affluent circumstances. She was standing with a pitcher in her hand, near the pump, with her eyes modestly cast downward, and her pretty slippered foot gently tapping the platform. After they had conversed a few minutes, in a cheerful way, he said:

"Indeed, Emma, I never intend to marry until I can take my wife into a palatial residence. In my opinion, the old farce of 'love in a hovel' is altogether played out. There is nothing poetical, that I can see, in scuffling with the world for every particle of bread, in order to 'keep the wolf from the door;' or in pinching and economizing, and turning every dime over and over to discover how it might be spent to the best possible advantage; or in being constantly harassed with care and anxiety, and, perhaps, in spite of all efforts, with the din of a howling pack of creditors always at one's heels, as an inevitable result of trying to maintain a dependent and, it may be, afflicted family. The

romance of married life, with all its rosy coloring, soon vanishes before the stern realities of every-day wants. If it be true, as the poet says, that marriage is 'the only bliss that has survived the fall,' I think it should be kept in a paradisiacal state; which can only be done by means of an abundance of wealth."

This was uttered in a semi-jesting manner, and yet with a thinly disguised earnestness which plainly revealed that the speaker was but announcing his real sentiments; and so Emma understood it. She timidly, yet with a forced gayety, while her heart was dying within her, replied:

"Your ideas are really quite sentimental. Do you think all persons should forbear to marry until they are wealthy?"

He answered with more apparent seriousness: "I would not, of course, in such a matter, attempt to lay down any general rule. I only speak my own feelings, and with reference to my own intentions. Others may think differently, and it may be much better for themselves and the world that they do. I know not how this is."

So saying, he paused a moment, then raised his hat and took leave of the fairy being whose every note of melody stirred his heart to its very depths; for, notwithstanding what he had said, he was at that very instant deeply in love. There was no engagement between them, formally spoken, or even hinted at. And yet he well knew that the lovely, modest Emma had surrendered her whole existence to him in all but the outward expression. It was this knowledge which induced him to seek an interview with her, that he might disabuse her mind of the expectation of any proposal, and, at the same time, free himself from his entanglement. And so he had availed himself of the opportunity then afforded him to introduce the conversation which led to the final remarks above quoted. Yes, on that gay Spring morning, when the mated birds were merrily chirping and singing all around him, together building their nests, he sealed his heart under the firm resolve to accept no mate until he had alone built his nest of shreds of gold. He had yielded allegiance to a master passion, which overwhelmed every faculty and emotion of his nature. And yet he was not, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, a miser, a man whose gloating eyes are satisfied with the eager view of hoarded possessions. No: he sought wealth as a minister to unbounded indulgence, the ultimate object of which he always thereafter kept steadily in view.

And thus he turned away from the yearning eyes which sadly followed him for a little while,

and were then hopelessly withdrawn. With his departure, it seemed that the light had gone out of her young life, no more to return.

As he passed down the street, he was accosted by a volatile friend, in a rattling style, not at all suited to his frame of mind at that time.

"Good morning, Will," said he. "Why, you look as gloomy as if you were nearing your funeral, instead of your wedding. Cheer up, my lad. I congratulate you with all my heart. Success to you. A long and happy life!"

"I thank you," replied William, "for all your good wishes; but I do not believe I very clearly understand the grounds of your congratulation."

"No? Why, I hear you are to marry Emma Smith—the loveliest girl in the world—next week. What say you, guilty or not guilty? It's to be a private wedding, they say, or else I should feel badly slighted in the lack of an invitation. As it is, I wanted to express my happiness in your rare good fortune," he said, apologetically, as he perceived William was not exactly in tune with his strain of glee. "A little premature, perhaps. My old fault, you know."

"I am not offended, Tom; but you are mistaken, I assure you. And I greatly regret that this street rumor should be afloat. I have not now, never have had, and perhaps never will have, an engagement of marriage. And if Emma should hear that the gossips are bandying her name about in this way, it will be very painful to her, as it is to me. I want you to contradict this wherever you meet it."

"I beg your pardon," said Tom, "with all my heart. It's wrong; it's wrong; I see it's wrong. And I will take extra pains to get this thing stopped."

"Please do so," said William, and passed on toward the office where he was engaged as assistant auditor, and of which he now had entire charge, during the temporary absence of the principal auditor.

He sat down in the office for several minutes in moody silence; and then, being rather given to soliloquizing aloud, he said to himself:

"Poor Emma! I am afraid it will break her heart. I am sure she has not the nerve I have; and it will take all my resolution to bear it. She is an angel, and no mistake! Why couldn't my father have left me an inheritance?" and he struck the round table a blow which made every thing on it bounce and rattle. "Why couldn't he? Then I could have given her a home worthy of her. But to take her to a puny cottage! Ugh! it makes me

shiver to think of it! It is a dreadful necessity; but in my fix it's better as it is. But I do pity her with all my soul. She can't blame me, though; for I never promised her marriage, nor spoke of love to her."

Ah, take care William Avon how you attempt to justify your cruel act. You knew, sir, that your desertion would crush her loving heart. You knew that your soul and hers had exchanged the most solemn and sacred vows which can unite immortal spirits. Will you dare to say that the promissory words were lacking? Will you presume to affirm that words—which are only the signs or expression of the thoughts—are essential always to the nature and validity of a promise? Where there is an agreement, a consent, even if it is communicated only through the eyes and beaming face, it is a promise; and you can not soliloquize your obligation away. True, you have not laid the foundation of a suit for a breach of promise in an earthly tribunal, because human laws only regard external things. But this is a very trivial matter, indeed. What, think you, is the record of a higher court? You have crushed a heart; and before God and just men you stand without excuse.

He then attempted to banish his dismal feelings and lurking self-reproach by drawing a picture of the golden future. Still talking to himself, he said:

"Money makes the mare go," is a homely, every-day proverb, which has much more sense than poetry in it. Money makes every thing go. In the present system of things, what would the world be without money? I have heard of a sailor who was met in the road by a highwayman, and accosted with, 'Give up your money, or I'll blow your brains out;' and replied, 'Blow away! for a man would better be in London without brains, than without money.' I can't say that the sailor's answer was not about true in regard to the world at large. Money commands all the labor in the world, runs all the machinery of the world; and, so far as I can see, commands all the respect of the world. A rich man has all the world at his feet; every climate and country contributes to his luxury and happiness; every pleasure is attentive to his call. He is a demi-god, worshiped by all grades of society. The poor man is, in the estimation of the world, a 'poor fellow.' He must submit to be deprived of most things which his nature demands. He can not be an enterprising man, for want of capital. He can not be a charitable man, because he has not the means of relieving distress. He can not be a highly respected man, because he is without

power. The essence of life consists in the ability to satisfy wants and gratify desires. Only wealth can confer this ability. So that wealth, and wealth only, contains the essence of human happiness, and human existence even. To spend all the time in digging and delving for food, is to live, not like a human, but like a beast. At all hazards, I WILL BE RICH!"

Ah, William Avon, you have yet to learn that there are deep longings of the soul to which wealth can give no satisfaction; that while riches may, like fire, be a good servant, like fire, also, they are a destructive and ruinous master; and that whoever gives up love, as you have done, and virtue, as it is to be feared you will do, in your determination, can never, never possess real joy or peace; but gives up his true life for a mockery, a shadow. But it is useless to tell you this. You would not believe an angel from heaven if he were to proclaim it in your hearing with all the power of celestial eloquence.

When William had given utterance to his resolute determination to be rich at whatever cost, he sat for a little while in a reverie, from which he was startled by the friendly greeting of Mr. Newgate, pastor of the Church to which William's father had in his life-time belonged, who was a very cheerful and excellent man, and a faithful minister of the Gospel, much beloved by all classes of the community, and, perhaps, I might say, especially by the youth; and who had, for some months, entertained the hope of soon receiving William into the Church. As he entered, he exclaimed, "A penny for your thoughts, my friend."

William smiled faintly, and replied: "Your bid is too low, Mr. Newgate. I was just laying my life-plan."

"A good thing, William, if judiciously done. Let me guess it. Or, I would better give you my plan for you, and see how it agrees with your own. So, then, I wish you a sensible, pious wife, well qualified to make you happy; a well-regulated household; a beautiful, tasteful home; success in business; a constant preparation for the heavenly world; and wealth enough to keep you from want, but not enough to make you mean and miserable."

"Good enough, in its way, Mr. Newgate. But, as a whole, I do not think it will suit. I have made up my mind to abjure marriage for a number of years yet, and I believe that wealth is properly the chief aim of my life."

"Why, my friend, you certainly do not mean this," said Mr. Newgate, with a serious look of affectionate inquiry. "You do not intend to do violence to your nature by devoting your

energies to so worthless an aim, and so low an ambition. Do you not believe the declaration of the Good Book, that 'the love of money is the root of all evil?' And have you never considered that startling admonition of the Great Apostle, 'They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition?'"

"Well, Mr. Newgate, these passages may be, and doubtless are, very good as moral theories and cautions; but to take them practically, and in a strictly literal sense, would effectually disorganize the world. The whole complicated system of business must, of necessity, be in the hands of rich men, who manage it with the exclusive design to become still richer. How much enterprise, which keeps all things astir, do you suppose would exist, if men did not expect to make money by it? I have never known a man to carry on business in any line, merely on the Utopian idea of doing good thereby; and I do not think it could be done. There would be a general stagnation forthwith if men would lose their love of money. And as to honor, let me ask, what respect, what influence, what privileges, or social enjoyments, or station, has a poor man? Wealth is the key to unlock the door into respectability and favor. Even in the Church, the poor are trodden under foot or disregarded, with all the high-sounding pretensions to charity and brotherly love so ostentatiously flaunted in our faces. As in the State, 'offense's gilded hand may buy out justice,' so, you must confess, that a rich man is not even amenable to Church discipline. Wealth is power, Mr. Newgate. As Solomon says, 'Wealth maketh many friends; but the poor is separated from his neighbor.'"

"Wealth is a great talent, William, as an eminent minister once remarked. But it may be, and, no doubt, in many cases is, dreadfully abused. I am sure it is not necessary to set one's heart upon it in order to carry on any necessary or useful business with the highest success. And I must tell you, my friend, the picture you have just drawn is a dreadful caricature, made up of distorted views of exceptional facts. Wealth may minister to true happiness; but alas, how seldom does it thus minister! To satisfy the soul with gain is impossible. It is like a shipwrecked sailor trying to slake his devouring thirst by drinking the water of the briny sea. The wise man has said, O how truly, 'He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver; nor he that loveth abundance, with increase.' To renounce any of the ties of human relationship, or to allow

covetousness to exclude the higher motives or sensibilities, is to despoil the soul of its essential attributes, and leave it poor indeed. When the *Central America* was wrecked in mid-ocean, some passengers insisted on plunging into the sea with their belts of gold, and perished the more quickly for their treasure; while many were saved who had no gold to weigh them down. My dear friend, I entreat you, form your life-plan anew, and do not assign to seductive riches the principal place in it. Otherwise, you may find, at length, that you have made a fearful mistake. Take warning in time."

"I appreciate your motives, Mr. Newgate," he replied, "but I have fully resolved to run the risk."

"Ah, William, you know not what you do." And thus saying, Mr. Newgate, perceiving he could make no impression, sadly took his leave.

William, soon after this, left the auditor's office. He had a small capital, as a beginning, derived from his father's estate, and with this he set up a brokerage, on a small scale, in the bow-window of a drug-store in the town. I well remember the little heaps of silver and gold coin piled up in that window, which he was ready to exchange for bank-bills or good notes. He was successful in the business, and at length removed to a separate banking-room in a good location. He was remarkably shrewd, and not at all scrupulous in the use of means.

He had a variety of business tricks, which he managed with great adroitness. One of these, skillfully played, as opportunity served, for years before detection, is illustrated by the following incident. A wealthy farmer was one afternoon walking unsteadily along the street, more than half intoxicated. Avon managed to treat him once or twice, and then, when in proper condition, inveigled him into his bank to borrow some money, which he often did when sober of his own accord. Avon loaned him one hundred dollars, took his note for one thousand dollars, and closed the bank. He then gave the inebriate another glass of rum, and left him to spend the greater part of the night in the street, dead drunk. The note was payable in three months, and was promptly collected at maturity, the maker being unable to remember any thing connected with its execution.

A few years after he had commenced business, when he had accumulated considerable capital, a committee called at his bank one day, and thus made known their purpose: "Mr. Avon, we have called upon you to-day for a subscription in aid of building a church here, of which, as you know, we stand much in need. We look to you for a liberal contribution, worthy

of your standing as a business man and of your means, and we trust we shall not be disappointed."

"Well," he replied, "your enterprise is a good one. But I have formed a resolution, which I can never violate, not to place my name on any subscription, for any purpose whatever. And, at present, my means are all invested in such a way that I can not withdraw them. Go on with your building, and on dedication day I will contribute what I may feel myself able to give."

And how much, suppose you, this proved to be, in the sequel? Just nothing at all. He took care not to be present at the dedicatory services, and afterward excused himself, on various pretexts, from all outlay in that direction.

At a later period, he flooded the state with circulars, which were headed by glaring letters, thus:

GIFT ENTERPRISE!!

One Hundred Thousand Dollars to be Distributed!

EVERY TICKET DRAWS A PRIZE! HIGHEST CASH PRIZE \$25,000!

Tickets Limited to One Hundred Thousand!

AT ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Etc., etc.

It is unaccountable that the public are so easily duped by any thing of this kind. Eighty thousand tickets were sold, leaving twenty thousand in Avon's hands unsold. A very fortunate circumstance for him indeed, since, as it finally turned out, all the lucky tickets drawing fine cash prizes were among these unsold tickets. It was very generally suspected among the dupes, afterward, that the cash prizes really never were put into the wheel at all, and this is decidedly my own opinion. I am not very intimately acquainted with such matters, but I judge that, in all cases, the valuable prizes are drawn by the unsold tickets, so capricious are the favors of fortune. This affair netted Avon a clear gain of sixty thousand dollars.

How that peaceful town was stirred from center to circumference one night, by the cry of "Fire! fire!" which resounded through all the streets in a tone of terror! The very heavens were lit up by the lurid glare, and the exulting element could not be subdued until ten families had been rendered homeless, having lost all their possessions. These were kindly cared for by the citizens, and a subscription was promptly opened, while an appeal for assistance was circulated widely through the newspapers. Avon was made treasurer of the Citizen's Aid Association, with authority to receive all contributions from abroad as well as at home. An ample fund was eventually collected to retrieve

the losses of the sufferers, with the aid of a munificent donation of five dollars from Mr. Avon himself. Even this sum he gave grudgingly, out of very shame.

One morning, about three years after the fire, it was found that the treasury of the county had been robbed of eighteen or twenty thousand dollars. This affair created much excitement, and gave rise to many abortive suspicions. William Avon was very active in helping the detectives to find, or perhaps miss, the track of the daring perpetrators, who, nevertheless, were not discovered for ten years subsequent to the crime.

A few months had elapsed from the time of the robbery, when William, having now accumulated more than one hundred thousand dollars, resolved to visit Europe, and gratify a desire for travel, which he had long entertained. He therefore closed his banking operations, left his lands with a real estate agent, for sale, and departed. No event worthy of mention occurred in his journey to Niagara Falls, nor thence to New York. On the fifth day of the passage, however, a terrible Atlantic storm lashed the angry deep into a tumultuous chaos of boiling waves, and the vessel was utterly helpless before it. "Deep answered unto deep," and destruction seemed inevitable. Avon was more agitated than any other passenger. In his frantic distress he was heard to exclaim, "O, what is wealth in such an hour as this!" and to utter an agonizing prayer to the God whom he had renounced for mammon. But when the storm had subsided, he seemed ashamed of his weakness, and avoided intercourse with the passengers during the remainder of his voyage. At London, he succeeded in forming an acquaintance with the American consul, and, through him, with the minister, who obtained for him permission to see her majesty, the queen. But he disgraced himself by stumbling and falling backward, on retiring in accordance with the lobster etiquette of the British court, which forbids any one to turn his back on the sovereign when retreating from the royal presence. He had no desire, thereafter, to go to the palace, and was mortally offended the next day with a casual allusion to his graceful performance there, on the part of the consul.

Thence he departed to Paris, where, after a due inspection of the private matters in his baggage by the officials provided for that purpose, he undertook to employ a cabman to convey his trunk to the Hotel le Grande. As they could not understand each other at first, their attempts at conversation unconsciously assumed a very loud tone, as though the defect were in

the hearing, attended with a very energetic pantomime, and a remarkable spattering of mixed French and English words on both sides, which attracted considerable attention. At last the Frenchman nodded his head in token that he now understood it, and started off with the trunk in the direction of the hotel. William followed on foot in the jostling crowd, but lost sight of the cab directly. On reaching the hotel he found no trace of his baggage, and it was three days before, with the assistance of the American consul, he discovered that the cabman had taken it to another depot, instead of the hotel.

I have no space to describe what he saw in the city, but will merely say, in general terms, that he visited all the scenes of great interest within the environs, and then hurried away to Switzerland, to view the rugged scenery of the mighty Alps. But all the time he had an anxious, weary look, as if he were ill at ease, or homesick. In Switzerland he found many persons who spoke his own language, being from England and America. One day he ascended Mont Blanc with a party of tourists, and venturing too near a sloping precipice, he slid down, with much velocity, a distance of some four hundred feet, to a ledge on the mountain-side. This descent was by no means in the plan of the excursion, and the shock was so violent that he was with considerable difficulty conveyed by the party to the little inn at the foot of the mountain, where he was confined to his room for more than a week. He received much sympathy and attention from the tourists in whose company he had met with the accident. It so happened that among them was a man named Henry Shields, who, in boyhood, had been an intimate friend of William. Many years had flown since their separation, during which they had never heard from each other. After William had begun to recover, he had a conversation, incidentally, with Henry, in which, by comparing notes and making mutual inquiries, to their surprise they discovered each his former playmate in the other. Henry was delighted, and William experienced a momentary pleasure, which yielded, however, to painful reminiscences he was forced to conceal. He inquired Henry's history, which contained nothing very extraordinary, but recalled so painfully to William's recollection the plan marked out for himself by Mr. Newgate, in the conversation we have related above, that he turned away his head to hide and subdue his emotions. Afterward, Henry introduced William to his wife, a most lovely and intelligent woman, then at the inn. What was William's astonishment and

confusion to learn that she was no other than Emma Smith, who, soon after his desertion, had removed with her mother to a distant region of the Western country, where William had lost every trace of her in all that eventful interval.

As soon as he was sufficiently recovered, he resumed his travels alone, although he was earnestly solicited by Mr. and Mrs. Shields, with the cheerful consent of the entire party, to join them in all their excursions in the future. The associations were too painful for him to endure; and so, under an ingenious excuse, he parted from them. He visited Rome, Venice, Vienna, Petersburg, and many other European cities, before his return to America. He was absent three years.

William and I have not met since I left the town of C.; which was, perhaps, two years after his entrance upon the business of a broker. I heard from him, however, occasionally, in an indirect way; and about two years ago I observed a paragraph concerning him in the papers, which led me to write him a long letter, some time after, recalling early days. I received the following letter in reply:

"May 15, 1870.

"DEAR SIR,—Your letter of April 29th was received, and contents noted. It was quite a surprise. I am very glad you thought of me in my present great trouble, and wish you would write often to me while I am here. I am not allowed to write only once in three months. When I am free I will write more fully. I am allowed all letters that are sent to me. After reading your letter, I almost wished I was a boy again. Since last we met, I have visited all the large cities of Europe, and seen and heard the most able men of Europe and the United States; have made a fortune, and lost my liberty and over \$120,000 by an unprincipled lot of politicians. . . . It does not seem probable that it has been eighteen years since last we met. I have often thought of you, in years gone by. I will close by wishing you success in all your undertakings, and would like to hear from you often. Direct to —, Warden.

"I remain your friend of boyhood. ***

"My friends say I will not remain here long."

I wrote again, but have, as yet, received no answer.

How is all this explained? Shocking to say, William Avon and the treasurer himself were the robbers of the county treasury! The plan was arranged between them previously, that Avon was to open the safe and take the money—eighteen thousand dollars—and then leave the treasurer bound hand and foot, and gagged, upon the office floor. The money was to be equally

divided between them afterward. This plan was carried out to the letter, except that Avon never did divide the proceeds of the crime. In the morning the treasurer was found thus fettered, and, of course, professed utter ignorance of the robber's name, giving a fictitious description. For ten years he kept the gnawing secret in his breast, like the Spartan boy, who, having stolen a fox, suffered it to tear out his vitals rather than be detected in the theft. But, at length, the mighty secret overpowered him. He pined away, and finally sought relief in a full disclosure. Avon was convicted, and sentenced to an imprisonment of ten years in the penitentiary, and a fine of forty thousand dollars. The treasurer was sentenced to ten years' confinement, without a fine. Avon appealed to a higher court, which confirmed his sentence; and he took up his dreary abode within the terrible shadows of the prison, affording a melancholy illustration of the truth, "*An inheritance may be gotten hastily at the beginning, but the end thereof shall not be blessed.*"

Reader, the above is substantially a true history, although somewhat disguised. The leading incidents really occurred, and may, it is hoped, stand out as a solemn warning to all, not to be eager of gain, lest it bring a snare. My boyhood friend was capable of usefulness, and of attaining honor, instead of being shut up in the appalling gloom which now enwraps his body and soul. May he yet be saved, although as by fire! And may all my readers, in the voyage of life, be able to avoid the breakers whereon he wrecked his noble vessel!

A DOCTOR'S LIFE AMONG THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

I HAVE read in missionary journals, and in some others by no means missionary, that if a traveler wants to get along swimmingly with any savage people among whom he may be sojourning, he should by all means possess a knowledge of medicine, and, by inference, be practicing his medical skill on the unfortunate barbarians who are, for the time being, his neighbors. So often do I hear this, that if there be any truth in what every body—or nearly every body—says, then this, among other plausible doctrines, must be received into the same category as Holy Writ. I do not want to be disagreeably skeptical about any such wholesome doctrines, only, unfortunately, my experience, so far as it goes, is rather in opposition to this. I do not, for a moment, doubt that a good knowledge of surgery may help a traveler.

Surgery the most obtuse savage can see the effects of, and know that in this department he can do little or nothing. I will even allow that after one has been long resident among any body of people his knowledge of pure medicine may gain him their confidence. But at first he would better keep clear of all amateur doctoring, especially if there happen to be a native medical faculty. And this there almost invariably is, whether under the name of obi-men, medicine-men, or sleight-of-hand necromancers generally. A savage views the new-comer with all the dogged, sullen suspicion of an ignorant people living to and by themselves. His medical knowledge is looked upon with equal skepticism, and even contempt. Accordingly, when a savage is sick he will apply to the recognized medicine-man, or sorcerer, of his tribe or village, to cure him by the incantations and foolery which time-honored tradition has hallowed in his eyes. If he ever applies to the pale-faced traveler, it will only be when he is just at his last gasp, and has lost belief in his own medicine-man. The chances then are that he will die in spite of the best physicians in Europe. Now it is that the cunning medicine-man—whose professional jealousy has been roused—will work on the credulous, suspicious minds of the natives; and as he has the infinite advantage over you in knowing the language and the modes of thought of his countrymen, the chances are that he will do you mischief. Here is the way he reasons: "The patient was on a fair way to recover: he had caught the little devil that caused the sickness. Once he had slipped through his fingers, but he would have been sure to have caught him the second time, and either burned or drowned him, when this ignorant fellow, whom nobody knows any thing about, and, may be, for all we know, anxious to introduce small-pox, or other terrible white man's disease, into our people, interferes, and you see the result." The argument is not very convincing to the reader, but it is decidedly so to the relatives of the dead man who is lying in that savage village. And it is just about that time that the unfortunate philanthropist wishes that he had never known any thing about purgative pills, or the virtue of any drug whatever. If he only gets kicked out of the village, or sent on his way with any thing but blessings on his head, he may think himself remarkably well out of the scrape. I very nearly came to a much worse fate.

I was very young when I first set out on my travels, and endowed with very much more philanthropy toward my savage brother than I happen to possess just now. I had not only



CHIEF IN FULL WAR DRESS.

been instructed in the principles of medicine, but had received a regular medical education, so that I could not be called a mere dabbler in physic. I was, of course, continually told that comforting doctrine about the value of my knowledge among the savages whom I proposed visiting, and perfectly burned to put my ideas into practice on the "vile body" of any sick savage whom I could come across. I was not long in being gratified. My first experimental journey was made with a well-known Indian trader, and not long after bidding farewell to

civilization we halted at an Indian village, into the tribe belonging to which my friend, the trader, had married. His wife, who was with us, was a member of that people. The chief was lying ill, and the medicine-men were in full force around him, but hitherto had made no impression on him. In my zeal, I hinted that I thought I could do something for him; and as he informed me that he failed to get any sleep for days past, I considered that I could not do better than give him a dose of opium, which I did. And, amid the scowls of the medicine-

men, and the plaudits of the chief's family, the old man was sleeping when we left the village. I was decidedly proud of my first success, but my triumph was short-lived. The trader, after making a journey a few days further on, began to return over the same road again. All went well with us, for my friend was a power in that part of the country, until we were about half a day's journey from the village where I had performed my medical exploit. We were congratulating ourselves on the prospect of the good reception we should receive from the chief who, we hoped, was now on his legs again, when we were startled by the sight of an Indian sitting by the side of the path. He was the trader's brother-in-law, and a particular friend of his. We, of course, saluted him in a cheerful manner, not unmixed with the patronizing air that philanthropists will assume to their less benevolent fellow-men. But our *claw-howya* was returned with a desponding air, and a peculiar glance toward us, and more particularly in my direction, from under his heavy eyebrows. The "Hemlock Fir"—for such, being translated, was the cognomen of our friend—was the bearer of evil tidings, most depressing news indeed. It was a long time before he came out with it, but at last it did come in all its disagreeable features. The chief, my patient, was dead. In fact, he had got into a sound sleep—so sound, indeed, that he never woke again. The tribe was very excited on the subject, and declared—of course *he* did not believe it—that between us we had conspired to kill the chief. This suspicion was all the worse because, just two days before, a rival trader had been at the village, and, on mentioning their suspicions to him, he assured them that nothing was more likely, because he knew that my companion was one of the greatest rascals living, and he never doubted that his friend, the doctor, was, if possible, a worse rogue! The result was that when he quietly left the village they were drowning their griefs in the flowing bowl, and were in such a state of excitement with loyal grief and whisky that he feared they might, in the excitement of the moment, kill us. For me, the messenger was good enough to remark, he did n't care much, as he had not known me long, and I had never given him much. Of course, for the trader he had feelings of regard; for, independently of the trifle of being his brother-in-law, he had in times gone by received from him many blue blankets, and, what was much more to the purpose, expected to receive many more in the future. Accordingly he had dropped ahead to warn him; for, unfortunately, under the influence of whisky,

they had recollected that my companion had once, some years before, had a quarrel with the chief, and they were certain that he had only used me as an instrument to carry out the destruction of his enemy, and might, therefore, be inclined to include him in the intended revenge. Therefore the Indian thought that, if we set much value on our lives just now, we would better keep out of the way for a while, and, at all events on this particular journey, avoid the irate village by working round in another direction. That was all the news; he had nothing more to say. Tableau: Indian smoking a pipe, with his blanket around him, perfectly unconcerned; trader leaning against a tree, with a number of his Indian attendants squatted on the ground open-mouthed; while the writer of these words was sitting whittling a stick, in that condition of mind sufficiently expressed by the word "cheap!" It was a study for a painter. For five minutes nobody spoke.

At last the trader, after breaking the silence with an initiatory oath, eased his pent-up feelings by a perfect flood of curses on me, on the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, on the Apothecaries' Company, and the whole medical faculty, Indians, and Indian chiefs, past, present, and to come. I really do not remember any man, even in Western America, swearing so heartily and so long at one stretch. After having exhausted himself, he felt better able to discuss matters. There was too little ground, knowing, as he did, the Indian character, to doubt that the forebodings of the messenger had good foundation, and that if we expected to retain our heads long on our shoulders, we would better take the back track as soon as possible. It was in vain I told him that the dose was not sufficient to poison a child, that the chief had died of natural decay or of disease; in fact, that it was all nonsense. He never, for his own part, doubted the fact, he assured me; but what did that matter, so long as the apostrophized Indians believed the opposite? Such was the unavoidable state of the case, and meanwhile I was admonished to put as long a distance as I could between the Indians and my scalp; and that we did, though the back trail was a bad one. In fact, we had only begun to enjoy the good travel, when perforce we had to retrace our weary steps.

That night we traveled long after sundown; we were too weary (or afraid, was it?) to light a fire for the night, and by dawn were off again. Indeed, it was not until we thought that we were safely out of the Indians' reach, that we made a lengthened halt to recruit ourselves and animals. On the second day at this halt, the

trader's wife, whom he had left behind in the village until his return, overtook us. She had got a hint from her brother, and had stolen off in the night, traveling continuously, afraid that her husband might never be able to see that village again, and, in fact, give her the slip. She was in exceedingly bad humor, and commenced abusing us, from a safe distance, in some outlandish language. Then the cursory remarks were taken up by her husband, who I could see was in no way very pleased at the unexpected appearance of his brevet-spouse, until enough of anathemas were vented on my head to suffice for one life-time. I got quite accustomed to them in course of time, and treated a string of oaths five minutes long as quite a playful discharge of animal spirits on the part of my friends in the fur-trading line. The end of it was, that my companion's ire was somewhat abated, for so fast had we traveled that when we arrived at the nearest trading-post we discovered that we were rather early in the market, and the "good thing" which he made of his packs of furs somewhat consoled him for his misfortune. It was, however, a long time before he dared again visit the fatal Indian village—indeed, not until I was out of the country. Then with a clear conscience, he informed me, he wriggled out of the scrape by laying the whole blame of the chief's death on my head, and informing the whole village in council assembled that, so far from being incapable of poisoning the chief, his private opinion was that, if it had not been for his good example and the want of drugs, I would have devoted to death the whole Indian nation.

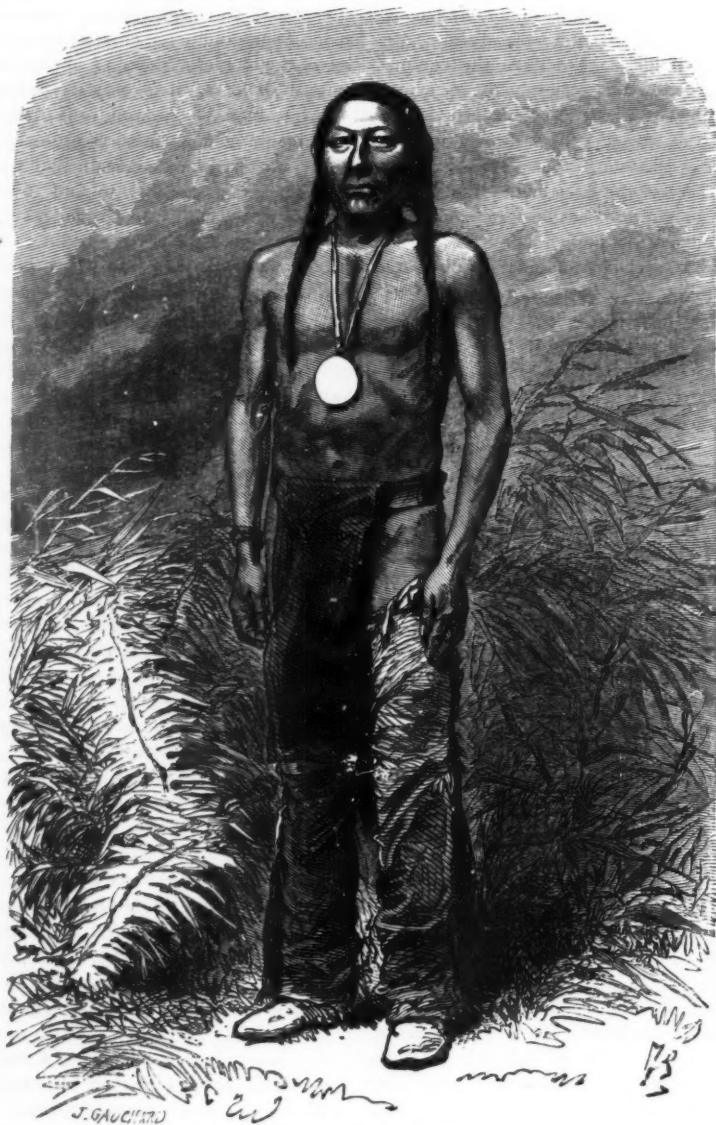
That I never tried medical practice among the Indians again, it will hardly be necessary to tell the reader. Some years afterward, I was, however—from no choice of mine, but rather from necessity—forced to put my surgical skill to the test, and this time with rather better success. I was then roaming about among the wild, primeval forests, on the northern shores of the Pacific. One day I started off from an Indian village on the coast for a few days' journey into the interior. My only companion was a native boy, who carried my blanket, hatchet, tin kettle, and one or two odds and ends of food and impedimenta—articles which diminish in a wonderfully exact ratio to the time one has been "out" in those regions. Ours were accordingly not very burdensome; and, lightly equipped, we dived deeper and deeper into the dense forest, until from a hill we lost sight of the sea. Then I knew well that I was safe of my Indian boy's companionship; for an Indian of the North Pacific sea-

board is always in a state of mortal terror the moment he is out of sight of his native village. Unless he happens to be a hunter—which few in these fish-eating tribes are—he quite loses his head in any difficulty, when the roar of the familiar ocean is not sounding in his ears. These dark forest-glades are peopled with all sorts of hobgoblins, ever seeking the destruction of the luckless Indian; and hence if he does venture so far in, it is only under the ægis of the white man, whose wondrous many-shooting instruments act as a sure protection. Even then you can never be certain that you will not wake up in the morning to find yourself alone in these wilds, with your baggage, such as it is, all around you—the porters having, in terror of the unknown dangers into which you are leading, taken the opportunity to return, under cover of darkness. Once out of sight of the sea, you are tolerably safe; for they are poor trailers, and in the forest, instead of "guiding" the white man, according to the familiar story-book fashion, they dog his heels, and take shelter in his rear on the first sign of alarm; and consequently are of but little use, either as guides or protectors. These North-western forests, unlike the Eastern American woods, are difficult to travel in. The interspaces between the tall fir-trees are nearly every-where densely packed with a luxuriant undergrowth of shrubbery, which at first appears totally impenetrable, and which renders the traveler's progress slow and difficult. The streams, which every-where meander through this dense forest, are often perfectly arched over with the branches of the shrubs which grow on their banks; and the first intimation which is sometimes given of their presence, is the sudden disappearance of the pedestrian; for the weary explorer, as he pushes at random into what he only considers a mass of bushes, plumps up to the middle, if not over his head, into an icy cold stream.

The route is interrupted by deep, rocky ravines, over which a fallen tree affords a natural bridge, which, though it is sufficiently secure, and strong enough to bear a considerable weight, is nevertheless very often difficult to cross with safety, owing to its shape. In wet weather, when it has become soaked with rain, it is apt to be very slippery and dangerous. It was at one of the ravines that our troubles began. We had traveled one day, camping out at night, and had set out early next morning to search the neighboring mountain for deer. Some rain had fallen in the night, and the unbarked log, over which we were crossing a "gulch," was very slippery. I passed in safety; but when half-way across, the youth overbalanced him-

self, and with a yell he went headlong into the ravine. I was watching his progress over from the opposite side, but was so stunned by the accident, that it was some minutes before I had presence of mind enough to stir. The gulch

ended at a little river, up which we had paddled a few miles the first day, until it became too full of rapids, and then we had left the canoe and taken to land. I found that the only way to reach the Indian—who, by his lusty yells, I



MY PATIENT'S FATHER.

could see, was far from being killed, as at first I had imagined—was to go down to the river, and then crawl up the gulch. This I did, and a toilsome task it was. The boy seemed rather astonished to see me; for when I disappeared, he had doubtless imagined that, Indian fashion,

I had intended deserting him, and either clearing off entirely, or “buying his body” from his relatives. His fall had been broken by some branches; and though badly bruised, it appeared that he had sustained very few serious external injuries, and he complained of none internally.

On trying to walk, however, he found he could not stand—his thigh had been fractured. Here was a mess! Indeed, at that moment I was unphilanthropic enough to wish that, for the benefit of himself and whoever else it might concern, he had been killed outright. However, for the time being I was the individual, next to himself, chiefly concerned, and had to set myself to devise means to save the lad's life, Indian though he was. On examining the fracture, I was glad to find that the bone was only fractured, the ends not being displaced. This was one blessing.

The next thing to be done was to remove him from the place where he was lying, among dead trees and water. My first attempt was naturally to get him out by the way I had got into the gully; but this was found impracticable. Twice I attempted to climb the bank with him clinging around my neck, but twice I failed; on one of the trials, indeed, tumbling backward into the river—luckily very shallow, though it might have been better for my skin if it had been a little deeper. My next move was to carry the youngster to the edge of the ravine, near to the place where he fell; then to go up and fasten the end of the rope which bound my blanket—and which, for the sake of convenience for other purposes, was long—to a tree; then to let myself down into the hollow, and with the "slack" of the rope bind the boy securely in our two blankets; and finally to reascend, and hoist him up. This, I soon found, was rather an awkward task, and the boy's head and body bumped against the trees and rocky sides of the gulch rather more frequently than was agreeable to him. Finally, however, I was successful in getting him up all right, minus a few more bruises and his fractured limb. Once again on level ground, my troubles commenced anew. Though the limb was swelling, a renewed examination satisfied me that the bones were not yet displaced, but bandaged they must be, somehow. Bandages or splints of any sort I had none. What was to be done? was the question I set myself to think out, as I sat down to rest by the side of my wounded henchman.

His clothing consisted only of a very dirty cotton shirt, and a blanket pinned around him. I considered, after due deliberation, that for a young man in his walk of life, a shirt was quite a superfluous article of clothing. Accordingly, without consulting him, though indeed not without some mild remonstrances on his part, the shirt was drawn off him and cut up into bandages; the needle and thread, without which no traveler of any experience ever goes far, sup-

plying the necessary materials for sewing them into one long strip of cotton. Now for splints. The nearest approach to pasteboard which I could see was the smooth, tough bark of the cedar (*Thuja gigantea*), which peels off in thin sheets, and out of which the Indians make all sorts of domestic wares. A short search supplied me with the bark in abundance, and now commenced my improvised surgery. The moss, with which the trees were hoary, supplied padding in room of cotton; over this were wrapped the sheets of cedar-bark, and then around all was tightly bound the shirt-made bandage, the whole being well drenched with cold water on the outside. How, now, was he to be got home? Could he not be made to hop all the way? These boys were able to hop a long time in play, and though it might be rather more troublesome to hop a couple of days through a primeval forest, it might only serve the little rascal right. The idea was so comical that I burst out in a loud laugh at the thought, much to the wonder of the boy, who was groaning close by. But I was afraid it would n't work; so it had to be dismissed. To float him down the river was out of the question, for besides the fact of there being nothing at hand to float him on, there was not water enough here to float a cat. Equally impracticable was the notion of remaining here until he either got well or died; for, at the earliest, six weeks was rather too long to remain out here, dependent on what I might kill. The youth decidedly objected to be left alone until I returned for help; in fact, he commenced crying piteously whenever I mentioned the subject. He was afraid of being eaten by wolves—of a hundred things that I had never imagined. The truth was, he was afraid that I was going to leave him to himself. I could n't stand the boy's crying. If there had been only three of us, we could easily have made a stretcher with two poles and a blanket, but there were only two; so there was nothing for it but to adopt the primitive plan of carrying him on my back. This was not very easy, for the only way I could do it was to allow him to hang on to my shoulders or around my neck in the best way he could; for I could not catch hold of his legs with my hands, on account of his broken limb. This settled, the next question was our route.

Though we had been out more than a day from the Indian village, I knew that we were not distant a day's travel; for, since leaving the canoe, we had not gone in any thing like a straight line—indeed, had pretty well kept by the banks of the river, which, I remembered, had described a great curve, so that the place

where the canoe had been left could be pretty nearly reached if we cut straight across the country until we again struck the river. And so we took up our weary march—the boy on my back, on his back my blanket, and on the top of all our tin “billy,” which kept up a cheery rattle as we jogged along. If travel under ordinary circumstances through these forests, is not good, certainly with a sick Indian on your back, it becomes well-nigh intolerable. The day was hot, even under the shadow of those great trees, and the boy smelt decidedly of stale fish—what else could he, who had lived on dried salmon all his life, smell of? From long experience of his race, there was also more than a suspicion that he was even less cleanly than was at first sight palpable to the eye unassisted by a minute search. I didn't much like the way the noble savage scratched his matted locks when we stopped, as we did every ten minutes or so, to rest. Not unfrequently, also, I tripped up over fallen trees; and once, fording a mountain stream, I slipped overhead in a nasty, deep hole, to the vast astonishment of the youth, who was quietly slipping down river when I caught hold of him by the scalp-lock. I was, however, a man doing a duty, and doggedly went about my task, not caring very much, indeed, *who* was drowned. I was in no temper to bother myself about trifles; and it would have been dangerous to have approached me just then in reference to many sublunary matters. The youth, who was now and then relapsing into a talking mood, was peremptorily silenced, under pain of being set down. I should n't wonder—though I was too busy to keep a note of it—if I indulged in strong language, when I took a particularly bad header into some very prickly salmon-berry bushes; but, under the circumstances, I do n't suppose that this orthographical turpitude will ever be laid to my charge. Surely, if any member of the Humane Society, or the Society for the Protection of Aborigines, had seen, at that moment, a member of a liberal profession sweating along, with a weighty and slightly odorous savage on his back, the smallest he could have done at the next committee meeting would be to propose me a medal and badge. Perhaps it is not too late yet. I fancy, however, as most of these bodies place rather more stress on words than acts, that the confession of having been betrayed into verbal impatience may go against me. At all events, I had my work that afternoon. I went on as far as I could before dark, though thoroughly exhausted and nearly choked, and at last backed my patient up against a fallen tree for the night. My first work was to bathe

myself thoroughly in a very cold stream, which ran close by, and, doubtless, debouched into the river I was making for. I felt rather more refreshed after that, and set about lighting a fire—a very simple matter, as the wood was dry and plentiful. I was, however, too tired to cook any supper, and, though it may not be very good dietetic practice, both physician and patient supped stanchly on whisky, salt pork, and “damper,” which supper exhausted our stock of comestibles; for I had been too occupied by my humane duties to hunt all day. We then lay down and slept soundly until day-break.

By dawn, profiting by my experiences, of yesterday, I determined to avoid the heat of the sun, and make an early start, sore as my bones were. As we had finished our provisions, our only breakfast promised to be a little whisky and water; but just as we were mixing the last of our grog, I heard a drumming of grouse in the bush. The North-western grouse all “tree;” and, accordingly, I had no trouble, with my revolver, in bringing down three, commencing with the one on the lower branches, and then going upward, so that the fall of the dead ones did not flush the others. This is a common method of pot-hunting. Two of these skinned (to save the trouble of plucking) and roasted by the fire, afforded a good breakfast. The remaining one was reserved for supper. I then started on my weary trudge, though in better humor than I did the day before. I was now becoming in a manner accustomed to my burden, and was getting into a doggedly obdurate state, that I determined, come whatever might, to get through my work, if not to-day, to-morrow.

Since leaving the bend of the river, where the accident had occurred, I had made as nearly as I could a straight course; and though it is difficult to calculate distances in these forests, I did not yet think that I was at all near to where we had left the canoe. We had not, however, gone more than a couple of hours before I heard the murmur of running water, and saw an open light space in the dark forest ahead of us. Could that be the river again? The boy insisted it was, and as we approached the banks there was no mistaking the locality. There was no such big river anywhere in this vicinity; but the river was here navigable, so that we must have struck it lower down. Almost simultaneously the boy and I detected foot-prints in the damp soil—those of a hobnail boot and a bare foot—and, with a joyous cheer, I made for the place where they emerged from the river. We could scarcely believe our eyes when we detected that they were our own footsteps of a



THE INDIAN OF OREGON.

few days back, and we had, by the merest chance come upon the river not a hundred yards from where we had left it! Our canoe was hid in the bushes, all safe out of the heat of the sun. In a few minutes it was equipped, launched, and floating down the river. I steering, while the youth kept a lookout ahead.

At midday we halted to eat the grouse, and feeling now rather hungry, I set off in search of a deer, and was successful in killing a fine buck, with the choice pieces of which we refreshed ourselves. The river navigation was

rather troublesome, and every now and again I had to get out and ease the canoe off the spits where I had run it on to; but, on the whole, we met with no accident, and in the course of a couple of hours arrived at the sea. Here we found some cousins of my patient encamped, and they ("for a consideration," you may be sure, for it was "nothing for nothing" among these people) helped me up the coast, for a few miles, to the village where the boy's father lived. Then I got him off my hands, and after hints about "buying his leg" from the avaricious

parents, I left, thoroughly sick of the whole job and the ingratitude of all concerned. However, happening to visit the village some weeks after, I found my patient running about all well, having, by a good constitution and wondrous good luck, perfectly recovered, without any other treatment than what he had got from me. In fact, the bark bandages were never removed until he could walk. I found that my fame had, in the mean time, grown great in the land, and that bandages of bark had the reputation of being the newest "white man's medicine," and were being adopted for all ills which flesh is heir to, from an inflammation of the lungs to a gunshot wound. Thereafter, if any body finds them in vogue among the Indians, I beg that he will not run away with the notion that it is an aboriginal method of cure. I am "the sole and only inventor." I have said that I found myself a small hero on account of my cure. So I did. Still the applause which greeted me was not of a sufficiently enthusiastic description to tempt me to renew my aboriginal medical or surgical practice. On the whole, I begin to agree with my profane friend, the trader, who, in the midst of his tirade of oaths, consequent on my first unfortunate escapade, let drop this aphorism: "Humanity! 'Tell ye what, cap'n, if any body's a goin' to die, better them nor you; a sight better—a blessed sight better!" This view may not be unmixedly humane, but, nevertheless, I scarcely think that any reader of the foregoing pages will consider that my experience of medical practice among the North American Indians has been of so agreeable a nature as to incline me to adopt views over-philanthropic.

A TÊTE-À-TÊTE.

AT the *Jardin des Plantes*, servants, soldiers and petty gentry, from the Rue Copeau, usually flock together before the great cage, in which are the monkeys. These animals have grown vicious, and, what is worse, sick. Their constrained and unnatural life has injured their hair, and here and there, through the gray or yellow skin, can be seen patches of reddened flesh. It is piteous to see their sharp, grinning faces; they are continually in motion with inharmonious gestures, scolding and swearing, struggling together for an apple or a biscuit, climbing the posts and playing their pranks before the spectators. By its laughter and provocations the public has depraved them; they reward it by offending its eyes by the impudent display of their vice and deformity. They are

its favorite jesters, they please its unhealthy nature, and it is thus that they gain their pittance.

Even such is the impression made upon me by the minor theaters. The actors are refined and ruined monkeys, and the painted cage, where they disport themselves every night, is worse for the physical or moral health than the grated rotunda in which their brothers caper at the museum. Like their brothers, they are tattered, soul and body. Like their brothers, they amuse the public by their physical infirmities—one by his nose, another by his bewildered air, another by his cracked voice, another by his excessive corpulence. Like their brothers, they act upon the lower nature, luxury and vice. Like their brothers, they rise to a sort of brute talent, composed of mimicry and indecency—a crude and absurd parody, in which the spectator is no better than the buffoon. One of the actresses, yesterday, finished each comic verse with a burst of billingsgate at the top of her voice. At the third verse she stopped, unable to go on, and with the remnants of her voice begged to be excused. I went away; I longed to purify my mind. I walked a league in the open air by moonlight, to the end of the Rue de l'Ouest, and went up to my friend Wilhelm Kittel, a true musician, who lives alone.

We were together thirty years ago, at the University of Jena, and we have often argued philosophical questions, with or against each other, in the little gardens in the environs, where beer is drunk under hop-trellises, garlanded with roses. Since then, our paths have separated. I made a fortune in America; he lived by giving lessons, first at Berlin, afterward in Paris. At last an uncle died at a fortunate juncture, and was sensible enough to leave him an income of a thousand crowns; so that he is now rich. But, rich or poor, he has never thought of money. If he was pleased with his thousand crowns, it was because he was no longer obliged to waste three or four hours of every day in order to pay for his dinner, his coats, and his lodging. Neither has he thought of fame; his character is reserved, and his nature timid. The confusion of Paris frightens him. He did not care to make a display; he remained at home reading scores, and going to the libraries to study the oratorios. At last he even gave up going to theaters or concerts. The public parade, the gurgling of the singers, the stupidity of the applause, disturbed his dreams. He maintains that an opera can be properly heard only upon the piano. Five or six celebrated composers know him, and, now and then, mount his four flights of stairs. The

masters Reber and Gounod respect him, and are pleased when he says, "That is well done." As he is stern and cold, they ask no more of him. Moreover, he has the cold pride of a phlegmatic temperament. He will never accept an invitation to dinner. This is a rule which he has adopted; it is known, and no one insists upon his breaking it. Several times he replied that he would not accept, as he was not able to return it, and that he certainly would not pay in sonatas. According to his idea, music, in a familiar conversation, one can not expand for the sake of a cup of tea or a fowl, and, above all, it is impossible to give one's confidences to strangers. I go to him on foot, as he comes to me. At his house, and at mine, we dine off one dish and a bottle of wine. A richer diet makes the head heavy, and in this way the equality is perfect, or, rather, I am the indebted one, for he brings more to the conversation than I do. I am almost the last companion left to him. Death, marriage, separation, diversity of tastes, have made a void around us; and, when we are together, we see in charming perspective, through a vague, golden haze, the first awakening of our minds beneath the poetic imaginings of Beethoven, Schelling, or Goethe.

"Frederick," he said, as I came in, "there is your arm-chair; light your cigar. I needed you there, that I might play over our old sonatas. You must watch the tea-kettle."

I shook hands with him, and he sat down at the piano.

How comfortable it is in this old room! It belongs to me as much as to him, and suits me better than my own. The threadbare carpet, the arm-chairs which have been so often sat upon, the library full of books which have been truly read, all these honest articles of furniture, put the mind at ease. You need not admire them, they are not meant for show. They do not speak of vanity, like the *étagères* and trinkets of a fashionable woman. Their faded hues do not attract the eye. Like a good servant, they are not conspicuous, but useful. I am in the great, green easy-chair, with back and arms, and I need not applaud, or seek for a new compliment. I can be perfectly free, can open the door of the delicate inward sense, which is hidden in every one; let it escape and wing its flight without fear of being beaten back and dashed to the earth. The tea-kettle sings; with my feet on the andirons, I watch the little orange and blue flames which lick the scarred bark of the logs. The tumult of Parisian ideas vanishes, and in my soul, like morning clouds, float faint dream-figures.

"Wilhelm, you must play me the sonata in *G minor*. You know it—Op. 90."

Music has in it this special charm, it does not call up *forms* in our mind, such a landscape, such a face, such a distinct event or situation; but the *conditions* of the mind, such a shade of joy or sadness, such a degree of tension or abandonment, the rich fullness of serenity or the mortal weakness of sorrow. The usual crowd of ideas has been swept away; only the human depths remain, the infinite power of enjoying or suffering, the revolts and the consolations of the nervous, sensitive being, the innumerable changes and harmonies of its agitation and its repose. It is as if one should remove the inhabitants of a country, destroy its boundaries, and all marks of civilization; the land itself would remain in its original form, with its hollows, its heights, the sound of the wind and the waves, and the eternal, ever-changing poetry of day and shadow.

"Wilhelm, I was not in harmony with the music I was discussing with myself. Begin again, I pray, especially the second part, in *major*."

He began the second part, which is so melodious and so tender. A song of crystalline notes undulates over the chords, disappears, returns, and develops its sinuous course like a brook in a field. Sometimes you would think it the sigh of a flute; often it is the deep, sweet voice of a loving, suffering woman. Sometimes the sweetness stops, the impetuous soul gathers itself up, and rushes forward in cascades of precipitous notes, in fine, delicate caprices, in abrupt clashes of strange chords. Then all falls again, and a swarm of little agile voices spring up, descend and pursue each other like a trembling, an agitation, a charming delirium of murmuring waters, to lead the air back into its former channel. Then the melody takes again its measured course, and its clear wave flows again for the last time, more sinuous and broader than before, in a chain of sonorous, silvery chords.

"Nothing but Beethoven, Wilhelm; but play on—this time whatever comes into your head."

He played for more than an hour, but I certainly did not look at the clock. He was *roused* (the French word is lacking), and I was as much so as he. First, he played two or three entire sonatas, then bits of symphonies, fragments of sonatas for the violin and piano, an air from "*Fidelio*," still other fragments, of which I do not remember the names. With a few chords and a few pauses, he united them, like a man who, having opened his favorite poet, reads now in the middle, now at the end of the volume;

chooses one verse, then another, according to the fancy of the moment. I listened motionless, with my eyes fixed upon the fire, and I followed, as on a living face, the movements of this great extinguished soul—extinguished only for itself; for us it still exists, and we have it in its completeness in this pile of blackened paper. How unjust fame is to him! He is recognized as the king of the great and the sad; his kingdom is limited to that. The only domain granted to him is a desert land, beaten by hurricanes, magnificent in its desolation, like that in which Dante dwelt. This solitude he possesses, and no musician but he has entered it; but he also dwells elsewhere. Whatever is richest and most gloriously full in the overflowing landscape, whatever is fairest and most smiling in the flowery, shaded valleys, whatever is most fresh and virginal in the timid beam of early dawn, belongs to him like the rest; only he never brought to it a peaceful soul. Joy shakes him to his center, like grief. His feelings of delight are too strong. He is not happy; he is enchanted. He is like a man who, after a night of anguish, panting, full of pain, dreading a day that shall be even worse, suddenly sees a quiet morning landscape. His hand trembles, a deep sigh of relief heaves his breast, his oppressed and bowed powers spring up again, and the transports of his joy are as unconquerable as his paroxysms of despair. Every pleasure is for him a transport; his happiness is not sweet but poignant. His allegros bound like fetterless colts, crushing and trampling the beautiful field over which they gambol. Still more vehement, more immoderate, his prestos are insanities, abrupt quivering pauses, wild gallops, which shake the harpsichord with their echoing fury. Sometimes, in the midst of his mad rush, the serious and the tragic break in, and, without a change of speed, with the same fury, his spirit rushes forward as if to a combat, intoxicated by the impetuosity of its swiftness, but with such strange bounds and such multiplied vagaries that the spectator pauses, almost terrified by the power of this wild life, by the giddy fertility of its changes, its checks, by the fury of its unexpected developments, broken, redoubled, beyond all imagination and all expectation, expressing but never exhausting its resources. He came and sat down beside me and said:

"You know his life?"

"Not very well; only what the papers tell us."

"Here is his biography by Schnidler, a noble man, who was with him during the last years of his life. Read it while I make the tea."

I turned the leaves of the poor German book,

bound in white sheep-skin, in which the faithful companion of the master, a true German *famulus*, the disciple of another Faust, has preserved all the incidents which have been related to him, or which he has seen. These matter-of-fact details no longer seemed vulgar. The soul which I had just seen ennobled the outside. I saw again the man in his old overcoat, his battered hat, with his immense shoulders, his shaggy beard, his thick, bristling hair, walking barefooted through the morning dew, composing "Fidelio," or "Christ on Olivet," on a stump, from which sprang two oaks; going straight on without noticing obstacles or feeling the severity of the weather; returning in the evening to an untidy room, books and music tumbled pell-mell upon the floor, empty bottles, the remains of breakfast, and proofs in a heap in the corner, the mass in D acting as a covering for the cooking. I saw him habitually gloomy, hypochondriacal, suddenly seized with a fit of strange gayety, sweeping the harpsichord with a terrible grimace. I saw him silent, self-contained, listening to operas with the immobility of a pagoda; disproportioned in every thing, and incapable of accommodating himself to life. But I also felt that the sole source of these eccentricities was a superabundance of generosity and candor. His love-letters, in the midst of conventional phrases, have sublime passages: "My beloved immortal!" He lived in the ideal world described by Dante and Petrarch, and his passion took away nothing of his austerity. Unable to marry, he remained chaste, and loved as purely as he wrote. Licentious conversation was his horror, and he blamed Mozart's "Don Juan," not only because it was in the Italian form, but also "because holy art should not prostitute itself to serve as the medium of so scandalous a story." He carried the same elevation of soul into all the other great interests of life, always proud in the presence of princes, waiting for them to salute him, preserving the same tone before the greatest, treating the polite hypocrisies of the world as lies and treason, and, like a Rousseau or a Plato, hoping constantly for the establishment of a republic which should make of all men citizens and heroes. In the depths of his heart, as in a sanctuary, dwelt a still more sublime instinct, that of divinity. In his idea, the different arts and languages of mankind did not express it; only music in its inward essence corresponded to it; and in regard to one as well as the other he refused to answer. At this moment I read the inscription which he had copied from a statue of Isis: "I am all that is, all that has been, all that will be. No mortal man has

raised my veil." The ancient wisdom of the Pharaohs could alone find a phrase as august as his thought.

I laid down the book; Wilhelm took it up again, and turned to a certain page.

"Read this also," he said. "You must have a complete idea of him."

It was his will. This is the first page:

"O, men, who think me filled with hatred, harsh, misanthropic, what wrong you do me! You know not the secret cause of what appears such. My mind and heart have, from childhood, been attracted to the gentle sentiment of benevolence. My aim has always been to accomplish great deeds of myself. But think only that six years ago I was attacked by an incurable disease, which ignorant physicians have aggravated. Year after year I have been deceived in the hope of seeing it alleviated, and at last I am forced to believe that it will endure forever. Born with an active and ardent temperament, passionately fond of even the amusements of society, I have been obliged to leave it while still young, and to lead a solitary life. I could not say to people, 'Speak louder; shout, for I am deaf!' Ah, how could I confess the deficiency of a sense which should be as perfect in me as in others; which I formerly possessed in the greatest perfection—a perfection which few of my profession have now or have ever had? O, I could not do it! Alone almost always, except when obliged by the most urgent necessity, I hardly dared enter a company. I was obliged to live like an exile. If I drew near a group, it was with a sweat of anguish; I feared to run the risk of having my condition discovered. But what a mortification was it when some one heard a distant flute and I heard nothing; when some one heard the shepherds sing and I heard nothing! Such things almost reduced me to despair, and I had nearly put an end to my life. It was art alone which held me back. Ah, it seemed impossible to leave the world until I had produced all that it was my mission to accomplish!"

"Now listen," said Wilhelm. And he began the last part of the last sonata.

It is a phrase of a single line, slow and infinitely sad, which comes and goes incessantly, like one long sob. Below it creep stifled sounds. Every note prolongs itself beneath the following ones, and dies out slowly like a shriek which ends in a sigh, so that each new burst of suffering is brought in by the former complaints and under the supreme lament are always heard the fainting echoes of the first grief. There is nothing bitter in this lament; no anger, no rebellion. The heart which utters it does not

say that it is unfortunate, but that happiness is impossible, and in this resignation it finds repose. Like a wretched being crushed by a terrible fall, who, lying in the desert, sees the sparkling jewels of heaven incrust the dome above his last night, he loses himself, he forgets himself, he thinks no longer of repairing the irreparable. The holy severity of all things pours into his soul a secret sweetness, and his arms, which can no longer raise his mangled body, open and extend themselves toward the ineffable beauty which shines through the mystic universe. Insensibly the tears of suffering are checked to give place to those of ecstasy, or, rather, the two mingle in blended anguish and transport. Sometimes despair bursts forth; but poetry also abounds, and the most despairing modulations breathe forth, enveloped in such a wonderful magnificence of harmony that the sublimity overflows and covers all with its piercing melody. At last, after a great tumult and a great combat, the sublimity alone remains. The lament is changed into a hymn, which rolls and resounds, borne onward by a chorus of triumphant notes. Around the hymn, above, below, in eager, enlaced, visible multitudes, gushes a chorus of praises which grows and swells, doubling incessantly its force and swiftness. The harpsichord alone does not suffice; there is no voice which does not bear a part in this fête, the deepest with their thunders, the highest with their warblings, all joined in a single voice; single, yet multiplied, like the beaming rose which Dante saw, of which every redeemed soul was a leaf. A song of twenty notes inspired us with such contrary emotions. It is as when in a Gothic cathedral the flattened ogive of the crypt bends in arches beneath the funereal light of its lamps, amid the damp walls in the solemn obscurity which envelops the tomb. Then the superior church, disengaging itself suddenly from the weight of matter, springs up, raises itself to heaven in colonnades, festoons the windows with its lace-work, spreads its trefoils in the illuminated panes, and makes of the temple a tabernacle.

Invincible powers of desire and revery! In vain we draw upon them; they can never be exhausted. Thirty years of business, of accounts, of experience, are heaped over the fountain. We think it is stifled, and suddenly, at the contact with a great soul, it springs up as freshly as on the first day. The bank has given way, and the heavy tenacious materials with which we have closed up the outlet only add to the force of the current. Singularly enough, at this moment, before my sight arose Indian landscapes, which alone are capable, by the violence

of their contrasts, of presenting an image of such music. During the monsoon the masses of clouds form an immense sooty wall which covers the whole sky and sea. Over this coal-black mass fly thousands of gulls, and the terrible blackness, flecked with their white wings, draws toward the earth, swallowing up the distance, and drowning the peaks in its mist. Then the ships put out to sea. On one of the last fine days I saw in the distance the Maldives, twelve thousand little coral islands in a diamond sea. Nearly all of them are uninhabited. The water sleeps in their creeks, or surrounds their reefs with a silver fringe. The sun casts handfuls of fiery arrows upon them. At the bends of the channel a shimmer of molten gold is cast by the turning wave. The great sheet, dimpled with eddies, seems like metal poured from a forge, all fretted with arabesques. Millions of rays sparkle upon its face, as on the incrustations of a cuirass. It is like a rajah's treasure-chamber, arms and jewels, poignards with mother-of-pearl handles, garments embroidered with sapphires, emerald aigrettes upon the helmets, turquoise girdles, pale-blue silks spangled with gold and incrustated with pearls. The sky itself, with its glowing white, to what can it be compared? When a beautiful young woman, glowing with health and palpitating with joy, all adorned for her marriage, has placed her golden comb in her hair, her necklace of pearls upon her neck, the ruby-drops in her ears, when all the jewels of her casket shed their rays over the living rose of her flesh, she often fastens upon her brow a white floating veil; but her face fills it with light, and the gauze with which she seems to conceal herself becomes a glory which illuminates her. Such is this sea beneath its sky, in its lavishness of shimmering radiance after the contrast of the livid clouds, beautiful and sublime as the divine hymn of the great man after the long night of his despair. This sea, also, moves us too deeply; it is too beautiful; it arouses our sympathies too keenly, even as does the hymn. Before both, we cease to see or hear an isolated fragment, a limited being, a part of life. It is the universal heart of humanity whose rejoicing or lamentation we hear. It is the great soul of which we are the thoughts; it is universal nature, ever wounded by necessities which mutilate or crush it, but palpitating in the midst of its obsequies, and, amid the myriad corpses which cover it, ever raising toward heaven its hands filled with new generations, with the deep, inexpressible cry, always stifled, always born again of inappeasable longing.

I looked at Wilhelm; we were in nearly the

same condition, and we bent toward each other. Our old faces nearly touched, but we had divined our simultaneous thought—I in his eyes, he in mine—and we smiled. At our age it is quite enough to shake hands. Then I went away in silence. I think that we made the tea that evening; but we did not drink it.

ENGLISH SACRED POETRY.

NUMBER I.

TO trace even in slight measure the course of our sacred poetry, with some sketch of the varying religious beliefs that influenced it, might well fill a volume. It has been done for us more than once, and there are few subjects more interesting to the student of English literature. Such books are like choirs, wherein are gathered for our hearing that unceasing anthem of praise that goes up from the best of England's singers. Voice answers voice across the chasm of years; priest and Puritan, recluse and courtier, have at heart the same experience; and hearing, we too worship; for one God, one faith, one baptism, has bound our hearts in unison. Song, as the speech of the emotions, is the form of adoration and thanksgiving in which all may join. Its appeal is to the heart; and we may find that, however the intellect may help the heart, the heart can help the intellect more. It may aid to the broadening of our faith and sympathy to know that, in these earlier years, what was lacking in knowledge was made up in love in the poets; and they to whom the Bible was nearly a sealed book, and the wonders of nature the work of demons, may have sometimes had brighter glimpses of the truth than we. Let us take from the choir a few of the singers, and let them repeat their songs to us. We pass over the hymns to speak of those lyric gems whose music is in themselves, which can be sung only in the understanding heart.

And first, briefly, as to the earliest of these lyrics. They are marked by simplicity, realism, and tenderness. The story of the Cross needed then only to be told in plainest language to reach the heart. Many of them are merely stories of Bible history written by the priests, that by rhyme and measure the truth might be more impressed on the rude minds of the people. While wars and rumors of wars shook the kingdoms, and rulers plotted and planned, the work of helping forward that kingdom of Christ, for which all government exists, was being done by poor preachers and laymen, by speech and song. And in tracing the rise of

sacred poetry, the miracle-plays must not be omitted, since much of the people's religious knowledge came from them. They were introduced by the Normans, and, until 1338, were given in Norman French, after that in English. The entire series generally consisted of short representations of the most important facts of Scripture, and occupied three days. Beginning with creation, it ended with judgment. At first they seem to have been composed by priests and represented in Churches. Soon, however, they fell into disrepute with the clergy, the actors became commoners, and the City Hall or Public Square was taken for theater. Coarse as some of these plays were, with much of absurdity and buffoonery in them, they held their place many years, and did a certain rough work of education. To estimate their influence, we must remember that few could read or write; that what little knowledge there was, was locked up in cloisters; and that many who saw and heard these plays, had then their first and last glimpse of Bible truth. If it is too much to hope that they were represented with the sincerity of the Ober-Amergau passion-play, of which we have heard so much the last two years, we may at least believe that many who saw them were too simple and child-like to lose reverence for the holy in seeing it so close allied to the ridiculous.

The fourteenth century was the Spring-time of English poetry. In it came the "Vision of Piers Ploughman," and "Piers Ploughman's Crede." And following these came Chaucer, to whom all metaphors of Spring and morning seem appropriate. In his freshness, his humor, his perfect poise of healthfulness, he is worthy to head the line of our poets. He who sent us such a train of pilgrims, from Southwark to Canterbury, as was never seen before or since, knew the world and nature equally well, and clasped things divine with the familiar fingers of a child. His "Good Counsell" may be taken as the conclusions of as large and varied knowledge of life as often falls to the lot of man. After his death, there is silence for near a century. The Wars of the Roses can hardly make sufficient reason, since poets so often answer the roll-call of drums. Warton calls it "a nipping frost succeeding a premature Spring." The few voices that are heard in the stillness are hardly worth listening to. Even remembering Lydgate, friend and follower of Chaucer, Occleve, and Stephen Haws, one may repeat of the singers of this interregnum, "Make ready a bin for chaff to lie in."

The second dawn came with Elizabeth, and Spenser was its herald. To set forth the deep

religious truth hidden in his "Faerie Queene" might fill a book. Like most tales with a moral, it gains in interest as it loses in closeness of allegory. Of his life little is known; but that little gives us the impression of a Christian gentleman, with high and pure tastes and aspirations. The general aim of his allegory may be gathered from the opening stanza of the eighth canto, in Book I:

"Ay me! how many perils do enfold
The righteous man to make him daily fall,
Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,
And steadfast truth acquit him out of all;
Her love is firm, her care continual,
So oft as he through his own foolish pride
Or weakness, is to sinful bands made thrall."

Without his "Faerie Queene," his "Divine Hymns" would give him high rank in sacred poetry. He was the friend of Sir Walter Raleigh, whose life is, on the whole, more interesting than his poetry, even though his "Soul's Errand" thrills our own; and of Sir Philip Sidney, who might have sat as the original of the Red-cross Knight. Of him and his sister, that Countess of Pembroke to whom his *Arcadia* was dedicated, much might be said. They wrote together a metrical translation of the Psalms, and critics' eyes are needed to tell which is hers and which his. Three verses from a most musical paraphrase of "Lord, thou hast searched me and known me," must suffice for the Sidneys:

"To shun thy notice, leave thine eye,
O whither might I take my way?
To starry sphere? Thy throne is there.
To dead men's undelightsome stay?
There is thy walk, and there to lie
Unknown, in vain I should essay.
O sun, whom light nor flight can match,
Suppose thy lightful flightful wings
Thou lend to me, and I should flee
As far as thee the evening brings;
E'en led to west he would me catch,
Nor should I lurk with western things.
Do thou thy best, O secret night,
In sable veil to cover me,
Thy sable veil shall vainly fail;
With day unmasked my night shall be,
For night is day, and darkness light,
O father of all lights, to thee!"

And now we come to one who belonged neither to Elizabeth's court nor Church. Robert Southwell was born of an ancient and honorable family in 1562. He was educated in France, and going from thence to Rome, entered the order of Jesuits. Sent by the Pope to England, he was apprehended on suspicion of conspiracy against Elizabeth. Kept three years in prison, and thirteen times put to torture he refused to say aught of himself, lest in some way he might implicate his friends. His entreaties for a trial were at length granted,

and, though there was not the slightest evidence against him, he was sentenced to death. When asked if he had any thing to say against his sentence, he answered, "Nothing, but from my heart I forgive all who have been in any way accessible to my death." The next day he was executed. He was but thirty-three, and the sweetness and simplicity of his nature is attested by those who knew him. And if his poems seem weak in parts, one may well remember that it was not in the man to be otherwise than strong and true. Two stanzas only, from a long poem, may be given :

"Yet God's must I remain ;
By death, by wrong, by shame,
I can not blot out of my heart
That grace wrought in his name.

I can not set at naught
Whom I have held so dear,
I can not make him seem afar
That is, indeed, so near."

In the choir of singers, it is the heart, and not the habit, that concerns us.

Next comes Dr. John Donne, who enjoys the unenviable reputation of having no rival in ruggedness of verse. Though Ben Jonson calls him "delight of Phœbus and each muse," and though, in his time, he was very popular, he is now nearly forgotten. Of many poems written in his youth, Izaak Walton says, Dr. Donne "wished that his own eyes had witnessed their funerals." He was born in 1573. Bred to the law, he lost his place as secretary to Chancellor Ellesmere because of his having married, against his father's will, the daughter of a nobleman. Dependent, thereafter, on his friends, he yet, for years, refused to take orders when good livings were offered him. The sincerity with which he thus held himself from the high road to worldly honor and promotion deserves praise, especially as it was an age when Divine calls to Divine things were little regarded. King James finally persuaded him to take orders, and, thereafter, he gave himself to his work with entire devotion. Dr. Johnson calls Donne the leader of the metaphysical school; meaning not that he deals with metaphysical subjects, but that widely varying ideas, having little connection with the main theme, are presented under most fanciful aspects. The definition is worthy of Dr. Johnson, and the thing forms one of Dr. Donne's chief faults. To drag into a poem every possible allusion, historical, mythological, or scientific; to leave continually the subject-matter, to adorn and explain these interloping suggestions, may show his erudition, but hardly his genius. In his play with side issues, the main one is forgotten. As an instance of metaphysics run

mad, his "Hymn to God in Sickness" is worth quoting. George Mac Donald is disposed to call it his best *and* his worst poem. The first and last verses suggest Herbert, but only Dr. Donne could have written those between. Surely, never was such a jumble of religion and geography.

"Since I am coming to that holy room,
Where with the choir of saints for evermore
I shall be made thy music; as I come
I tune the instrument here at the door,
And what I must do then, think here before.

Whilst my physicians by their love are grown
Cosmographers, and I, their map, who lie
Flat on the bed, that by them may be shown
That this is my south-west discovery,
Per fretum febris—by these straits to die—

I joy that in these straits I see my west;
For though these currents yield return to none,
What shall my west hurt me? As west and east
In all flat maps—and I am one—are one,
So death doth touch the resurrection.

Is the Pacific sea my home? or are
The Eastern riches? Is Jerusalem,
Auvan and Magellan and Gibraltar,
All straits, and none but straits are ways to them,
Whether where Japhet dwells, or Cham, or Shem.

We think that Paradise and Calvary,
Christ's cross and Adam's tree, stood in one place;
Look, Lord, and find both Adams met in me!
As the first Adam's sweat surrounds my face,
May the last Adam's blood my soul embrace.

So in his purple wrapt, receive me, Lord;
By these, his thorns, give me his other crown;
And, as to others' souls, I preached thy Word,
Be this my text, my sermon to my own,
Therefore, that he may raise, the Lord throws down."

It is a pleasure, after reading this, to know that another performance of the kind which was set to music, and often sung by his choir, always in the hearing restored to him the same thoughts of joy that filled his soul when he wrote it. It is something that he should have been helped by his poetry.

After him, more pains was taken with the forms of thought, and, if poets did not grow stronger, they were sweeter. The brothers Fletcher deserve mention. Campbell places the younger, born in 1584, as a link between Spenser and Milton, since an admirer and copier of the former, he was, in turn, improved on by Milton. Gibbs wrote a long poem, "Christ's Victory and Triumph over and after Death," one familiar stanza of which will bear quoting :

"When I remember Christ our burden bears,
I look for glory, but find misery;
I look for joy, but find a sea of tears;
I look that we should live, and find him die;
I look for angels' songs, and hear him cry."

His brother Phineas, four years older than him, to show his admiration of Spenser, must, like him, write an allegory. "The Purple Island" is man, whose body is anatomically

described; then peopled, as a city, with passions; and then a kind of holy war going on therein, is described. The oddest part of it is, that this mass of anatomy, metaphysics, and religion, is put in the mouth of a shepherd, who begins a canto every morning to his companions, and finishes it at folding time; truly, a good day's work. There are twelve cantos, and the whole is nearly as long as "Paradise Lost."

George Wither, born in the same year as Silas Fletcher, was a different man and writer. He was an eager Puritan, and wrote a varied collection of hymns. If the quality but equaled the quantity, we should be rich indeed. There are, in his collection, two hundred and thirty-three hymns on an incredible variety of subjects. The titles of a few may give a vague idea of this: "While we are Washing;" "In a Clear, Starry Night;" "After a Great Frost or Snow;" "For a Widow or Widower Delivered from a Troublesome Yoke-fellow;" "For a Cripple;" "For a Poet;" "For a Jailor." Among so many, the wonder is that so few should be bad. If they are seldom warmed with much poetic fire, they as seldom sink into absurdity or commonplace. A serious, even tenor marks them, as it did the author's life.

Next to Wither, one may place his opposite in life, character, and work, Robert Herrick. Of the early lyric poets of England, he is the fairest flower. He was born in London, 1591, studied at Cambridge, and entered the Established Church. During the Civil War he lost his place, but at its close returned to it, and soon after died. Since we have no other evidence on the subject, it is as well perhaps to take his own: "Jocund his muse was, but his life was chaste." He has many of Dr. Donne's faults, but his verses are brightened by a quaint and child-like humor. The veiled music of Drummond's verse breaks out fresh and clear in Herrick; a stream rushing over rocks and pebbles, and always in the sunshine. Mrs. Browning calls him the "Ariel of poets, sucking where the bee sucks, from the rose-heart of nature, and reproducing the fragrance idealized."

We can not quote specimens from his longer poems, and must content ourselves with a few divine epigrams:

"Humble we must be if to heaven we go;
High is the roof there, but the gate is low.

God, who 's in heaven, will hear from thence,
If not to the sound, yet to the sense.

The same who crowns the conqueror, will be
A coadjutor in the agony.

God's rod doth watch while men do sleep, and then
The rod doth sleep while vigilant are men."

Vol. XXXIII.—9*

IDLE WORDS AND EVIL-SPEAKING.

IF idle words and evil-speaking are deadly social evils, there are surely none others so destructive of religious life, and so great a hinderance to advancement in Gospel principles. If we indulge in it, as members of a Christian fellowship, against sinners, we place between them and ourselves a barrier almost insurmountable, and lead them to judge us as insincere in our professions for their good. If we exercise our malevolence, or envy and hatred, upon our fellow-Christians, sinners looking upon this as an example of what is comprehended in religious experience, are not slow to level at us their rebukes of satire and sarcasm, at our seeming to be and in reality being. There is no sin in the calendar of sins so easy of commission, so irresistible in its temptations, as this. The occasions which provoke it are as countless as the objects upon which it is exercised. We have sharp words for the persons who disagree with us, often in politics, theories, or religion; for people who deviate from the arbitrary laws of society, and for the innumerable trials to which we are subjected through life in daily intercourse with our fellow-men; especially if it be a hand-to-hand fight for a living, or a strife with rivals to maintain our position. It requires the greatest equity of temper, the greatest possible spirit of forgiveness and Divine grace to run smoothly the race of life without being at times at warfare with the unruly member of some open enemy or treacherous friend. It is not, indeed, so much in the dropping of spiteful words that the ill effect is obvious upon society, but in their repetition, to those against whom they are uttered, by mischievous and wickedly disposed persons. The air, it is said, carries evil tidings. We may be sure that if it does not, there are always those within our hearing who do; warning us always to choose our words in speaking of strangers, neighbors, or friends. Many a word thoughtlessly spoken, and with no intent to seal an injury upon any one, by these wretched go-betweens has become mountains of discord and alienation between friends hitherto inseparable. Women, it is very generally believed, are, more than men, addicted to this habit of evil and light speaking, and the friendships of women for women have, in all ages, been looked upon as apocryphal, and by poets satirized and held up to ridicule,—with rank injustice to the sex we are fain to believe. Society does not, and never has, justified women in settling disputes by blows or in hard talking, and has left to us nothing but the alternative of give and

take, which we are not, we fear, slow to improve. Alas, how often the jest, the censure, the ridicule, which wounds to the quick and stings for years some sensitive soul, is only the impulse of a moment, the desire to create a laugh or gratify a passion for criticism, which should find no place in a generous nature. The habits of our friends, domestic privacies, family entanglements, and pecuniary arrangements, are all made themes of godless and unneighborly conversation. Death itself is no proof against our bristling bayonets of attack. Mr. Thorndike perhaps is in his coffin, his afflicted friends surrounding him, and the mourners going about the streets. Out goes the cruel rumor that his family have neglected him in his illness; that his life has been shortened by dissipation; that inadequate physicians attended him; none of the benevolent gossips agreeing upon the grounds on which to found their undesired sympathy. The funeral services approaching, the Grundies are on the *qui vive* till they know how much crape, and of what quality, the Thorndikes are about to assume as tokens of respect to the departed. The question is how to suit the two extremes. Setting itself up as umpire, one says they are able to wear better, the other says they can not afford it; and so wag the tongues of the circle around, genial and noble women every one, who would undergo any fatigue, or do any amount of nursing in sickness; but all of which loses its value in proportion as they depreciate the virtues or misrepresent the motives of those for whom they undergo this fatigue and exercise this labor.

Education and culture modify, in some respects, this peculiarly womanly trait; but we all feel the force of it in our own association, whether they be high or low. We know how irresistible is the temptation to retort, when some ill-natured remark is brought, too often exaggerated, to our ears. Forbearance is our triumph; retaliation our humiliation. Especially are we beaten and discomfited and left at the mercy of endless go-betweens, if we say to one a word which we would not willingly say to the persons whom we believe to have grieved or misrepresented us. And here underlies the great disadvantage of womanly friendships. If Mr. Simmons, in a heat of passion, thinks Mr. Flimmons has told him a lie, or repeated aught to his disadvantage, Mr. Simmons instantly assures Mr. Flimmons of his error, and a controversy, often more warm than polite, but always ended on the spot, is the result. On the contrary, if it be Mrs. Simmons and Mrs. Flimmons, the two ladies meet, after their first estrangement, coolly, and, instead of coming

face to face with each other for explanation, make confidants of the go-betweens for every grievance, till the breach becomes irreconcilable, often resulting in feuds that break up family circles, divide Churches, and rend society.

We have seen the usefulness of a Christian minister sensibly impaired, and his respect in community lessened, by thoughtless and evil speaking of those who should have been first to avert the tongue of malice from his profession. Pity it is, but true. We do not put that value upon words which we should do. We underestimate their influence on those around us, and thus, when we really do not mean harm, leave a scar easier made than healed. It is not a solemn reality to us, as yet, that for "every idle word God will bring us into judgment." And if this be so, God of all grace and compassion, where shall we hide from the rocks and the mountains in the great and terrible day of the Lord?

Some rules are easily observable in correcting ourselves of this habit of idle speaking, which weighs upon us like the horrid nightmare of distempered dreams. The first is mental—think twice before you speak once. The second is moral. We should constantly indulge in charitable and fraternal feelings to all around us, and, above all, remember our own liability to the criticisms and censure we so lavishly bestow upon others. The third and last rule we may bring into requisition in solving every human problem. It is the key which helps to unlock the mysteries of this life, and opens heaven to us at last. This is divine, and without prayer and constant watchfulness, and an ever present faith in the beloved Son of God, is ever out of our reach. If our conversation were in heaven, if we could lift our souls above the sordid wants and vain desires of this world to a contemplation of divine realities, how much we could do toward improving society, purifying the Church, and harmonizing the distracted elements about us! Confessing our own sins and deploring them before God, we beseech his forgiveness in the past and his grace in the future, hoping ever to remember that good or evil words, once launched upon the world, live forever.

—•—

IN heaven there are no prayers, but all praises. I am apt to think that there can not be a clearer nor greater argument of a man's right to heaven and ripeness for heaven, than this—being much in the work of heaven here on earth. There is no grace but love, and no duty but thankfulness, that goes with us to heaven.

TEMPTED.
THE STORY OF A DAY.

THE day was hopelessly rainy; a sky gray and gloomy looked down over nature; the golden treasures of the sunlight were hid behind shadowy masses of clouds, and the song of early birds had died into somber stillness. Chilling airs set the fresh Spring foliage a-shivering; but the azure-eyed violets and fair anemones lurking in forest dell, amid the lingering leaves of long-past Autumn, and the fragrant arbutus, that still trailed its delicate blossoms over woodland heights, only bowed their heads and sent forth a rarer perfume, smiling more brightly through the crystal rain-drops. The purple hills afar off lifted their great misty arms toward the heavens, as if in pleading; the streams, instead of laughing merrily as befitted May-days, stormed and fretted; every-where a weird influence, strangely in contrast with the beauty and grace of the Spring-time, touched the heart of nature till it throbbed with the wild rhythm.

Irene Williard stood at her window, gazing wearily out upon the desolate sky and landscape. The May roses, that nestled their pink petals against the rain-sprinkled pane, were drenched and dreary, and, like them, the soul of this woman, yet in the budding and bloom of the Spring-time, lifted its tender petals, heavy with rain-fall.

It was just two months since the great sorrow had fallen upon her; just two months since the dread tidings that her idol had drifted beneath the salt-sea waves, forever away from her sight and sisterly tenderness. She had loved with a love which was worship, Edgar, her brave, sea-faring brother; but her yearning prayers and affection availed not to stay the wrath of tempests, and so, his heart yet throbbing joyously with the new honor of commanding the vessel in which he had so often sailed before, with fairy Hope lighting up with shifting rainbows his outward voyage, strong in the strength of manhood, he had gone down into the cruel waters. Bitterly the brine was now surging over his noble brow, and the sea-weed was, perchance, twining its damp, un pitying fingers amid the clustering curls the hand of household love had caressed so many times. This clouded day, with its solemn music of rain and wind, thrilled Irene Williard with a keener realization of her loss, and almost unconsciously her lips uttered the mournful words of "The Rainy Day"—

"My life is cold and dark and dreary,
It rains, and the wind is never weary."

Through the partly open door of the adjoining room floated the low tones of her mother and little Arthur, as they repeated the Bible lesson of the morning. These two, the saintly mother, with silver strands just beginning to creep through her brown tresses, and Arthur, whose life yet lingered amid the song and sunshine of childhood, were all that death had left to her. "All the rest," she said, in her rebellious thoughts, "a cruel God has taken, and *he* had no need for them; and *I* had such need, such sore need, for Edgar, the last who went from me." She remembered too well the first time the death-angel had come to her home; a father's life had gone out in the dark and silence. She was just entering womanhood when this shadow fell over her fair dreams of the future. It was seven years now, and time, noiseless healer, had set many a shining star in the night of sorrow, and many a flower had sprung up for blessing and cheer along her way; but, what mattered that, since one year ago the lights had grown very dim again, and the blossoms had spent their balm and beauty? Another dark mound arose in the mold of the grave-yard and in the happy home-life.

It was when the early snow-flakes were falling, that they laid away little Minnie, her young cheeks wan and chill as the snows that touched her grave so whitely.

When the glad Summer-time had come, they planted that grave with myrtle, and snowy daisies, and rich, purple-lipped pansies; placing, too, roses, white and crimson, to guard the rest of their sleeping ones; and they thought to cover the grave, new-made in their lives, with the fragrance of bud and blossom. Hope at last *did* come, and set there blooms, purple and white and crimson; but Hope was dead now—she was lying stark and cold under the billows with the lost form of Edgar.

Memory after memory swept thus over Irene Williard; vision after vision rose and vanished, until, shuddering, she turned her eyes away from the gloomy outer world, and paced the room with impatient restlessness, almost maddened by the passion of her grief.

There comes a time to human creatures burdened with a great sorrow when God and their nobler selves seem very far removed, when holy aspirations seem to slumber, while tempting voices grow loud and urgent. Weak humanity, kneeling in its shadow-thronged Gethsemane, wails out in anguish, "Let this cup pass from me;" but the after-words of sweet submission die on its lips, and the black darkness only gathers more thickly.

Well is it that the strife is not eternal. The

voice of the Lord "is heard in the garden;" One "like unto the Son of God" walks through the gloom, rifting the shadow by his glorious coming. A soft, warm hand clasps the strengthless hand of humanity, while tender accents stir the air into music. "I say unto thee, arise," Jesus utters as of old, and straightway man arises, "even the darkness" being "light about" him, while his sorrow walks as an angel guide.

It was a season such as this that came to the heart of Irene Williard. The wind had dwindled from its sharper tones into low, faint sobs, that scarce bowed with their stirring the branches of the trees, and the rain dripped down with soft, hushed sound, as though a spell were laid upon it. It seemed as if the voice of the storm were still, that the alluring accents of evil might be heard more clearly. With wily questioning and mocking words, the tempter spake to this sorely tried spirit: "Why not cast off the weight that thus oppresses thee, O soul? One trifling act, and rest, full and plenteous, will be thine forever. *Death* binds no burden on the weary who seek his arms. The future? Ah, poor coward, you tremble at what is not. Has ever one lost to earth returned to tell that life throbs on? And God, what of *him*? Who is he? You have read of some power that pervades the universe; perhaps, too, you have touched, tasted, heard, or seen him? No? Then why believe what reason declares is false and a delusion? Seek *death*, and find eternal calm." The woman, so tempted to sin, had never known God as a friend, a father; but only deemed him some vague infinite force, that worked his "sovereign will," unmindful of paltry human joys and woes. To Christ, as a real presence filling soul and life with his forgiving love, she was utterly a stranger. Her hands had clung, and her heart had sacrificed, to human idols, until God had riven them from her, lest her

"Close kisses should impair their white."

She was not God-forsaken in this hour of temptation. It is but rarely that evil completely annihilates good, and so its utterances pleaded gently in her ear, and would not be silenced. The holy teachings of her childhood hurled aside with quiet strength the suggestions of the tempter, and the eye of Him who "is touched with the feeling of our infirmities," tender with sympathy, yet reproachful, looked upon her, till her heart melted, and warm tears sprang to her eyes. It was but a momentary softening, and then bitter, rebellious thoughts came thronging again. Moments lengthened into hours, and still the struggle lasted. The mother missed her daughter amid the round of

household duties, but her wise heart guessed that Irene was battling with self and sorrow, and she deemed it best to leave her alone with God. Had she known how fell the strife in which she was engaged, or how deadly the temptation that came again and again to madden her, she could not have withheld her chastened words of sympathy. It may be that it was better for this proud, reserved nature, to be solitary in the hour of trial. God's plummet sounds the deepest depths of pride and passion, while one human soul may never fully enter into the secret of another.

The clock sharply chimed the hour of noon. Arthur tapped urgently at his sister's door, begging her to come to the waiting meal; but she only told him that she did not feel well, and wished nothing, and the little fellow ran away, sad that "Rena was so sick that she could not eat." Ah, Rena was sick, and none but One might heal her disease. She was beginning to feel this when the child's voice broke in upon her thoughts, and in a moment more another voice had spoken unto her, and the words of its sorrowful speaking were these: "Ye would not come unto me that ye might have life." Her heart broke within her when she heard the Christ, thus calling to the world, calling to her, and she bowed her head in an agony of prayer. Even then the spirit of evil did not quit her. He painted her life-path desolate and rugged, and she toiling all alone amid sharp thorns, and over rough and stony places. Her mother would leave her some day for the grave's rest; her brother Arthur would find new interests; he would not be hers; she would be forced to bear the burning heat, the cold and the dark, the fierce rage of storms, with not one to help or defend her. Death would free her from all this; his quiet would soothe forever the pain of living. She did not heed the tempting words, nor gaze upon the gloomy picture long, for there came an unutterable peace to enfold her soul—a peace that thrilled the inmost depths of her being, and breathed a benediction on the very air. We will leave her with a loving God, and with his rest; we may not look upon the sweet and solemn rapture of his first giving.

When the hour for the evening meal had arrived, Irene once more joined the little circle, her face radiant with the joy of one who had seen the invisible. The mother's quick eye noted at once the light on her daughter's countenance, and she murmured a low thanksgiving. She knew well the meaning of that brightness on lip and brow; it was God's answer to the prayer of long years.

Just as the family were about to seat themselves at the table, there came a quick tap at the door, and a letter bearing a foreign postmark was handed in. Almost fainting with emotion, Irene read its strange tidings to the happy mother; and brother Edgar, their lost one, was safe. He, with four others, had been rescued from the frail boat in which they had taken their only chance for life; but he had been ill for weary weeks, ill well-nigh "unto death." He was recovering rapidly now, and hoped in another month to be with his dear ones at home.


No language can tell the happiness of that household; but though the mother's heart was brimful with untold gladness, to that of Irene came most perfect bliss, for in that day two mighty joys had crowned her life; and though "the glory of the celestial" was one, and "the glory of the terrestrial" was another, yet both lighted existence with ineffable brightness. Four weeks later, Edgar Williard sat one evening alone with his sister, her hand clasped in his. A glory of star and moonlight was flooding the world with its splendor. Here lay a broad expanse of silver calm, and there a dusky shadow had tangled the moonbeams in its meshes, and they could not free themselves. Nature, transfigured with beauty, baptismal dews resting upon her brow, seemed a priestess newly anointed to offer incense at the shrine of divinity. Every-where she had breathed fragrance, every-where she had shed quietness. The soft influences of the night found their way into the souls of the two, and drew them very near together; and in that nearness of thought and feeling, Irene told her brother the history of that day whose memory was undying. She told him of the "still small voice" which had spoken unto her, saying,

"Life is so full of misery,
Were it not better not to be?"

She told, too, how, when temptations and sore griefs were thronging around her, the dear Christ had come and "stood in the midst of them," whispering, "Peace;" and how at his word the bloom and brightness of a new life had sprung up in her being. Then she softly spoke of that other happiness which had blessed her at even-tide; and when she had done, the brother's heart was too full for many words. He only gathered her hand in a closer clasp, while he uttered that saying of the Holy Book, "At evening time it shall be light."

Folded thus in the calm of the moonlight, far-off stars looking kindly down the while, we leave them with a joy in whose fullness a stranger may not intermeddle.

THE WARTBURG.

F all the beautiful sisterhood of mediæval castles, those grand baronial fortresses which crown almost every eminence in the German "Father-land," and whose ancient glories still glow through the dust and darkness of their decay, none, unquestionably, deserves as great an amount of attention from tourists and antiquarians as the Wartburg. Tradition, with her fairy fingers, has woven around its ivied towers fragrant and imperishable wreaths of poesy and historic lore, and romance has chosen the spot as her fairest and most hallowed shrine. Its story is embalmed in the inmost heart of the German; he points to the spot with feelings of pride and reverence, and considers it one of the most distinguished monuments of his nation's glory.

The Wartburg, in accordance with an old legend, was founded by Louis the Salier, in the year 1067, and its origin is described in this remarkable anecdote: Louis while hunting wild boars, was lying in ambush near the base of the steep hill upon which the castle now stands. Finally the great size and beauty of the eminence before him attracted his attention. He exclaimed: "Wart, Berg, du sollst mir eine Burg werden" ("Wait, mountain, I will make a fortress of thee"); hence, Wartberg—Wartburg. True to his royal word, the magnificent hill soon bore upon its crest the frowning walls and far-gleaming towers of a princely castle. The lords of Frankenstein, however, were greatly incensed at this event, and brought a suit at law against Louis, on the ground that the "Burg" did not belong to him, but to them, as they claimed the soil upon which the structure stood as theirs by right immemorial. But the shrewd, audacious prince was not to be balked. In the silence of a dark night, Louis causes an immense quantity of earth to be removed from his own adjacent territory of Shaumburg, to the crown of the disputed hill. On the following day, in accordance with an edict of the Emperor, Henry IV, Louis the Salier, and twelve of his trusty knights, drive their falchions into this earth, at the same time swearing an oath that Louis was standing upon his own rightful soil.

Many years ago, while an excavation was being made near the castle walls, the workmen found thirteen rusty, antiquated swords, wrapped about with wire, in the crevice of a rock, and it is surmised that these were the identical weapons used upon that solemn occasion when Louis and his doughty Ritters proclaimed the ownership of the Wartburg and its famous castle.

How beautifully has the loving hand of song twined her imperishable garland around the rugged brow of the ancient Burg! The fairest period of the Wartburg falls within the age of the minnesingers, and the celebrated "Sängerkrieg," or tournament of the minstrels, is one of the most charming of all the legends that have come down to our own prosaic times from those eras of golden-tongued romance.

Landgrave Hermann I, who held his court of splendor at the Wartburg, was passionately fond of music, and kept no less than six minstrels in his princely retinue. One of these minnesingers, Heinrich von Ofterdingen, was a native of Eisenach, a little town nestling at the foot of the Wartburg. He had lived a long time at the magnificent court of Leopold of Austria, and, in singing the praises of his former master, seemed to disparage the claims of his present Thuringian lord. This somewhat indiscreet conduct of the ex-imperial minstrel aroused the indignation and ire of his brother minstrels at the court of the landgrave. Finally, the matter assumed a very serious aspect, so much so that it was formally decided that a poetical duel, or "tournament of the minstrels," should take place. The decree was proclaimed in due form, and it was further ordered that the vanquished party should suffer death at the hands of the public executioner. When this battle of the bards was over, Ofterdingen was declared vanquished, and condemned to suffer the death penalty. But our unfortunate Ofterdingen, very properly deprecating such an ignominious finale to his musical career, at once hastens to throw himself at the feet of the Lady Hermann, imploring her royal protection, urging that he had not been treated fairly, and requesting, as an especial favor, that he might be allowed to send for the renowned magician and minstrel, Klinsor, of Hungary, to act as umpire in the case. The favor he asked was granted. At the expiration of a year, in 1207, Ofterdingen reappears at the Wartburg, accompanied by his friend, Klinsor, the Hungarian, and the musical controversy finds a peaceful solution. Klinsor, installed as a favorite guest of the Wartburg, prophesies the coming glory of Thuringia, which he describes as dawning in the shape of a glorious star in the fair skies of Hungary.

The star thus described as fraught with such blessings for the lovely land of Thuringia, is none other than Elizabeth, the daughter of Andrew, King of Hungary. Wonderful stories are afloat concerning this singular child, who, even before she had learned to speak, had performed miracles. Thereupon Lord Hermann

resolves that this lovely and divinely gifted child shall become the bride of his second son, Louis, who was born at the Wartburg, in the year 1200. A numerous and brilliant embassy, composed of the flower of the Thuringian chivalry, is dispatched by the landgrave to the court of the Hungarian king. Many costly presents for the king and his beautiful child accompany the embassy.

The royal child is duly intrusted to the care of the overjoyed Thuringians, and the precious four-years-old little lady, safely ensconced in a solid silver cradle, is borne in triumph to the Thuringian court.

The infant bride and bridegroom grow up together as brother and sister, and eventually, though scarcely more than children still, assume jointly the reins of government. Their blended lives, devoted to deeds of charity and gentle ministrings of love, glide peacefully away. As yet, not a single cloud has darkened their flowery path, and over the sacred shrine of their connubial felicity the guardian wings of Peace, Charity, and Love hover undisturbed. A sweeter idyl of human happiness, the pen of history has never traced upon the annals of the world than that presented by the lives of these remarkable occupants of the Wartburg. Alas, that earthly bliss should be so evanescent! that the glory of a cloudless dawn often ends in the terrors and the gloom of a stormy night! Truly has the poet sung:

"A flower that does with opening morn arise,
And, flourishing the day, at evening dies;
A winged eastern blast, just skimming o'er
The ocean's brow, and sinking on the shore:
A fire, whose flames through crackling stubble fly;
A meteor shooting from the Summer sky;
A bowl adown the bending mountain roll'd;
A bubble breaking, and a fable told;
A noontide shadow, and a midnight dream,—
Are emblems which, with semblance apt, proclaim
Our earthly course."

Louis, anxious to battle for the Holy Cross, trodden in the dust by the feet of the haughty Moslem, journeys toward Palestine as a member of the crusade, but he never reaches the goal so ardently sought. Taken ill at Otranto, he feels the approach of death; and, as his pure spirit is about to soar aloft to the realm of blessed light, he exclaims, "I must flee hence with the white doves." The hyacinth, curiously carved in the ring he gave her on his departure for the Holy Land, informs Elizabeth that Louis the Pious is no more, and she a desolate widow, soon to be persecuted by her heartless enemies, and driven into exile. She is refused the privilege of residing within the sheltering walls of the Wartburg by her cruel brother-in-law. She, the gentle guardian of the homeless and the

wretched, is herself forced from the happy home of her childhood, a lonely exile; she, whose life had been one long act of devotion to charity and love, an angel of goodness, crowned with numberless star-bright deeds of mercy, is met on every side with coldness and coarse ingratitude. Nevertheless, she does not repine at her changed lot in life, and, placing her unshaken trust in the Almighty Father, she is ever ready to forgive her persecutors. She is done with the world. Desiring neither its riches, nor the vanity of its honors, she declines a proffered throne, and all the splendors of her royal father's throne. Steadfast in her purpose to be henceforth known simply as Elizabeth, the benefactor of the poor, the refuge of the unfortunate, and, above all, the humble servant of the Lord, she declines every effort to restore her to earthly rank and affluence, and finally, ripe in every virtue that can adorn humanity, she dies. Her little daughter, Gertrude, in the shimmering dawn-light of that solemn day distinctly hears the golden chime of the fairy bells, as, rung by invisible hands, their sweet and tender music reaches through the bloomy dells of Thuringia, announcing the approaching death of her mother, and even during the burial services of the sainted dead, the spectators behold wonderful miracles. Pope Gregory IX proclaims her holy, and, finally, the Emperor Frederick II solemnly assists at the disinterment of the sacred bones, and with his own hand places upon her cold brows the golden emblem of royalty. And so ends the story of St. Elizabeth.

The gloom of strife and domestic misfortune now begins to settle upon the heretofore peaceful halls of the Wartburg. It is destined to bear the fierce assaults of war, and to attain an unholy eminence in the annals of the dark and turbulent century that succeeded the era of the gentle Elizabeth and pious St. Louis.

When, at the age of twenty, the Marquis Albrecht, son of Henry the Illustrious, succeeded to the sovereignty of Thuringia, which, in the division of his father's realm, had fallen to his share, he assumed the title of landgrave, and took up his permanent residence in the Wartburg. At this time, Albrecht had been married about nine years to a daughter of the Emperor Frederick II, and by her had four children—two daughters, and two sons, Frederick and Diezmann. Albrecht, a man of violent passions, and crazed by the hidden fires of illicit love, conspired with his mistress, Kunigunde von Eisenberg, a lady of his court, to murder his wife, the Landgravine Margaretha.

A donkey-driver, whose duty it was to supply the castle daily with fresh water, was taken into

the infamous plot, and employed to commit the horrible deed under the promise of a large reward in gold. The man, however, disclosed the entire plan to the unhappy princess, and managed to escape with her from the Wartburg. In the darkness of a stormy night, by means of a rope and basket, she was lowered by the faithful servant over the westward wall of the castle; but before undertaking the fearful descent, and when the poor wife and mother was nearly frantic with the agony of heart produced by the parting with her beloved children, she unconsciously bit her eldest son, Frederick, in the cheek which caused him afterward to be surnamed "The Bitten."

Two months subsequent to this event, this unhappy woman closed her sorrowful life in the Convent of St. Catherine, in Frankfort-on-the-Main, where she had sought refuge as a nun.

The criminal landgrave married his mistress, by whom, prior to his wife's death, he had a son named Apitz. Albrecht attempted to deprive his legitimate children of their rightful heritage, and place it in the hands of his son Apitz. Frederick and Diezmann, who had, in the mean time, found asylum at the court of their uncle, Dietrich the Wise, Marquis of Meissen, disputed the claim, and in the war which ensued between them and their unscrupulous father, Frederick was captured and incarcerated in the Wartburg (1281), from which he finally escaped, after suffering a long imprisonment. Soon after this the Landgravine Kunigunde died. But scarcely had a compromise been effected between the father and his sons, by which Frederick was to receive the palatinate of Saxony, and Diezmann his mother's dowry, the fruitful land of Meissen, when the conflict between them broke out anew, and, if possible, more fiercely than ever. The cause of this second war was the attempt of the old landgrave surreptitiously to enrich his illegitimate son Apitz with sundry rich estates and castles of the paternal realms.

In this war, however, the brothers were more successful than in the preceding one. Albrecht, the father, was taken prisoner by his son Frederick (1289), and only released from durance on condition never more to undertake any thing whatever without first obtaining the consent of his sons.

Some time after this, Landgrave Albrecht married Elizabeth, widow of Count von Arnshang, and a daughter of the house of Von Plauen. It was her daughter, the beautiful Elizabeth, that won the ardent affections of Frederick, with whom she finally eloped from Castle Arnshang in 1299.

By the death of the Marquis Dietrich the Wise, brother of Landgrave Albrecht (1283), followed soon after by the demise of his only son, Frederick the Stutterer, the throne of Meissen became vacant, and the brothers Frederick and Diezmann took formal possession of the territory of Meissen. But their insatiable father, the old landgrave, claimed the rich country, and another grand quarrel ensued. Albrecht very shrewdly attempted to bring the contest to a successful issue for himself by selling Thuringia, and very likely the whole sovereignty of Meissen, to the German king, Adolph, of Nassau. The latter immediately invaded the disputed territory, and desolated it with fire and sword. The brothers, Frederick and Diezmann, opposed him with variable success, and finally compelled King Adolph to retire to his own dominions, after a bloody war of two years' duration (1297). In the following year, Adolph lost both his crown and his life, and Thuringia, with the exception of a few towns, among which was Eisenach, was again in the peaceful possession of the two sons of the old landgrave, Albrecht. Through the efforts of Frederick's step-mother and mother-in-law, a reconciliation was finally effected between the father and his sons; and Frederick, in company with his young wife, resided, for some time, at the Wartburg.

In the year 1306, the old feud which existed between the landgraves and the town of Eisenach, which still adhered to the fortunes of the grandson of St. Elizabeth, broke out anew, and open hostilities were inaugurated. The citizens of the old town, hoping to rid themselves of their allegiance to the house of the landgraves, appealed to the new king, Albrecht, and implored his assistance against the landgrave's sons. King Albrecht formally declared himself heir to the claims upon Thuringia held by his unfortunate predecessor, Adolph, declared Frederick and Diezmann outlawed, and ordered the latter to appear before the Diet of the Realm at Fulda. As the royal summons, however, was disregarded by the brothers, the king declared war, and at once threw troops into Eisenach.

Landgrave Albrecht, of the Wartburg, again favored the cause of the king, and took up arms against his sons.

Frederick, by a brilliant and successfully laid plan, turned the scales of victory in his own favor, and became master of the fortress. During a very dark and tempestuous night, and taking advantage of a deep and extremely narrow ravine, which, to this day, is called "The Landgrave's Ravine," Frederick, at the head of

his chosen troops, climbed the rugged and steep sides of the mountain, and, by the aid of his mother-in-law, succeeded in scaling the castle wall upon the southern side. He met with no resistance, completely surprising the garrison, and capturing his truculent father.

Yielding to the solicitations of his wife, the old landgrave evacuated the Wartburg on the following day. He removed to Erfurt, where he resided until the day of his death, which occurred in 1314. Landgrave Albrecht passed the closing years of his strange and eventful life in great misery, dying in extreme poverty and almost friendless.

The daring and unexpected capture of the mountain stronghold, at the hands of the young Prince Frederick, greatly incensed the good burghers of Eisenach, and, in common with the royal garrison, they determined to wrest the lost prize from his grasp at all hazards. The king summoned assistance from nearly all the important towns of Thuringia, and invested the Wartburg closely with a well-appointed and numerous army, but without avail; the castle remained impregnable. During the siege a memorable and highly romantic incident occurred. Prince Frederick's faithful consort bore him a daughter, and he, being as pious as he was valiant, determined to have the infant baptized forthwith by the Abbot of Reinhardsbrunn, near Castle Tenneberg, as there was no clergyman in the Wartburg at the time. Selecting ten of his most trusty warriors, and placing the nurse and her tender charge in their midst, Frederick placed himself at the head of the little troop, and at midnight sallied forth upon his dangerous errand. Riding as rapidly as possible, they crossed the Goulauer and made their way through the Sengelsbach, at which point the prince was discovered by some of the enemy, who immediately started in pursuit. Riding with increased speed, the little party was gaining upon its pursuers, when the infant, in the arms of its terror-stricken nurse, began to cry lustily for its usual supply of nourishment, refusing to be pacified by any other means. The prince hearing the plaintive cries of his child, suddenly wheeled about, with the exclamation: "Halt, comrades! the infant shall be suckled though I lose Thuringia!" The bold and defiant front made by the prince and his intrepid followers kept their pursuers at bay until the tiny lady had time to satisfy her hunger, when the party pursued its way, arriving safely at the baptismal font of Tenneberg.

This touching tenderness, this rare and ineffable love which, like a gleam of celestial light, seemed to pierce the habitually cold, stern, and

apparently selfish spirit of Frederick, is one of the fairest and most romantic incidents in the stormy life of this redoubtable hero.

Frederick finally succeeded in getting assistance, both in men and provisions, by means of which the Wartburg was sufficiently strengthened to make effective sorties against its besiegers, until totally relieved by the decisive battle of Lucka, in which the prince completely routed the army of King Albrecht. Shortly after this event the dominions of Frederick were largely increased by the additions of the domains of his brother Diezmann, who was assassinated on Christmas Eve at Leipzig, while kneeling in prayer at the foot of the altar, in the Church of St. Thomas. With the exception of one or two disaffected towns, and a few of the nobility, Thuringia acknowledged the Marquis Frederick as lawful sovereign prince and landgrave. This example was followed by the town of Eisenach directly after the assassination of King Albrecht by his nephew, John of Austria, on the 1st of May, A. D. 1308. Landgrave Frederick freely pardoned the valiant opposition of the good burghers of Eisenach, and the new king, Henry VII, formally renounced all claims upon Thuringia, and invested Frederick, by royal edict, with the Landgravate of Thuringia, and the Marquisate of Meissen.

This celebrated prince, though constantly involved in warlike enterprises, from which he succeeded, generally, in extricating himself with success and always with honor, was greatly beloved by the people, whom he governed with justice and moderation, and who honored him for his noble nature and undoubted bravery.

Toward the close of his checkered life, Frederick lapsed into a state of profound mental dejection, said to have been caused by witnessing the performance of a Scriptural drama by the monks and pupils of the Dominican convent, at that time situated in Eisenach, in a building called the Rolle. The drama was performed in presence of the prince, on the evening preceding the great "Feast of Indulgence," A. D. 1322. The play represented the ten virgins, spoken of by St. Matthew (ch. xxv, vs. 1-13), and the five foolish ones were made to plunge into the flaming abyss of hell, through the instrumentality of a whole legion of devils, in spite of the active intercession of Holy Mother Mary. The landgrave was greatly excited over the fearful spectacle, and deeply incensed at the *finale*. After this, his mind became subject to strange hallucinations; this was succeeded by paralysis, which confined him to his bed for nearly three years. His melancholy increasing,

and intensifying the effects of his disease, he wasted away rapidly, and finally expired on the 16th day of November, A. D. 1324.

In 1440, Thuringia passed into the possession of the Elector Frederick, surnamed the Gentle, and Duke William III, known as the Bold, both of them sons of Frederick, surnamed the Valiant, the first elector of the house of Wettin. Duke William III was created Lord of Thuringia, and resided permanently at Weimar.

Two centuries later, a still rarer beauty, a more glorious halo, is twined about the hoary towers of the Wartburg, by the light-beaming hand of history. The faint starry light of its old romantic age silently merges and is lost in the sun-dawn of a still more marvelous day.

The Reformation, that mail-clad, invincible spirit of antagonism to the unscrupulous tyranny of the Roman hierarchy—that splendid revolt of oppressed millions who, during centuries of gloom and shame, had bowed their necks to the yoke of priestly power—burst like a meteor upon the astonished vision of the world, and, during its progress, the Wartburg was destined to play a remarkable rôle in the great drama of the age, and to attain a far more hallowed import than all the glamour of legendary lore was able to impart to it: It became the asylum of Martin Luther, the dauntless champion of Protestantism, and one of the sublimest characters in history.

After his celebrated defiance of both pope and emperor in the Diet at Worms, his illustrious and powerful friend and royal master, Frederick, surnamed the Wise, by strategy causes Luther to be brought to the stronghold of Wartburg, to preserve him from the malevolence of his numerous enemies, who were thirsting for the blood of the audacious rebel against the authority of the holy Roman cabal.

Little, however, does this Hotspur of the Reformation relish the confinement forced upon him by his place of refuge, though aware of the fact that the incarceration is for his own personal good, and how highly essential it is for him to await a partial subsidence, at least, of the terrible tempest he had raised throughout Germany, before again venturing to appear in public. He fumes and frets under his assumed title, "Esquire George." He feels "cabined, cribbed, and confined" upon his "mountain near Eisenach;" and, though the winds that kiss its lofty crest are fresh and pure, he deems them tainted with the exhalations of a dungeon. His stormy soul finds little solace in the bland smile of the azure skies above him, in the quiet valleys and lovely hills of beautiful Thuringia; he scarcely heeds the soft music of silvery

brooks, or the grateful carol of the birds in the rustling boughs, "praising God night and day;" his is the spirit of battle. He considers himself engaged in a fierce death-struggle, not only with a host of human opponents, but with the combined powers of darkness—with Satan himself. Against his foes in flesh and blood he launches vast and ponderous tomes of profound biblical lore, or pamphlets of keen, ringing, cutting satire, while against the hideous head of his Satanic Majesty, who appears in person to disturb the scholar's meditations, he hurls his equally ponderous inkhorn, the effects of whose sable contents, in the shape of an ugly blotch, are still pointed out to the curious on the wall of the apartment occupied by him in the castle. Nowhere, in fact, throughout the history of the great spiritual revolution of the sixteenth century, is the spirit that animated the times more curiously illustrated, or the salient points of its character brought more clearly before the understanding, than in the period comprising the captivity of the Reformer at the Wartburg, and the aspects of Luther's mind, while grappling with the great question of the age, within the seclusion of its hoary walls.

Thomas Carlyle, alluding to this epoch in the history of the Reformer, in his graphic and incisive style, says: "It was a faith of Luther's that there were devils, spiritual denizens of the pit, continually besetting men. Many times, in his writings, this turns up; and a most small sneer has been grounded on it by some. In the room of Wartburg, where he sat translating the Bible, they will show you a black spot on the wall, the strange memorial of one of these conflicts. Luther sat translating one of the Psalms; he was worn down with labor, with sickness, with abstinence from food. There arose before him some hideous, indefinable image, which he took for the Evil One, to forbid his work. Luther started up with 'fiend defiance,' flung his inkstand at the specter, and it disappeared. The spot still remains there—a curious monument of several things. An apothecary's apprentice can now tell us what we are to think of this apparition, in a scientific sense; but the man's heart that dares rise defiant, face to face, against hell itself, can give no higher proof of fearlessness. The thing he will quail before, exists not on this earth, or under it."

The restoration of the Wartburg to its original magnificence was a noble work of love and veneration, and the honor of originating and completing it belongs to the Grand Duke of Weimar, who devoted twelve years to the perfection of the necessary designs. In 1847, the

duke intrusted the delicate work of restoration to Dr. Hugo von Ritgen, at that time a professor in the university at Giessen. To the patient labors and unsurpassed skill of this gentleman, we are indebted for one of the most interesting and splendid edifices in Europe.

The Wartburg, as is the case in most of the ancient and more prominent royal strongholds of Germany, formerly consisted of two separate and distinct main buildings, an outer wing, and a central part, called the "Hofburg." The outer division was composed of the tower overlooking the draw-bridge of the knights or "Ritter" residence, and a group of stables. In the knights' apartments a certain space was reserved for a certain number of the lower retainers, as well as menials; and a cozy room was reserved for the use of such members of the knightly brotherhood as would, from time to time, honor the famous "burg" with their presence. Tannhäuser, the hero of song and fable, slept in this very chamber, ere he left its hospitable walls to meet his mysterious destiny. As is stated in the famous legend, in passing the Hoerselberg, in the vicinity of the castle, the mountain opened suddenly near its base, like a granite portal, and on the threshold appeared to the vision of the enamored knight, "Frau Venus," arrayed in all the glory of her enchanting beauty. With her bewitching smiles, she beckoned the hapless victim to certain destruction. In vain did his faithful esquire, Eckhart, warn his deluded master that Mrs. Venus's appearance was far too lovely and rare to be human, and the ecstatic strains of harmony which, at intervals, welled out of the profound depths of the mountain, far too sweet and seductive to be caused by mortal hands—the trusty servant had lost all his usual influence over his spell-bound master. Tannhäuser dismounted, offered his hand to the beautiful siren, and returned nevermore to the hospitable walls of the Wartburg and its cozy "Ritterkammer." He lies still incarcerated in the heart of the Hoerselberg, a hopeless captive, until the sound of Gabriel's trumpet shall break the rock-bound dungeon asunder, and release him forever from the toils of his cruel enchantress.

Luther also resided in the "Ritterhaus." This was his "orrie," his "hermitage," his "Island of Patmos," as he loved to call his asylum, in his epistles to his friends. The little room in which he lived can still be seen, and, though not in the precise condition in which the great Reformer left it, its restoration has been effected with remarkable fidelity, through the reverential care of the distinguished architect.

The huge table of native oak, upon which Luther began his immortal work of translating the Bible, has long ago vanished from sight, having been chipped into innumerable fragments by the busy hands of unscrupulous relic-hunters and antiquarian devotees; but its place is supplied by another, at which he was wont to sit, at the old parental homestead in Moehra; the bedstead in which he slept while on a passing visit to Castle Gleisen, and a small table that stood in the chamber at the time, were presented to the Wartburg by the lords of Gleisen, and also constitute a portion of the valuable mementos of the Luther-room. The quaint, old-fashioned stove, in one corner of the room, was rebuilt out of the original "kachel" (dark, oblong pieces of hard-burnt clay), dug out of the rubbish of the ruin. The walls of the room are adorned by an invaluable portrait of Luther, from the master-hand of Lukas Cranach, and portraits of his parents by Cranach the younger; also an autograph letter of Luther's, in an elegant frame. Hanging against a small book-case, filled with Bibles, we perceive his father's oil lamp, used by this worthy man in his humble pursuit as a common miner; and, a little to the right of this relic, we find the money-box in which the great Reformer used to hoard the pennies dropped into it by charitable hands, while living, as an obscure and mendicant scholar, in Eisenach. A fragment of a whale's backbone, which we find lying upon the floor, is said to have been used by Luther as a foot-stool, and upon the wall, close by the tall and massive stove, we find the famous "ink-spot," which, as heretofore related in this article, is said to have been caused by a fierce encounter of the stalwart champion of the Bible with the Prince of Evil.

The Ritterhaus and the Hofburg, or central portion of the castle, are connected by three buildings; to the right the so-called "Dirnitz," to the left the "Kemenate," or residence of the landgravines, and between these is a capacious vestibule. These buildings belong to the Hofburg proper, and could be closed against the "Vorburg," or outer castle. The Dornitz was a building peculiar to the architecture of the fourteenth century, and called an *aestuarium*; that is, an apartment that could be heated by means of stoves. It was erected by Frederick the Bitten, in 1319, and upon the spot formerly occupied by a chapel. Subsequently, the Dornitz was called "Prinzenbau" (the prince's mansion), and "Hofstube" (court-room). It was a much more comfortable residence than the "Landgravehaus," although the latter was the stateliest edifice in the entire

Wartburg. It was also called "das Hohehaus" (the lofty-house), the "Palas" (from *palatium*), or "Mushaus." This name was given it when the great saloon (*sol—solarum*), in the second story, and to which access could be had directly from the court-yard, was used, not only for large meetings and grand festivities, but also as an extensive armory; a plan usually observed in the construction of the German castles of the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

The Landgravehaus, built by the founder of the Wartburg, had but two stories originally. In the first story was situated the grand dining-hall, with its huge cavernous hearth. To the right of this apartment were the rooms of the ladies, to the left the rooms of the gentlemen. In the second story was situated the business office of the landgrave, which is still called the "Landgrave's Room;" and an immense hall, which is now known by the name of "The Hall of the Minstrels."

After Ludwig I had been raised to the rank of a sovereign prince by the Emperor Lothar, the necessary increase of his court *personnel* made it incumbent upon him to enlarge his residence, and another story was added to the building, which addition contained an armory, and a great hall to be used on festal occasions. This addition was destroyed by lightning, A. D. 1317. It was rebuilt by Frederick the Bitten, but not with its original grandeur of style and vast proportions. It is now again restored in all its primitive splendor, and the symbolical sculpture which adorns the ceiling is especially remarkable for its excellence and supreme beauty. The apartment of the landgrave is embellished by seven beautiful fresco paintings, executed by Professor Moritz von Schmid, and representing scenes from the life of the landgrave. Another fine painting, from the hands of the same artist, adorns the "Hall of the Minstrels." It is called the "Saengerkrieg" (the War of the Minstrels). The scene depicted is the moment when Ofterdingen, vanquished by his rivals, and about to fall into the hands of the public executioner, throws himself at the feet of the amiable landgravine, and implores her protection. A small, elevated rostrum, separated from the main hall by an arch resting upon graceful pillars, is called the "Saengerlaube," or the "Minstrel's Arbor," because it was here that the rival bards sat, during the tuneful contest, awaiting the call to appear, one after another, before the landgrave and the assembled court, there to make good their several claims to pre-eminence in the divine art.

This interesting spot has been transformed into a wonderfully lustrous arbor of roses by

the magic brush of Rudolph Hofman, an artist of Darmstadt. Upon tapestry in the background are inscribed fragments of the ballads of the Wartburg minstrels, and amid the festoons of the border, on either hand, are to be seen portraits of the bards themselves. From the Hall of the Minstrels we reach the Gallery of Elizabeth, which, in olden times, was a favorite resort, during pleasant weather, of the ladies of the court. The gallery is embellished with fresco paintings from the hand of the celebrated artist Schwind, presenting various scenes from the life of St. Elizabeth. Through this gallery we reach the quaint and somber chapel of the burg. The Kemenate, destroyed by fire in 1317, and rebuilt by Frederick the Bitten, is called the "New House," and is now occupied by the family of the Grand Duke, whenever they make a reverential pilgrimage to the storied walls of Wartburg.

LOVE SWEETENS TOIL

A GOOD-WIFE rose from her bed one morn,
And thought with a nervous dread
Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and more
Than a dozen mouths to be fed.
There are meals to be got for the men in the field,
And the children to fix away
To school, and the milk to be skimmed and churned;
And all to be done that day.
It had rained in the night, and all the wood
Was wet as it could be;
And there were pudding and pies to bake,
And a loaf of cake for tea.
The day was hot, and her aching head
Throbbled wearily as she said,
"If maidens but knew what good-wives know,
They would be in no hurry to wed."
"Jennie, what do you think I told Ben Brown?"
Called the farmer from the well;
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow,
And his eye half bashfully fell;
"It was this," he said, and coming near,
He smiled, and stooping down,
Kissed her cheek—" 't was this, that you were the best
And dearest wife in town!"
The farmer went back to the field, and the wife,
In a smiling and absent way,
Sang snatches of tender little songs
She 'd not sung for many a day.
And the pain in her head was gone, and the clothes
Were white as foam of the sea;
Her bread was light, and her butter was sweet,
And golden as it could be.
"Just think," the children all called, in a breath,
"Tom Wood has run off to sea!
He would n't, I know, if he only had
As happy a home as we."

The night came down, and the good-wife smiled
To herself, as she softly said,
" 'T is sweet to labor for those we love;
'T is not strange that maids will wed!"

THE FIRST GRAY HAIR.

COME, let me pluck that silver hair
Which 'mid thy clustering curls I see;
The withering type of Time or Care
Hath nothing, sure, to do with thee!
Years have not yet impaired the grace
That charmed me once, that charms me now;
And Envy's self-love can not trace
One wrinkle on thy placid brow!
Thy features have not lost the bloom
That brightened them when first we met;
No; rays of softest light illumine
Thy unambitious beauty yet:
And if the passing clouds of care
Have cast their shadows o'er thy face,
They have but left triumphant there
A holier charm, more witching grace!
And if thy voice has sunk a tone,
And sounds more sadly than of yore,
It hath a sweetness all its own,
Methinks I never marked before!
Thus, young and fair, and happy, too,
If bliss indeed may here be won,
In spite of all that Care can do,
In spite of all that Time hath done;
Is yon white hair a boon of love,
To thee in mildest mercy given?
A sign, a token, from above,
To lead thy thoughts from earth to heaven?
To speak to thee of life's decay,
Of beauty hastening to the tomb,
Of hopes that can not fade away,
Of joys that never lose their bloom?
Or springs the line of timeless snow
With those dark, glossy locks entwined,
'Mid youth's and beauty's morning glow,
To emblem thy maturer mind?
It does—it does—then let it stay;
Even Wisdom's self were welcome now;
Who 'd wish her soberer tints away,
When thus they beam from beauty's brow?

USES OF THE BIBLE.

HERE wilt thou learn what to thy ardent mind
Will make this world but as a thorny pass
To regions of delight: man's natural life,
With all its varied turmoil of ambition,
But as the training of a wayward child
To manly exercises; yea, death itself
But as a painful birth to life unending.

The Children's Repository.

THERE'S NO USE TRYING.

"YOU, Carrie Willis! not awake yet? Mother says if you do n't get up this minute, you can't have a mouthful of breakfast."

But Carrie did not stir, though the bright sun was shining cheerily into her room, and the other children were up and dressed long ago.

"Carrie!" again called her sister; still no answer. Finding that her repeated calls did not produce the desired effect, Jennie next resorted to more vigorous measures, and poor Carrie was shaken and scolded by turns, all of which she received as passively as though fast asleep. "Well," ejaculated Jennie, at last, "did any body ever see any thing to equal that? You, Carrie Willis," cried she, raising her voice to the highest possible pitch, "I do n't believe you're asleep at all; it's a clear case of obstinacy. Come, now, you need n't pretend any longer; and I'll just tell you what it is, if you do n't rise at once, I shall give you the full benefit of the contents of that water-pitcher. Come, now," added she, catching up the pitcher, and holding it in a threatening manner above her sister's pillow, "when I say three, look out for a deluge. One—"

With a quick, impatient gesture, the would-be sleeper raised her head, exclaiming, in a petulant tone, "Botheration! why can't you let me alone?"

"Ah, my dear, I thought I could bring you to. Did n't fancy the plan, did you? Well, it works nicely, any how; we will just make a note of that for future use. But, first, are you quite sure you are awake? Would n't a few drops of this cool, refreshing liquid help a little?" and again the dreaded pitcher was raised disagreeably near, while the speaker laughed heartily at her sister's look of sleepy indignation, as she angrily exclaimed:

"Was there ever such a torment?" Then changing her voice suddenly, she added, in a pleading tone: "O, Jennie, do let me be just a little while; indeed I can't get up yet; besides, it is so early."

"Early! do hear the child talk! Why, the sun has been shining in your room I can't tell how long, and there is the breakfast-bell now. Just remember, too, you are not to have any if you don't come immediately down. Cook is tired

of waiting for you every morning, and it is not to be done any longer."

"Mother did n't say so," exclaimed Carrie.

"Come and ask her," replied Jennie. "I'm going down now. Shall I give your compliments to the family, or will you be so good as to appear in person, gracing the breakfast-table for once with your presence?"

With a good-natured bow and laugh, Jennie left the room. Carrie reluctantly arose, and, in a very unamiable state of mind, began her preparations for a descent to the breakfast-room. How very provoking it was that, upon this occasion, her hair would insist upon getting in such a tangled condition, and how strange it was that her shoe-strings should fix upon this particular time to snap, and every pin make it a point to go in crooked, pricking her fingers, and trying her patience! But worse than all was the crabbed, dissatisfied expression which settled upon the young face, that should have been as bright and pleasant as the beautiful Summer morning. At last, after considerable delay, the little girl made her appearance at breakfast. The family had finished, and every thing was cold and uninviting—a circumstance which did not tend to raise the spirits, or improve the temper of the discontented child.

"Where is mother?" asked she, with a frown.

"In the garden," answered Jennie. "But did n't I tell you she said you were n't to have any breakfast unless you came to the table at the proper time?"

"Yes; but I do n't believe it," answered Carrie, defiantly.

"It's a stubborn fact, nevertheless; and, if I am not greatly mistaken, she told you so herself, when you came down so late yesterday."

"O well, she did n't mean it, any how," carelessly replied Carrie, as she proceeded to fill her plate.

At this moment Mrs. Willis entered the room. "Carrie, did you come down at the required time?" asked she, quietly.

"No."

"Then I must exact obedience, at least, in all I said yesterday in regard to this matter. You are daily becoming more indolent and neglectful, and the habit must be broken up."

Carrie arose, and, in a very abrupt, unladylike manner, left the room. When dinner-time

came, Miss Carrie for once sat down uncomplainingly. Her fast had given her a keen appetite, and rendered her less eager to find fault. The day was very warm and sultry, and the hours seemed to drag themselves wearily along. Carrie, like most of idle or selfish persons, was exceedingly restless; she went wandering aimlessly from room to room, resting awhile on the lounge in the library, but starting up at last, declaring it to be the hottest and most uncomfortable thing ever invented.

"Carrie," said her little brother, "come and see my new book; it's just full of pictures. Here's one, I guess, was took for some big king, because, you see, he is sitting on some great high place. I suppose it's a throne, and he's got a crown on his head; and just see what a lot of fine folks are standing around; just look, Carrie."

"Pshaw, Georgie! do n't bother me so."

"Well, tell me the name of it, Carrie, won't you? Then I'll show you all the rest."

"O dear! what a pest you are, to be sure! I do n't care for them, Georgie. Why should I? So do n't bother me."

"O, but you do n't know how nice they are! Here's another. O my! but that's pretty!" And the enthusiastic boy held up his treasure for Carrie to see.

"Nonsense, George; I'm no baby. What do I care for pictures?"

Ah, what a rude reply to give to a warm-hearted little brother, who, happy himself, felt a natural desire that sister should share the pleasure his book gave to him. Rudely repulsed, he turned away, with little lips quivering, and eyes full of tears. A little while he stood holding the book, then laid it on the table, as if it had lost all its attractions for him. In a short time he was busy erecting a fort with his little blocks; for he fortunately possessed the faculty of amusing himself even when alone. Carrie at last went to her sister's room, for the sake of the change. She found Jennie seated in her low rocking-chair, busy over some light sewing. She was singing softly to herself as Carrie opened the door.

"Come in," said she, pleasantly; "come and keep me company."

She came and flung herself upon the lounge, apparently quite forgetful now of the disparaging remarks she had made in regard to the one in the library.

"For pity's sake, Jennie," said she, "do tell me how you can sit there so quietly, working away as steadily as if you really were just as cool as—well, say a cucumber."

"Well, why should n't I, for I am certainly

feeling quite comfortable. But tell me what has occurred to ruffle your spirits so to-day?"

"O, I do n't know, I'm sure; every thing goes wrong, and it's so awful hot, and I just can't stand it;" and the dissatisfied face looked more doleful than ever.

"You take a very decided stand in regard to a matter you can not control. Admitting that it is very warm, what do you propose to do about it?"

"I did n't know I was going to do any thing. I did n't say I was, did I?"

"I think I could tell you what it would be best to do about it."

"Do tell me, then, for I'm just tired to death; and it's so miserably sultry that I have n't a particle of life about me. I'm just worn out trying to keep cool, or even in the slightest degree comfortable."

"That, my little sister, is because you are not employed, and your mind has nothing with which to occupy itself. It is a wise plan to keep one's self in as pleasant a frame of mind as possible, especially when the weather is uncomfortably warm; for then we are less likely to brood over our own discomforts. You believe that, do n't you?"

"O, I do n't know, I'm sure;" and the sentence ended in an unmistakable yawn.

"I'm quite confident," resumed Jennie, "that you will find it so, if you will but try it. There is nothing like proving things to one's own satisfaction; and in this case the result will be worth the experiment, I assure you."

"Is that all you are going to tell me? Pshaw! I've heard all that fifty times already, at the least calculation."

"It is a great pity, then, that it has had no effect."

"Now, Jennie, you know I never could be quiet long enough to accomplish any thing, so what is the use of trying?"

"You never try; you could overcome your restlessness, in a measure, if you would make the effort."

"O dear, what a tiresome creature you are! it really tires me to hear you, it does indeed; but what would you have me do? Suppose, now, you get up a programme for me to follow."

"Willingly, if you would but promise to follow it."

"There would n't be much use of that, for I should be sure to fail in keeping it. It seems to me my promises are made to be broken, and so I think I will take care not to make any more; but go on and tell me what to do now. You see I am in need of a prescription which can be used at once, or I shall expire soon of

the gaps, like my poor chicken did the other day." And another yawn followed the conclusion of the sentence.

"Have you practiced your music to-day?"

"Practiced my music! Indeed I have done no such thing. Who wants to sit on that miserably high stool, thumping away at that wretchedly stupid music, on such a horrid day? Why, it makes my head ache to think of it."

"Well, then, there's the book Uncle William sent you a week ago, why don't you read that?"

"I'm not in the humor to read; besides, you know, I can't bear books; never could."

"Then you should cultivate a liking for them. How do you ever expect to learn any thing?"

"O, I'll leave that for the future. There's time enough by and by."

"I'm not so sure of that; the present is all that we have any thing to do with, and it is our duty to improve it."

"What a dull world it would be, if every body was like you," was Carrie's ungracious reply.

"It takes all kinds of people to make a world, Carrie, and I have my niche to fill, as well as any one else."

"But you take things so easy; you are never 'out of sorts' like I am."

"I do n't think I was taking it very easy this morning when I was trying to get you up," said Jennie, laughing.

"No, indeed, it was awful cross of you to treat me so."

"Desperate cases require desperate remedies," you know, and I was anxious to get you down-stairs in time to avoid further trouble. You see, when you did finally get up, you were all out of humor, and made no effort to resist the restless impatience which has troubled you all the day through."

"I can't help it! I think I have a wretchedly stupid time of it, any how."

"What an exaggerated way you have of speaking, Carrie! Pray, don't let such a practice grow upon you."

"Now, there! You've found something else to find fault with me for," cried Carrie, petulantly.

"No, Carrie, I'm not finding fault; but think a moment yourself, and you will perceive that the words horrid and wretched, miserable, awful, and stupid, have all been frequently used in a wrong sense to-day, entirely."

"But I can't help it."

"Do you ever really try?"

"O, I do n't know; it would n't amount to any thing if I did; there's no use in trying."

"I hardly think you know how often you do use such expressions. They are very common.

You are not the only one by far; but it is a very bad habit and gives to one's conversation a very rude, unpleasant style."

"There's Mrs. Bates," said Carrie, "I'm sure she exaggerates fearfully."

"She does seem to deal largely in superlatives. A mere recital of facts does not appear to satisfy her, and she adopts a peculiar style of embellishment which, to my mind, takes away all the beauty and even common sense from all she says. You have noticed it yourself, have you?"

"O, yes, often. She was telling mother the other day about some man who had done some work for her. She said he was the most horribly wretched and good-for-nothing botch on the face of the earth."

"Do n't forget, then, that it sounds just as bad to hear you say, 'horrid hot day,' or, 'wretchedly stupid music,' and expressions of like nature. By the way, Uncle William is coming to make us a visit next week, and I don't know what he will think when he finds that you have not even read the book he so kindly sent you. Have you forgotten the oranges he so often sends, and the toys he gave you before you outgrew such things?"

"He always has been kind, has n't he?"

"He has indeed."

"I will read the book for his sake, even if I do n't quite like the task; and, dear me, if he's coming next week, I must begin it at once. I'm sure it will take me an age to get through the stupid thing, any how."

"An age, Carrie! How do you reckon time, and how do you know the book is a stupid thing?"

"O, pshaw! there it is again. You see yourself I can't help it, and there's no use at all in trying."

"Yes, there is, Carrie; but it will require watchfulness and time to break up such a habit; and no little girl should ever say there's no use in trying. That shows a deplorable lack of energy."

Carrie went in search of the neglected book. For a little while she found it a difficult matter to chain her thoughts down to its pages, and was several times tempted to throw it aside. She changed her position from time to time, and sat idly drumming upon her chair. As the scenes depicted began to steal in upon her senses, taking firmer hold upon her mind, and the various characters took the form of old friends and acquaintances, she was led captive, and when Jennie came to call her to tea, she found her so deeply absorbed as to be scarcely willing to cease reading for a moment. The

hours had passed so pleasantly away she had not even cast a thought upon the warmth of the afternoon, and the restlessness so characteristic of her had for once been vanquished. The next day was devoted to reading also, and Carrie was almost sorry when the interesting book was finished. Jennie was quite surprised, upon entering the library a day or two later, to find Carrie busy with her drawings, announcing her intention of finishing a picture long ago commenced, in time to present to Uncle William. She worked quite steadily for a time, but growing weary of the self-imposed task, she soon put it aside, and the next time Jennie came in to see how she was succeeding, she found her fast asleep. Next day she began to practice, and succeeded bravely for a little while; but, alas for her good resolutions! indolence had taken such a hold upon her that it really did seem almost impossible for her to break from its thralldom. We might almost feel inclined to agree with the poor child in her repeated assurance of "There's no use of trying."

Uncle William came, and the picture was not finished, though, with a heroic effort, the poor little artist had shut herself up in the library all the morning the day of his arrival; but her pencils moved so slowly, and she was kept so busy erasing mistakes, that she made but little progress. She had declared her intention, too, of astonishing Uncle William by her proficiency in music; but, O dear! the stool was so uncomfortable, and the parlor so lonely, and the notes so tedious, why, sometimes she would fairly nod over them; and then they would seem to run together, and she really could not distinguish a whole note from a half, an eighth from a sixteenth; and her fingers, poor little things, insisted upon so soon getting stiff and cramped. And so music was again abandoned, with the old excuse, "No use of trying; I can't." Uncle William was a great favorite with the family, and always received a hearty welcome. He was a genial, pleasant man, ever full of life and energy; just the one to charm the little folks; he was always ready to engage with them in their sports, or repeat to them stories of just the style and character to suit the surrounding circumstances. He had not been with them long before he was taken very ill. The entire family vied with each other in acting as nurses. Carrie forgot her indolence, and seemed to have no thought whatever for her own ease or comfort. It mattered not now how often she went up and down stairs, or how long she sat fanning the pale face of her beloved uncle, she gave no signs of weariness. Self was for once quite subdued. At last Uncle William was pro-

nounced better, and continued to improve rapidly. Carrie was still at hand, ready to be of service to him or her mother. But one morning she deserted her post, only coming in once or twice to inquire how he was getting along. The same thing occurred next day; and once, when uncle held her fast, and chided her for deserting him so long, she hid her face and broke away from him, bidding him ask her no questions. That evening there was a whispered consultation with father in the hall, and a roll of paper slipped into his hand. Next day Uncle William was formally presented with the picture, nicely framed, which had caused her so many hours of labor and no small degree of self-sacrifice. It was certainly no great work of art. In truth, we have no doubt that if the youthful artist should chance to see it after a few more years have passed over her head, she would feel strongly inclined to consign it to the darkest corner of the garret. But what if the trees were out of proportion, and the boat on the odd-looking river rather larger than the house upon its bank, the will was of far more value to Uncle William than the present itself. Having gained a complete victory over self, indolence and restlessness were again vanquished, and each succeeding conquest rendered the work less difficult. Carrie has discovered that time does indeed pass much more rapidly and pleasantly when she is employed, than when idleness and self-indulgence alone rule over her. We have now no doubt that she will in time become as useful and contented as her cheerful sister Jennie, and be willing to acknowledge that, after all, it is never right or profitable to give up any good work with the old, threadbare excuse, "No use trying."

A TRUE LADY.

I WAS once walking a short distance behind a very handsomely dressed young girl, and thinking, as I looked at her beautiful clothes, "I wonder if she takes half as much pains with her heart as she does with her body?" A poor man was coming up the walk with a loaded wheelbarrow; and just before he reached us, he made two attempts to go in the yard of the house, but the gate was heavy, and would swing back before he could get in. "Wait," said the young girl, springing forward, "I'll hold the gate open." And she held the gate until he had passed in, and received his thanks with a pleasant smile as she passed on. "She deserves to have beautiful clothes," I thought, "for a beautiful spirit dwells in her breast."

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Gatherings of the Month.

CONVERSATION AT HOME.—Among the influences which shape the young people of a family, a most important place must be given to the tone of conversation that prevails in their home. Cecil says: "The opinion, the spirit, the conversation, the manners, of the parents, influence the child. If he is a fantastic man, if he is a genealogist, knows nothing but who married such a one, and so on, his children will usually catch these tastes. If he is a literary man, his very girls will talk learnedly. If he is a griping, hard, miserly man, such will be his children." The coloring of his conversation permeates their minds like an atmosphere. If they hear nothing from father and mother, or talked of betwixt them, but the affairs of this life, how can they fail to become, more or less, materialists, and ready to believe this present world the all in all? "Bringing the eternal world into their view, planning and acting with that world before us," is the way to impress them with a sense of those realities which we desire should rule their lives.

PLAIN DRESSING FOR MEETING.—The house of prayer is a poor place to exhibit beads, ribbons, ruffles, gewgaws, and trinkets. The evils of such vanity and extravagance are many. It keeps people from meeting when they have not apparel as gorgeous as their neighbors. It loads the poor with burdens too heavy to be borne, to procure fashionable clothing. It leads many into temptation, debt, dishonesty, and sin. It causes many a poor shop-girl to work nearly all of Saturday night, that some customer's fine clothes may be ready for the Sunday show. It keeps people at home in cloudy or stormy weather, when, if they wore plain clothing, they could defy clouds and storms. It consumes the morning hour in dressing, crimping, and fussing, keeping people away from worship, wasting time, exhausting strength, hindering the reading of the Scriptures, and making the day of rest a day of toil and folly. It makes the poor emulous, malicious, and envious, and sows many a bitter thought in the minds of children and others, when they see their neighbors decked in finery—often not paid for—and feel that people are respected not to the value of their characters, but to the vanity of their clothes. It causes many a frivolous, trifling mind to forget God and Christ and the Gospel, and to spend the hour appointed for religious service in comparing garments, studying fashions,

and arranging their own gay attire. It causes vanity in the rich, and murmuring in the poor. It wastes the Lord's money that is needed for other uses, and should be applied to more noble and important ends. It leads the young in the path of pride, gratifying the lusts of the eye, cultivating an extravagant taste, justifying the vilest women in their flaunting attire, and seducing to the paths of shame and ruin many a poor girl who might have lived an honored and virtuous life had she never known that she was beautiful, or desired more finery than she could honestly earn, or decked herself out in such a way as would attract the attention of libertines and seducers. This style of dress degrades the taste of society toward the level of those Hottentots, wild Indians, and African savages, whose chief delights are war-paint, feathers, rings, spangles, rag-roses, buttons, beads, and bugles—things which are as repugnant to a refined and cultivated taste as they are contrary to the spirit and letter of the Holy Scriptures.

Let us dress plainly before the Lord, for economy's sake, for example's sake, for decency's sake, for Christ's sake.—*H. L. Hastings.*

HOW TO PUT CHILDREN TO BED.—Not with a reproof for any of that day's sins of omission or commission. Take any other time but bed-time for that. If you ever heard a little creature sighing or sobbing in its sleep, you could never do this. Seal their closing eyelids with a kiss and a blessing. The time will come, all too soon, when they will lay their heads upon their pillows lacking both. Let them, then, at least, have this sweet memory of a happy childhood, of which no future sorrow or trouble can rob them. Give them their rosy youth. Nor needs this involve wild license. The judicious parent will not so mistake my meaning. If you ever met the man, or the woman, whose eyes have suddenly filled when a little child has crept trustingly to its mother's breast, you may have seen one in whose childhood's home dignity and severity stood where love and piety should have been. Too much indulgence has ruined thousands of children; too much love, not one.

A HINT ON CARPETS.—Of all the expensive things in a modern English house of the ordinary class, perhaps carpets are the dearest. In case of removal, they become almost useless, and have to be sacrificed at any price that can be got for them, because, having been cut and measured for one room, perhaps of

a peculiar shape, they are useless in any other; for if the pattern could be matched, which it often can not, a bit of brand-new carpet, sewn on to a bit not so new, would be out of harmony, and tell a story which the pride of poverty would rather were concealed. The Persian and Turkish system of carpeting rooms is infinitely better and prettier than ours. The Persian carpets, especially those from Resht, are exquisitely beautiful. Their colors are brighter, the designs prettier, and they are far more durable than European carpets. They are made in strips, usually between two and three yards long, and about one yard in breadth, to go round the sides of a room, with a square carpet of any size preferred for the center. They do not require to be nailed or fitted, and a sufficient number of them will, of course, carpet any room, however large or small. They have a very rich and grand appearance, too. In Summer they are easily taken up, beaten, rolled, and put aside by a single man-servant; and, in the hot weather, why should we not more generally imitate Continental custom, by painting or polishing our floors? Floors, painted or polished, look far prettier in July sunshine than any carpets, which are then mere fusty traps to catch dust, harbor insects, and retain bad smells. Every thing has its use and its seasons. The use and season of carpets are not in the Summer-time. Where it is impossible to paint or to polish the floors of a house, the employment of oil-cloth will be found good economy in Summer, and far cleaner. Oil-cloth, too, of charming patterns, may now be bought very cheaply, and it keeps a room delightfully cool and fresh.

HOME.—Home is a dear word and a dear place. It is the place where the tired wing of bee and bird, the tired foot of beast and man, find rest at eventide. It is the place where love whispers her divinest secret, joy has its sweetest play, prayer trembles into its most solemn impurity, and where sorrow drops its bitterest tear.

The stately mansion, carpeted from basement to attic, and furnished all through with the richest and most costly upholstery, and hung with Art's best touches, does not make a home. All these we have seen where discord and infidelity flung their ugly shadows. And we have seen home where there was no carpet nor cushioned chair, nor musical instrument nor painting of the artist. Home is made of love and faith, rather than brick walls, carpets, sofas, pianos. A true, tender wife and mother, a strong, patient, faithful husband and father, innocent children playing in the yard, or laughing and chattering by the hearth-stone, or sleeping sweetly in the trundle-bed or cradle,—these make the home. Amid these faiths and joys and blessed contacts, care is dispelled, the aching heart is rested, weary feet are quickened, and life gets a new purpose and impulse.

DISTINGUISHED WOMEN.—At the recent opening of the fifth annual session of the Medical College for Women, in London, Dr. George Ross delivered the inaugural lecture. The following is an extract:

"History abounds in narratives of women who

have distinguished themselves in every vocation of life. They have attained the highest reach of knowledge, and have accomplished the most daring feats of valor. Is it a question of intellect? Let Hypatia, who was the most successful teacher in the school of Alexandria in its palmiest days, who was the greatest philosopher of her age, who was the most eloquent orator among many rivals, who was far more learned than the profoundest of her erudite contemporaries,—let Hypatia give the answer. But not Hypatia only, for there have been many as able and learned as she. Was not Clotilda Tambroni, even in this century, Professor of Greek at Bologna, and the ablest Hellenist in Italy? Dr. Johnson told them that Mrs. Elizabeth Carter was the best scholar in England. Madam Dacier rivaled the most learned scholars of her time. Caroline Herschel assisted her brother William in his astronomical labors, made for him some of his most laborious calculations, and enriched science with many valuable contributions. Had not Mrs. Somerville also acquired eminent distinction in the same abstruse and difficult study? The unfortunate, erring Madame de Chatelet translated the "*Principia*" into French, and was not less learned than she was elegant. Anna Maria Schurmann spoke Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and the chief modern languages; was well versed in the Syriac, Chaldaic, Arabic, and Ethiopic, and had mastered all the sciences taught in her age. The learned Spanheim, Sossius, and Salmassius were her correspondents. There has been no grand epoch of human conflict that has not given birth to its extraordinary women—to its Anna Askew, its Joan of Arc, its Agostinia, its Charlotte Corday, its Madame Roland, its Florence Nightingale. A Boadicea was the brightest name in our early history; an Elizabeth, one of the most famous in our later annals; Semiramis was the mightiest sovereign of her line; and, in the Hebrew records, the greatest of all the judges, the one that was never censured by priest or prophet, was Deborah, the mother of Israel. These were the most brilliant stars; but there were a thousand more of scarcely inferior splendor. The names of Bewan and La Chapelle stood as high in professional estimation as those of any male professors of the obstetric art."

HOW TO TAKE CARE OF A PIANO.—It should be remembered that the piano-forte is susceptible of the change of temperature, and when tuned in one temperature will be out of tune in another. Good and well-made piano-fortes will stand in tune, if they are tuned at proper periods. Many people, as they wish to avoid expense, will let their instruments remain long out of tune, which is a great detriment to them, as they are less likely to stand well after having been so left. We will offer a few hints in reference to the matter. A piano-forte ought justly to be tuned twice a year, at least. First, when you commence with a fire in your room; second, when a fire is discontinued. By following this course, you have the best guaranty that the instrument will remain in tune for the longest period of time. Again, the instrument

should not be suffered to remain below concert pitch; if it is for years tuned below, it will never after stand up to the pitch without a great deal of labor, if, indeed, it ever stands at all. Many other-wise beautiful instruments are nearly or quite ruined for want of proper attention to these simple facts. Yet it will not answer for a professional tuner to recommend these things. If he does, the people will suspect him immediately of selfish motives, and say that he is planning for his own advantage. Owners of piano-fortes, who are not acquainted with the nature of the instrument, ought to bear these facts in mind, when by a yearly outlay of a trifling sum, they may save to themselves infinitely more than they expend, by the preservation of their instrument, in which they have invested so much.

A LOVING WIFE.—If you would have a loving wife, be gentle in your words after as well as before marriage; treat her quite as tenderly when a matron as when a miss; do n't make her maid of all work, and ask her why she looks less tidy and neat than when "you first knew her;" do n't buy cheap, tough beef, and scold her because it does n't come on the table "porter-house;" do n't grumble about squalling babies, if you can't keep up a "nursery;" and remember that "baby may take after papa in his disposition;" do n't smoke and chew tobacco, thus shatter your nerves and spoil your temper, and make your breath a nuisance, and then complain that your wife declines to kiss you; go home joyous and cheerful to your wife, and tell her the good news you have heard, and not silently put on your hat and go out to the "club" or "lodge," and let her afterward learn that you spent the evening at the opera or at a fancy ball with Mrs. Dash. Love your wife; be patient; remember that you are not perfect, but try to be. Let whisky, tobacco, and vulgar company alone; spend your evenings with your wife, and live a decent Christian life, and your wife will be loving and true, if you do not marry a thoughtless beauty. If you did, who is to blame if you suffer the consequences?

MOTHER.—Lamartine tells a story that exquisitely illustrates a mother's love: In some Spring freshet, a river widely washed its shores, and rent away a bough whereon a bird had built a cottage for her Summer hope. Down the white and whirling stream drifted the green branch, with its wicker-cup of unfledged song, and fluttering beside it, as it went, the mother bird. Unheeding the roaring river, on she went, her cries of agony and fear piercing the pauses in the storm. How like the love of the old-fashioned mother, who followed the child she had plucked from her heart, all over the world! Swept away by passion that child might be; it mattered not though he was bearing away with him the fragrance of the shattered roof-tree; yet that mother was with him, a Ruth through all his life, and a Rachel at his death.

LADIES THEIR OWN SERVANTS.—The first case we give is that of an old lady more than eighty years of age, residing in New England, and in receipt of an income of not less than six, and perhaps more

than twelve, thousand dollars per annum. Nearly ninety years of age, she does all her own housework—cooking, washing, ironing, etc. She does not pursue this course from penuriousness, but because she thinks she can do her work better than any one can do it for her, and because she does not want to be annoyed in taking charge of a servant. Her sons are established around her, all of them men of large wealth, each of whom would take the greatest pleasure in providing for every want that might arise; yet all of them feel that they are consulting her happiness in consenting to her decided choice to keep up the habits of her life. She could, if she chose, from her income, support an elegant and extensive establishment, but she continues the same simple arrangements that she adopted fifty years ago, the only change being that her furniture is more modern. We have no doubt she takes more real comfort than most housekeepers who are cumbered with the care and direction of servants. Her beginning was a humble one, coming gradually through the success of her husband's business to large wealth, so that her means for many years have been entirely ample to indulge in almost any luxury. The reader can judge of the wisdom of this lady in the course adopted by her as well, may be, as ourself, but it would help them in their judgment, if they could have seen her at brief intervals, as we have, for more than thirty years, always cheerful and happy, though sometimes weary.

Another New England woman, on the ground of comfort and economy, a housekeeper for nearly fifty years, always having had children in her family, has steadily refused to this day to have a servant in her house, although her surplus income is larger by half than her expenses. Her husband's income enabled him to furnish facilities for the best education of their children in this country and in Europe. At his death he estimated that her refusal to keep servants, and the saving by the greater economy that she practiced over servants, added at least twenty thousand dollars to the very handsome property he left to be distributed among benevolent and Christian institutions, having first made all the provision for his wife that she would consent to. We do not doubt that this lady has enjoyed life very much more for having adopted early and adhered through life to the determination to do her own work, and not be a servant of servants. We do not think she enjoyed life less, because to some extent it was a life of toil.

SENSIBLE.—Some one writes, both gracefully and forcibly: "I would be glad to see more parents understand that when they spend money judiciously to improve and adorn the house and the ground around it, they are in effect paying their children a premium to stay at home, as much as possible, to enjoy it; but that, when they spend money unnecessarily in fine clothing and jewelry for their children, they are paying them a premium to spend their time away from home; that is, in those places where they can attract the most attention, and make the most display."

Contemporary Literature.

A GRAMMAR OF THE GREEK LANGUAGE. By Dr. George Curtius, Professor in the University of Leipzig. Translated under the Revision of the Author. Edited by William Smith, LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 12mo.

A new Greek grammar—*cui bono?* The world is flooded with Greek grammars already. What need for a new one? The author's preface shall tell his reasons for giving us a new one: "Few sciences have, within the last half-century, been so completely reformed as the science of language." This is his first and chief reason for publishing. He claims to adopt the new method of teaching language, suggested by the philosophical opinions of Humboldt, Bopp, and Grimm. He claims that the teaching of language in our schools is intended not only to lead to a thorough understanding of the master-works of literature, but also to cultivate and stir up the youthful mind by independent exertion. Language must keep pace with modern scientific inquiry, and teaching in Greek seems specially called on to make the commencement. The author claims, as an indorsement of his method, that his grammar has, within a few years, found its way into a large number of schools in various countries in Europe. It is ten years since Dr. Smith lent it the indorsement of his powerful name, and called it "the best representative of the present advanced state of Greek scholarship." We have not had time to examine the book and compare its methods with those of other authors, and must refer teachers and professors to the work itself. It is got up in the Harpers' best style.

ADELE: A Tale. By Julia Kavanagh. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 12mo. Pp. 574. \$1.50.

Adèle is a light-hearted French girl, the sole remaining descendant of one of the fiery old baronial families, cruel, vindictive, and murderous, so many of whom were extinguished by the Revolution. Her lover is an English widower, and the plotters against the "course of true love," necessary to keep up the interest of a novel, are mainly the members of his own family. The authoress paints the passions with a strong hand, and manages her drama artistically. We may safely indorse the language of the advertisements and say, "Adèle is a powerful story."

BUFFALO LAND: An Authentic Narrative of the Adventures and Misadventures of a Late Scientific Sporting Party upon the Great Plains of the West. By W. E. Webb, of Topeka, Kansas. Profusely Illustrated. E. Hannaford & Co., Cincinnati and Chicago.

This is a readable book. It contains five hundred pages of description of the great plains of the West,

the habits of Indian, buffalo, birds, and animals of the great hunting-grounds between Hays City and the Rocky Mountains. The style is occasionally ambitious, the humor sometimes forced and far-fetched, and the poetry with which the volume is garnished barely tolerable. A thin veil of camp nicknames is thrown over the individuals of the party; but their personality we judge to be well and truthfully preserved, and we have read many worse descriptions than this author gives us of the scientific "Professor Paleozoic," the New York ex-alderman, "Tammany Sachem," poet of the expedition, "Doctor Pythagoras," the blarsted Hinglishman "Muggs," "you know," "Colon" and "Semi-colon," and Irish "Shamus Dobeen," cook and body-servant to the crowd. The situations of the party were often ludicrous in the extreme, and these situations, we judge, lose nothing in the author's description. The illustrations are the best part of the book. The artist has the rare gift of making caricature truthful, and does not disgust the eye with those distortions of humanity and truth that are so common and so often mistaken for genuine caricature. "The Alaska Lovers," "Waukerusa," "Colon" and his shadow-son, "Muggs" admiring himself in the glass, the "first bird-shooting," in which the party are all Winkles, and the "midnight serenade" by a party of villainous cayotes (ki-o-tes), and many others, show a genuine feeling both for art and humor. We predict that the book will find readers, and that those readers will be all the wiser in buffalo, Indian, and prairie lore, for the reading.

THE PSALMS: with Notes Critical, Explanatory, and Practical, designed for both Pastors and People. By Henry Cowles, D. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 12mo. Pp. 550. \$2.25.

A motherly-looking volume; another fine contribution to the wealth of comment that already exists upon the songs that ring in the hearts of the pious forever. Commentaries, if valuable—and a sort of value attaches to each one that emanates from an honest and conscientious pen—can not be too numerous. Each new student contributes a little to the gatherings of those that have preceded him, and thus the Church becomes ever richer from the patient toil of her sons. The Psalms bless us. We inhale their fragrance; our souls become imbued with their passion and their truth; we study them, and, as we study, new light dawns upon us. We see truths and beauties that have remained undiscovered before. We write, and others are blessed by our labors. In addition to his other valuable works, Dr. Cowles has here performed another labor of love, and given the world the results of his studies and musings. We

can scarcely forgive him for not having put the Psalms into their poetic dress and presenting them in the form of parallelisms. This arrangement is a commentary in itself, and one which publishers of the poetic portions of the Bible should never neglect.

THE DESERT OF THE EXODUS: *Journeys on the Foot in the Wilderness of the Forty Years' Wanderings; Undertaken in Connection with the Ordnance Survey of Sinai and the Palestine Exploration Fund.* By E. H. Palmer, M. A., Professor of Arabic and Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. With Maps and Numerous Illustrations. Pp. 470. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. \$3.

This is a scholarly work by a scholarly man. In his preface he says: "Many travelers have crossed the desert to the Holy Land; but no one has hitherto attempted a complete exploration of the Desert of the Exodus, so as to give an exhaustive account of the scenes of Israel's wanderings." This learned traveler has wandered over a greater portion of this extensive desert than has ever before been explored. His journeys were performed entirely on foot, and extended over a period of eleven months. The results of his labors and observations are laid before the public in the beautiful volume now issued, in their best style, by the Harpers. Part First embraces fourteen chapters, and includes the "physical geography of Sinai," journeys through the desert, descriptions of Sinai and its convent, "the highways and byways of Sinai," and many other topics of interest.

Part Second introduces us to the "Forty Years Wanderings," "The Desert and its Inhabitants," "Bedouins," "The Wilderness of Kadesh," "Cities of the South," "Southern Palestine," "Edom and Moab."

The twenty-fourth chapter, and the last, is the most interesting to the Biblical student of any in the book. It discusses the "topography of the Exodus." The author believes that the Bible contains an "intelligent account of facts," and that "any apparent contradiction is more likely to arise from ignorance of facts than from any misstatements of them in the volume itself." This is candid and fair. He then proceeds to identify the route of Israel from Sinai to Canaan, marking their journeys and halting-places, and bringing them finally to the Promised Land. The maps are numerous and full, and, wonderful to tell, the volume is furnished with a copious index! It is another useful accession to Scripture comment and biblical lore.

JOSEPH MAZZINI: *His Life, Writings, and Political Principles. With an Introduction by Wm. Lloyd Garrison.* New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: George E. Stevens & Co.

The great Italian patriot has been but a few months dead, and yet the enterprise of the distinguished publishers, Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, has already furnished the American reading public with some four hundred pages of his writings and biography. The task was not a difficult one. The mate-

rial was at hand. Madame Venturi, *née* Ashurst, had already collected and published six volumes of the political, critical, and literary writings of Mazzini, and these voluminous stores furnished the material for this interesting volume. The public will be glad to know so much as is here presented. Those who are able would prefer to read Madame Venturi's six volumes, and the rest of the world will second the wish expressed by Mr. Garrison, at the close of his fine introduction, that Madame Venturi will ere long prepare for publication his biography, accompanied by her recollections of the most striking incidents of his private life. There is difference of opinion as to the year of his birth. The volume before us says 1809—a writer in *Harpers'* says 1805. From 1821, when either twelve or sixteen years old, Mazzini was the incarnation of the great ideas of Italian liberty and unity. The book must be read to get any adequate idea of Mazzini's intense hatred of old-time monarchy, his love of republican ideas, his monomania on Italian unity. Imprisoned, hunted, persecuted, slandered, hated, and feared by all the monarchical governments of Europe in turn, he lived to see his ideas partially realized, the monarchies of Europe successively overthrown, or shaken to their foundations, republican ideas rendering those foundations hourly more and more insecure; Italy unified, and Rome its capital, though only partially republicanized. The leaven of the political principles of the great statesman's life is still at work, and the day will come in God's good providence, as rapidly as the Italian race is able to bear its light, when neither pope nor king, Pius IX nor Victor Emmanuel, shall rule republican, free, united Italy. It is interesting to contrast, as this volume enables us to do, the estimates in which Mazzini was held by Garrison, the active champion of universal liberty and fraternity on the one hand, and Carlyle, the do-nothing talker, the philosophizing, inert helplessness, on the other. We would like to quote pages from the wonderful sayings of this wonderful man, but we have not the space.

SERMONS. *By the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage. Delivered in the Brooklyn Tabernacle.* New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. Pp. 405. \$1.50.

Standing on the platform of his Brooklyn tabernacle, Talmage preaches to the world. Stenographers give the sermons heard on Sunday by three thousand to the next week's newspaper, which circulates them among tens of thousands of readers, and then they are gathered up and sent out in book-form to edify and instruct the million. Mr. Talmage is rapidly becoming the rival of Spurgeon and Beecher, and in many respects he is equal, and in others superior, to either. His horse-shoe shaped, iron semi-colosseum is guiltless of all architectural embellishment; its row of little windows look like those of a horse-railroad stable; yet it is a room admirably adapted to the voice of a speaker, and admirably does its speaker fill it with a mammoth congregation and richly illustrated Gospel truth. Nothing is so

difficult to describe as voice. Mr. Talmage's is monotonous barytone rather than tenor or bass, pitched in F in the bass clef during his prayer and the reading of hymns and lessons, rising to B flat in the body of his discourse, and capable of great variety of inflection, humorous, colloquial, pathetic, terrible, in the histrionic portions of his discourse.

The volume before us abounds in quaint topics, felicitous illustrations, information, imagery, and sentiment peculiar to its author. The best of sermons usually become dough when you take out of them the man, the manner, the spirit, and the occasion of their delivery. Talmage's sparkle with the same life on the printed page that vitalizes his utterances from his naked bema. The wonder to sermon-makers is, how he makes his sermons. Are they carefully prepared, carefully studied, and premeditatedly delivered? or are they outlined in mind in his study, and filled up with language and illustration spontaneously from a well-stored mind, a natural gift of choice words, a teeming poetic fancy, and a heart fired with Divine love and a gushing sense of human necessity? Perhaps he combines both methods. His book seems to suggest both. It is as readable as romance, and a world more profitable.

NELLIE'S HOUSEKEEPING. By Joanna H. Mathews. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. Cincinnati: Geo. Crosby. 16mo. Pp. 269.

A Sunday-school novel. Sixth and last of the series of "Little Sunbeams." Capital books.

A SMALLER ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE EAST, ETC. By Philip Smith, B. A. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. \$1.50.

It seems as though the publishers thought, as this was a "smaller history" by title, a "book for the young in schools and families," it was necessary, or at least fitting, that it should be small in size and in small type. The price, however, is big enough for a book twice its size, and the matter in it important enough to have been spread over more space and in type fitted to older eyes. Plenty of illustrations, and, what every scholarly English book possesses, an index.

CLARIE'S LITTLE CHARGE. By M. L. C., Author of "Lonely Lily." New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. Cincinnati: George Crosby. 50 cents.

A child's story.

THE HAPPY LAND.

By same publishers and same author as the last. A book for children.

WE GOT AGATE OF SINGING; or, Jesus, Tender Shepherd, Hear Me. By A. C. C. Same Publishers.

Also a story for little children. "Got Agate" is a queer title. What does it mean? A foot-note on p. 27 says "agate of" means to begin. We should judge to "get agate" was to get under way; get agoing. On p. 40, the lady author makes a "black cavalcade"—that is, a procession on horseback—"issue forth" from a house!

THE KINGS OF ISRAEL AND JUDAH. Their History Explained to Children. By the Author of the "Peep of Day." New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. Cincinnati: George Crosby. Thick 16mo. Pp. 416. \$1.50.

This pretty volume comes to help mothers and teachers. It assumes that children will not teach themselves, and yet that they are always seeking for amusement and instruction. The judicious teacher will combine these two elements; and here comes a popular author with a hundred and fifty chapters of well-selected and well-arranged matter to help in the elucidation of the historical portion of the Bible to the young. The book is alive with those surest teachers of the youthful mind, pictures.

CINCINNATI INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION FOR 1871. Also the Rules and Regulations for the Third Exposition, to commence September 4, 1872.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. By Rev. G. Rawlinson, M. A., Camden Professor of Ancient History, Oxford. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. 12mo.

Capital book, beautifully printed and bound, and indispensable in the Sunday-school library.

THE DAY-STAR; or, the Gospel Story for the Little Ones. By Agnes Giberne. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. Cincinnati: George Crosby. 16mo. \$1.50.

A sustained life of the Savior; narrative interspersed with dialogue; taken out of the Gospels. Adapted to young children.

LIONEL ST. CLAIR; or, Under the Banian-tree. By L. A. Moucrieff. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. Cincinnati: George Crosby. 18mo. Pp. 356.

A story for boys and girls.

MIREIO: A Provençal Poem. By Frederic Mistral. Translated by Harriet W. Preston. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cincinnati: J. Holbrook & Co.

The poems of troubadours and minstrels in the Middle Ages were favorite in courts and camps, in ladies' chambers and servants' halls, and none more so than those of fair Provence. This is a specimen of revived Provençal literature. It is a pastoral which sings "the love of a Provençal maid," and would be charming for its simplicity, apart from its careful reproduction of the manners, customs, and ideas of the localities it describes. The translation is smooth English, and yet apparently faithful to the original.

IN PAPER COVERS.—*The Nether Side of New York.* By Edward Crapsey. New York: Sheldon & Co.

A Bridge of Glass. By F. W. Robinson.

Cecil's Tryst. By the Author of "Carlyon's Year."

Albert Lunel. By Lord Brougham. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Two Plunges for a Pearl. By Mortimer Collins.

Good-bye, Sweetheart. By Rhoda Broughton.

Our Foreign Department.

WE propose as a new feature in the REPOSITORY, hereafter, a Foreign Department, of a few pages, devoted largely to the labor and aims of women abroad, with a view of bringing to their sisters on this side of the water, the life and strife of their sex beyond the seas.

There is, just now, in all Christian lands, an intense desire on the part of the female sex to rise to a higher life, and fill a broader sphere in Christian civilization. And the chords of sympathy are becoming so close and direct among all Christian women, that we feel that we can do to the women of our land no greater favor than to introduce to them the leading members of their sex abroad, and their efforts toward social, literary, and Christian progress.

But, while we make that our primary object in these pages, we shall take the liberty of roaming in whatever fields of culture and refinement may seem to us calculated to interest our lady patrons, and make to them "Our Foreign Department" a welcome visitor.

WE notice an unusual activity on the part of the women of England, and those of the Continent, in the matter of new periodicals devoted to their special interests. The *Victoria Magazine*, published by Mrs. Emily Faithful, has fairly earned its good reputation by a most dignified and consistent course for several years. It has become an influential and worthy champion of the sex, and has been very successful in defending the industrial interests of women in their almost hopeless competition with men for a broader sphere of labor and more generous compensation.

As a supplement to the *Victoria*, we have now a new weekly journal entitled *Woman*, and devoted to female interests from an educational, social, and domestic point of view. It is edited by Amelia Lewis, and is published in London, by the Colonial Publishing Company. The lady introduces herself with a vigorous salutory in which she *manfully* combats the old text of the Middle Ages, "*Every thing for women; and nothing through women.*" She complains that this doctrine is falsely gallant and very short-sighted, and thinks it on a par with the principle, "Every thing for the people; but nothing through the people." In her first address to her readers, the editress says that the woman question has taken different shadings in the various countries of the civilized world. In England, whose political development is superior to that of any other European land, it has a political character. In Germany, the land of learning, the women are endeavoring to enlarge the sphere of instruction for their daughters, and to impart to the poorer girls a knowledge of occupations that will enable them

honestly to earn their livelihood. In France, the land in which is the greatest striving after social equality, women are endeavoring to burst the fetters laid upon them by many of the conventional usages of society and social life.

The *Woman* has been published now for several months without any recognition from the other English journals, but we judge that a few more months of vigorous labor on the part of the editress will open their eyes to the fact that they have a rival in the field, who will prove its right to exist by the fruits that it will bring forth.

THAT there is plenty of room in Merry England for improvement in the treatment of women, is proved by a recent leader in the *London Times*, in which the writer bursts forth into honest, if not affected, indignation, at the conduct of certain English judges in the punishment of men who had ill-treated their wives. The lower grade of Englishmen still regard their wives as their property, and feel quite at liberty to treat them as if they were beasts; and in two recent cases, both judge and jury seem to indorse this view of the matter.

In the one instance, a man had cruelly beaten his wife, so that she nearly lost the use of one eye, and needed to go to the hospital. On her return home, the wretch whipped her again, so that she totally lost the use of her eye. The jury declared that the man had been guilty of brutal conduct, but that he had only made use of the right guaranteed to him by the laws of England, according to which his wife is his property.

In another case, the man had really caused the death of his wife in this way: They were crossing the London Bridge, which is always crowded with a multitude of vehicles, of all descriptions, when the husband pushed his wife off the sidewalk, causing her to fall under the wheels of a heavy freight-wagon, where she was crushed to death. The brute brought the body to the hospital, and made great pretense of grief, in consequence of which, judge and jury liberated him, although numerous witnesses testified to his vindictive and cruel nature. As a counterpart to this, on the same day, the same judge and jury condemned a man, who had assaulted another and stolen his watch, to thirty lashes and five months' imprisonment. Therefore, in the eyes of an English judge, a man's watch is of more value than a woman's eye or life. An "Earnest English-woman," in another column of the *Times*, appeals to English judges to treat cruelty to wives as they treat cruelty to animals.

MADAME DAUBIE, of Paris, has just given to the world an enlarged and revised edition of her famous

work known as the "Poor Woman of the Nineteenth Century." It is of great value to foreigners as a guide to the peculiar complaints of French women concerning what they consider the wrongs which they endure in their social relations. It is distinguished for thoroughness of treatment and a certain masculinity of character, which would lead us to say that it is the production of a masculine pen, were we not assured to the contrary. Madame devotes a chapter of lamentations to the fact that women have not the right of suffrage, and are not lawyers, public orators, professors, and physicians, and especially that they have not the precious privilege of becoming office-holders. Passing over these matters, about which, we opine, there will be a difference of opinion, we judge that all will sympathize with her in regard to some peculiar hardships of that portion of French women who need to earn their bread by hard labor.

She complains of the man milliners and dress-makers that infest Paris, and secure the most fashionable and valuable patronage. She justly thinks that men might be satisfied in being tailors, and spending so much of their time over the goose and the needle in the interest of their own sex; but she utterly repudiates the fellow who can condescend to the creation of puffs and frills, flounces and trains; and here we vote with Madame *viva voce*. She also complains bitterly of the male cooks and chamber-maids of Paris and France, and indulges in caustic diatribes, generally, at the whole race of men who follow feminine occupations to the exclusion of thousands of worthy women, who are driven into vice by man's injustice first, and his falsity in the second place.

She contends with great eloquence for the establishment of industrial schools to teach women all occupations for which they are evidently fitted; and then would have the government set the example, by employing only women in certain spheres where it is clear that they could be as useful as men. A very interesting chapter is devoted to the cause of the domestic female servants, who are said to be the most unfortunate of all the toilers of their sex. It is affirmed that but few of them marry—what a blessing our housewives would consider this!—and that the most of them grow old in service without being able to save any thing from their slender income, and are then, like worn-out horses, turned out to die, frequently finding their end in hospitals and poor-houses. Madame Daubié claims that women ought to be employed as nurses in all hospitals and asylums, especially those for the insane; and opens up a new vein of thought in the assertion that, in the government pawnbroking or loan establishments, it is very cruel to employ men, because they are so hard-hearted, and never experience or yield to any emotion on witnessing the trials through which those are called to pass who are forced to pledge their household goods to the necessities of the hour. On the whole, Madame says many good things, and opens up to us some of the peculiar hardships of French women; but she is about as full of vagaries and as impracticable as most of the masculine theorizers of her Gallic race.

WE have been forcibly impressed with the great value of social songs to an illiterate people with few resources, on reading a recent publication concerning the songs of the Russian people. We have always considered their language so harsh, unyielding, and crowded with unmusical consonants, as to render it the last language in the world for melody or sentiment. But it seems that the Russian peasant literally sings his way through the world. Every special occasion of his life has its peculiar songs. Every festival and every season is enlivened with songs handed down to posterity by the fathers. And these are said often to be the very soul of genial poetry. Song lightens the burdens of the toiling hours in the cabin or the field, in sunshine and rain, in heat or cold. And when the toilsome day is finished, and the hour of rest is come, song enlivens the circles gathered around the evening fireside.

The children grow up with the songs of childhood. When the boy becomes a young man and enters the army, festive songs soothe the sorrow of his departure to his relatives and comrades. And when the girl, as married daughter, leaves the paternal cot for her new home, the mourning parents are consoled with songs that tell of the happiness of the child that is lost to them, and these are the same they heard when, as a newly married pair, they started out to try the vicissitudes of life. And when the closing scenes of life overtake them, when the heavy eyes are closed forever, and the weary hands are crossed in peace on the silent breast, then song hovers over the cold form, and conveys passionate and loving words to the ears that are hushed in death.

But even here the reign of song does not cease; for with every returning Spring the memory of the departed is kept fresh by a pilgrimage to their graves, which are decorated with flowers and verdure, while the friends sing the songs of their forefathers over the mounds that cover the forms of loved ones. Thus an enslaved people always find consolation for their chains, and sing away the sorrows of a hard lot in struggling with an ungenerous earth and cold and gloomy skies. The very songs themselves are monotonous and plaintive, as if they borrowed their key from the boundless steppes of the broad Russian realm.

Their rulers have learned the value of the maxim, that he who makes the songs of a people may leave to others the making of the laws; for these lays teach the masses such loyalty to rulers and priests that it is comparatively an easy matter to govern them. Whole chapters are devoted to songs inculcating fidelity to sovereign and love to father-land, while others give but nuptial or funereal lays. In short, the literature of the illiterate Russian is contained in these melodies that follow them from the cradle to the grave, and mold their characters for life, and largely for eternity. We confess to a higher respect for the Russian people for their songs; for a nation that is always singing must have a great many good qualities which follow naturally in the train of the harmony of sweet sounds and tender or loyal sentiments.

General Conference Notes.

IN accordance with the practice of our honored predecessors, we insert a few notes upon the doings of the late General Conference, held in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, New York, during the month of May. To attempt to add any thing to the immense amount of information and comment already before the public, in the dailies and weeklies, secular and religious, at this late period, three months after the adjournment, seems almost superfluous, and yet, according to custom, we have the floor, and on a few matters may have our say.

The first act of the body, the admission of lay delegates, by which it was in fact constituted a new body, or, if you like it better, an old body constituted anew, was one of deep interest. The harmonious manner in which lay and clerical delegates worked together after they had once gotten in motion, so that it was soon impossible to tell a cleric from a laic, was delightful. The effort of the laity to secure a separate vote in the election of bishops and Book Agents occasioned some needless alarm. The right is undoubted; the sole question was as to whether it was about to be judiciously exercised. It is doubtless one that, like an executive veto, ought to be cautiously exercised, and preachers, who were startled, and some even scandalized, by the first abortive effort of the laity to assert the right, should remember that occasions may arise, indeed are quite likely to arise, when it will seem important for them to demand and secure a vote separate from the laity. It is all important for preachers and laity to trust each other. With many of us the leading object was to get the laity in, plan or no plan, good plan or poor plan—get them in, and then let them help us make a plan for future operations that shall best serve the purposes of the Church and the Divine glory. Better plans might have been made, doubtless; better plans will be made; but it was, to say the least, in a high degree assuming, for eight or nine thousand ministers to say to a million of laymen, "Wait till we make a plan that perfectly suits us, and then we will admit you on that!" Gracious condescension! "But your plan is unconstitutional." When did revolutions heed constitutions?

In 1845, the Missouri Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church became the Missouri Conference of the Church South, and left half a dozen loyal men, who would not go with the secession, afloat. They applied for admission into the Illinois Conference. There was no "constitutional" mode by which they could be received. The Discipline prescribed no mode by which men, who had no papers but their parchments of ordination, could come in, except by admission on trial. How did we save those men, clinging to the wreck of a Church gone to pieces, on the other side of a line which another "plan" for-

bade us to cross, even to save the perishing? We took them in bodily, without law or precedent, as expressed in the debates of those days, "If we can not get them in at the door, let us take down the side of the house and let them in."

The laity are in, thank God; and now brother Perrine may become the apostle of a new "plan," the inaugurator of a more Scriptural form of government, a better equilibrium of lay and clerical power, and new styles of Conference and administration; and we will warrant him better success with the laity at his side for counselors and coadjutors, than he would have had if he had kept them out till he could have brought over the clergy to his plans and views. Nearly one-half the lay delegates of the late General Conference were governors, lawyers, and judges, eminent jurists, whose life-study has been constitutions. The anti-plannists of 1868 and 1872 will hereafter have the advantage of the wisdom, experience, and godly counsel of brethren as wise, as skilled, as religiously disinterested as the ministry, in the construction of a form of Church government that shall have for its sole objects God's glory and the "greatest good of the greatest number."

One of the best abused and most thoroughly misunderstood men on the floor of the General Conference, was Dr. Perrine, of Michigan. If the Conference could or would have listened dispassionately to his speech, or read it, as published in pamphlet form afterward, the mirth and ridicule so unsparingly lavished from pit, platform, and gallery, every time he rose to speak, would have been changed into respect, if not admiration, for the man and his sentiments. Hundreds carried away the impression—uncorrected to-day—that Professor Perrine is an uncompromising, obstinate, opinionated foe of lay delegation. Nothing is further from the truth. His opposition, that of many others, was to the "plan." The "plan," in his view, was narrow and unscriptural. He would substitute for it the broadest lay privilege in the constitution and government of the Church. His theories are radical. They go to the very foundation of existing forms. In place of a close corporation, like a quarterly conference, brother Perrine would give to the "people"—"the entire adult membership," sisters of course included—"the right to choose their rulers, their elders, and their bishops." He would have "the right of elective franchise extended to the entire adult membership, in all primary elections to the annual conferences, so that preachers recommended and laymen sent up shall alike be the representatives of the people." He would have "the members of the annual conferences, lay and clerical, join in the election of all delegates to the General Conference," and would have the General Conference itself divided into two houses, commons

and lords, representatives and senators, after the style of Parliament and Congress; and would give to the bishops, somewhere and somehow, the right to vote. Such are the outlines of Professor Perrine's plan; and we submit that while they may be regarded as the advanced ideas of a reformer or an enthusiast, there is nothing in them that indicates either the madman or the fool.

One of the pleasant features of the Conference was the number of delegates sent from other Christian bodies, bearing fraternal greetings. To letters and messengers from all styles of Methodists, Presbyterians and Baptists added their Christian salutations. These interchanges of kindly words are evidences of the growing catholicity of the age, and point to the good time coming when the Churches shall be one, not in organic union, but in a republic of Christian governments, each having a State administration of its own, preserving its own internal forms of government, doctrine, and laws, but all bound together in a common confraternity, a confederation, with Christ for its president and head. To save the time of the next General Conference, and to give to delegates from abroad opportunity to make their addresses without being crowded for time, the Committee on Fraternal Delegates recommended the adoption of the plan used, we believe, by Presbyterians and Wesleyans, namely, evening services, when the Conference can be at leisure, and the outside public can be present. The Committee recommended fixing Wednesday, May 10, 1876, as the day when the General Conference would receive fraternal delegates and their credentials, and the evening of that day, and others that might be selected, for listening to the speeches of brethren from abroad. The plan of the Committee, wise as it was, got on to the "table"—the tomb of many worse ones—and never, we believe, found resurrection.

General Conference made eight new bishops, brief sketches of whom appeared in our July issue. We hope to have the pleasure, through skillful engraving, in future numbers, to disabuse the public mind of the possible fancy that the bishops, or any of them, bear the slightest resemblance to the gorilla-looking crowd that appeared, bearing their reverend names, directly after the election, in *Hearth and Home* and *Harper's Weekly*. There were sullen rumors, in non-episcopal circles, of inditing the editors of those journals for assault and battery, in leveling at the countenances of the sacred bench such awful "cuts." But when the new editors appeared, similarly "cut" up, the bishops professed themselves avenged, and all proceedings looking to damages were indefinitely postponed.

Dividing the seventy-two conferences into twelve districts was a grand stride in the right direction. It would have been a larger and a grander, if into the heart of each one of these twelve districts one of the effective superintendents had been projected to reside and preside during the next four years. As now ordered, it looks like a huge practical joke to send Madam Episcopus to set up her sewing-machine, cook her chops and steaks, and look after her family

in Cincinnati, St. Paul, or Omaha, while her absent lord ranges, Lorenzo Dow fashion, nine months out of twelve, from East Maine to San Francisco, in pursuit of conferences, with Germany, China, India, and the islands of the sea thrown in, by way of variety.

Regard it as we may, profitable or otherwise, it is nevertheless certain, that this free, roaming Methodist apostolate is about the only relic left us to-day of the genuine old-time itinerancy. Presiding elders' rounds, once as large as a mission district of '72, have shrunk to the dimensions of a two-weeks' circuit of olden days, and circuits themselves have collapsed to solitary stations. The further demand is that the general superintendency, which now emphatically and literally says, "The world is my parish," be let down to a sectional superintendency. This cry, which comes up quadrennially, "Give us a bishop for New England," "a bishop for the South," "a bishop for the Pacific Coast," is the expression of a desire for that which itinerancy can never furnish, local influence and power. The whole matter resolves itself into the question of the respective advantages of the pastoral and evangelistic systems. We can not discuss that topic here, but if our lady readers would like our views upon it, we may give them hereafter.

One more pleasant feature of the grand quadrennial gathering of the largest Christian body in the United States, if not in the world, remains to be noticed. It was the regular attendance, day after day, from the beginning to the close, of some scores of "elect ladies," the talent, the piety—it would savor too much of the novel and newspaper to say, the "beauty"—of the Church. They were there in full force, in box and dress-circle and gallery, interested spectators, and close observers of all that passed. As we beheld their countenances beaming down upon us, now lit up with smiles, and now clouded with concern, we could not help inquiring whether, in the mutations of the times, the day would come when Lucretia Motts, Anna Dickinsons, Maggie Van Cotts, Emily Huntington Millers, and Jennie Willings, would make the floor of a General Conference vocal with the fervid eloquence peculiar to the sex. And then the question arose to be answered only in the results of the experiment, Would the Church or the sex be the better for the change?

The erection of district conferences is an experiment. We have no reason to question the wisdom of the measure. Like many others, it will stand or fall, be justified or condemned, by success or failure. It might be objected to as tending to the multiplication of machinery. With quarterly conferences once in three months; district conferences once in six; annual conferences once in twelve, and General Conference every four years,—the work looks as though it were in danger of being conferred to death. The danger of the hour, it seems to us, is the substitution of mechanism for life, spirit, power. Given the power, all the inventive faculties of the age should be brought into requisition to supply modes for husbanding and directing it to the best

advantage. Power wanting, machinery will only cumber the Church, and drain time and money for naught.

The missionary work of the Church is justly regarded as one of its most important interests. General Conference showed its appreciation of this interest in the care it took to man the department strongly for the next four years. If its first and most anxious care was to select eight of its choicest men to be the overseers of the Church, and the annual disposers of the fates of their itinerant brethren, its next solicitude was to pick from the remainder of the body three men on whom it might safely devolve the management of the Missionary Society for the ensuing quadrennium. If fasting and prayer are deemed necessary to guide in the choice of bishops, fasting and prayer should certainly precede the election of missionary secretaries. For this important post, three good men were chosen—Doctors Dashiell, Reid, and Eddy—men of energy, enterprise, wisdom, carefulness, and wide repute. The first anxiety, as it will doubtless be the first effort, of the new secretaries, should be to rouse poetic enthusiasm in conferences and Churches on the subject of missions. It is matter of notoriety and concern that a certain arithmeticalness is creeping upon the Church, and chilling the romance that vitalized our missionary operations a generation ago. Soul-stirring appeals before conferences and Churches are giving place to formal sermons, dry essays, and drier statistics. The monetary success that has attended the "plan" is its justification. Its annual question, "How much for missions?"—nightmare to the reckless or the faithless—works wonders, and is a material success. But plan, to be permanently successful, must be religiously ensouled, not merely with intellectual conviction and sense of duty, but with passion, warmth, heart-thrills, life, fire. We sometimes sigh for the wild enthusiasm of the days of Cookman, Taylor, Fisk, Olin, and Durbin in his prime. The cause is as glorious as ever. It is moving forward with steadiness and regularity, but the momentum will bear acceleration. We hope the new secretaries will set conferences and Churches all ablaze with contagious fervor.

The recognition of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, faint as it was, was right; it was "all that was asked," it was said; it was certainly not all that the writer would have granted, had it been in his power. He would have severed the Foreign Board from the Domestic, wedded it to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Board, appointed a male secretary and a female secretary, made their collections and efforts joint, and sent them forth to bless heathendom with their united labors. As it is, this Society is destined to be a power in the Church.

General Conference did a wise thing in appointing an educational secretary; and, if any thing could compensate for the loss of Dr. E. O. Haven's services in the episcopate, it would be his election to the supervision of this high trust. Dr. Haven has energy, will, experience as an educator, experience as an organizer. He would at once place the educational

interests of the Church far in advance of their present position. Our colleges need suggestions from a wise and clear head on various vital questions,—how to get money; how to spend it to the best advantage; how to build after the best models and in most convenient styles; how to keep out of debt; how to get out if they are in. They need a common curriculum; advice and direction as to text-books; where to seek the best teachers; how to provide for indigent students; how to tide over an annual Commencement without making a dozen doctors of divinity. Our seminaries need similar paternal care and ministration; and, above all, the entire educational interests of the Church, from Atlantic to Pacific, need to be bound together in one, with one head, one heart, one system, one movement, one life-thought. Our Church has not such another enterprise as this.

The *North-western Advocate*, of last week, intimates the possibility that Dr. Haven will not accept the position to which he is elected, so great is the pressure brought to bear upon him by the friends of the University at Evanston. Heartily as we wish all manner of success to the University, we can not but hope that Dr. Haven will sacrifice the local to the general call—be president of all the colleges in the country, the great university of Methodism, rather than head of a single gymnasium. General Conference would have but few officers of any sort if the local interests, from which brethren are ruthlessly torn away to make bishops, editors, and secretaries, were to have their way. Numbers of rising men throughout our borders are good timber for college presidencies, but only now and then a man is fit for so grand an enterprise as that committed by the General Conference to the oversight of Dr. E. O. Haven.

One topic of interest to our lady readers, carefully considered by the General Conference, was "women's work in the Church." The great fact that woman has always been a power in the Methodist Church was fully recognized, and two institutions were specially recommended to the whole Church; namely, the "Woman's Foreign Missionary Society," and "The Ladies and Pastors' Christian Union," "two institutions worthy of their highest gifts and noblest efforts." Protestantism needs, and has long needed, some agency akin to the Romanist sisterhoods—a sort of female sub-pastorate to visit the sick, the poor, strangers, and the necessitous. Local committees of ladies distributed throughout the bounds of a charge to give the preacher notice of any need of his special labors, to supply his place, as far as possible, in frequent visitation, have long been a felt necessity, particularly among the preachers, upon whom the ever-increasing demand for pulpit preparation and labor leaves ever-lessening time for outside work. People seem to feel that a preacher should be omnipresent and omniscient. He must be in his study and at their homes in a breath. He must know that they are sick, and is held accountable for his ignorance if he does not. Many a time the pastor's righteous soul is vexed within him, when some brother or sister reproachfully says, "I was sick for

three weeks, and you never came near me." "But I did not know it." "Did the doctor visit you?" "Ah, to be sure." "But how did the doctor know you were sick?" "Why, we sent for him." "Why did you not send for me also? I could have been there as easily as the doctor." Now the Ladies' and Pastor's Aid Society is designed to supply this needed knowledge, and to take away occasions for this unmerited reproach. Beautifully and harmoniously do the ladies of a Church and the pastor work together always. This society will give form and system, shape and power, to efforts that have hitherto been desultory, and consequently straggling and feeble. Let our ladies second the action of the General Conference, and every-where organize Pastors' Aid Societies, and every-where constitute branches of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

The Committee on the State of the Church recommended the insertion in the Discipline of the following stringent provisions under the head of "Imprudent Conduct :—"

"Indulging sinful tempers or words; the buying or selling or using intoxicating liquors as a beverage; dancing; playing at games of chance; attending theaters, horse-races, circuses, dancing-parties, or patronizing dancing-schools, or taking such other amusements as are obviously of misleading or questionable moral tendency, or disobedience to the order and discipline of the Church."

Stringent and searching as these specifications are, there is no doubt that they are thoroughly Methodist, and that their expression in form by the legislators of the Church was timely. Worldliness is the besetting sin of the Church to-day. Restrain them all we can by preaching and legislation, there is no doubt that our people, especially the young, will go far enough in the direction of what some call "innocent," and some "sinful," amusements, according to the convictions of different consciences. Let down the barriers, open the flood-gates, remove all resistance, and there is no doubt that the inrush of dissipation and license would overwhelm all Church discipline, smother all piety, and obliterate every line of distinction between the Church and the world. The only question is, how much should be specified, and how much should be left to individual conscience and judgment. Methodism has been a specifying system from the outset. In this it imitates the Bible. For the guidance of mature and philosophic minds a few general principles may suffice, but the average human and Christian has to be treated like a child, held in check by precepts and commands, "thou shalt," and "thou shalt not." If it be assumed that people can be good Christians, and practice theater-going, card-playing, dancing, and the like, one thing is certain, they can not be good Methodists and do these things.

The recommendation seconded by an able report, giving the reasons for revising the "Hymn-book," by Dr. D. A. Whedon, was squelched chiefly by the eloquence of Drs. Buckley and Curry, though the call for revision, for the sake of introducing newly written hymns, expunging dead matter, revising

hymns heretofore badly revised, and inserting hymns adapted to a wider range of special occasions, seemed to the Committee to be imperative and general. Perhaps the action of the General Conference was wise. One man can compile a hymn-book better than fifty or five, and this is probably the best way to get a revision. Let any who have a passion for revising take the next four years for it, and submit their labors to the ensuing General Conference, who will appoint a commission of bishops, editors, and poets to examine the work, and, if approved, at once to take measures for adoption and circulation.

The "million and a half of dollars" that would be "wasted" by changing a new edition for an old one, can be saved by a little anticipative economy. Let the publishers slack up in publishing, the people slow up in buying, and present owners wear a little harder than usual on books in hand for the four years to come, and we will all be ready for a new book without loss about five years from this writing.

Lungs, assurance, a good cause, or the good side of a bad cause, are of inestimable value on the floor of a General Conference. The body is always edified by some speakers, always bored by others, and has hidden stores of wisdom in individuals and delegations that never address the chair. In former years annual conferences talked a great deal more than they do now. Perhaps the General Conference will find it not inconsistent with safe and sufficient legislation to follow their example. From a hasty glance at the lists of the delegations, and marking the "chief speakers" of each, we estimate that the General Conference was mainly "run," so far as speaking is concerned, by about forty ministers and ten laymen. This is ever so, and probably the silent members are grateful to the talkers for saving their strength and lungs. The late body was unwieldy. The diminished rate of representation, from thirty to forty-five, will reduce it somewhat; it needs further reduction; in our judgment, the equalization of the lay and clerical elements—the best we can do till we get brother Perrine's two houses.

It saddens us to think of the changes the next four years will bring; the Thomsons, Clarks, Kingsleys, and McClintocks, that will die; the eloquence, wisdom, and goodness of the late General Conference, on floor and platform, that will never grace or dignify another! Those who dwell in the region of the seventies, Morris, Durbin, Peck, Akers, will soon be transferred to a home with the eternal ages, and younger and blither spirits will follow, nay, may precede them, to the land beyond the shades.

And now, the ecclesiastical bark of Methodism, having been hauled on to the ways for a month—sea-weed and barnacles scraped from the keel, bottom new coppered, hull new rigged and repainted, fore-castle new manned, and quarter new officered—is afloat again for another four years. May God give smooth seas and favoring gales!

Roll-call, on Tuesday, June 4th, showed that 244 ministers and 60 laymen were present, and 67 ministers and 69 laymen absent. The next session is to be held in the city of St. Louis.

Editor's Table.

VALEDICTORY.—Eight years ago the Church, very unexpectedly to ourself, sent us to the editorship of the *REPOSITORY*. We accepted it as the order of Providence expressed by the Church. The same voice now calls us from the editor's chair to another post of duty and responsibility. As cheerfully and submissively as we obeyed the first mandate, we now accept the second. For more than a score of years we have tried to be a faithful Methodist preacher, and, without reservation, have always cheerfully subscribed to what we consider one of the first duties of a Methodist preacher—to obey the authority of the Church in assigning us our field of labor. We have the utmost faith in our Methodistic system, and have always felt that the voice of our Church, when properly expressed, is the voice of God, or is, at least, the best earthly interpretation we can have of the will of God. Our appointments we have, therefore, accepted cheerfully, believing them thus to be in the line of God's providence concerning us.

As we said eight years ago, in entering upon our editorial duties, we do it hopefully and confidently, expecting the Providence that sent us to the work, to assist our infirmities, and supplement our deficiencies; so we now enter upon our new duties in the same hopeful and trusting spirit. We are as fully convinced of our deficiencies for the new work as we were for the old; but we look to the same great Helper for wisdom and strength, and know that he will assist us while we humbly trust in him. Whether our labors shall be more arduous than they have been, we know not; but we are sure they can be no more pleasant than have been our duties in connection with the *REPOSITORY*. However cheerfully we may accept the new position, we can not refrain from expressing sincere regrets that we have been called to retire from the old one. Whatever new associations our future work may give to us, we are sure we shall never forget our most pleasant association with the readers and contributors of the *REPOSITORY*. We thank our thousands of readers for their indulgence and cheerful acceptance of what, from month to month, we were able to provide for them. We beg leave to assure our many contributors of our high appreciation of their valuable and indispensable assistance in furnishing to our readers our monthly feast of good things, and we sincerely thank you for your courteous and cheerful acceptance of our decisions as the best we could do. To the press we owe hearty thanks for the generous appreciation and hearty commendations given to the *REPOSITORY*.

Our sadness in parting from the delightful associations of the *REPOSITORY*, is greatly lightened by the fact that our beloved magazine is to fall into entirely competent hands. Our successor comes to you

freighted with good things; he brings talents of a high order, extensive acquirements, and broad and varied experience; to the work the Church has assigned him. We have known him for many years, and are sure of his success. We most heartily commend him to the confidence and love of the friends of the *REPOSITORY*. And now may the blessing of God abide with the new editor, with the contributors and readers of the *REPOSITORY*, and may we all finally be brought together in the eternal home, in Christ Jesus!

I. W. WILEY.

SALUTATORIAL.—"Interpreting the voice of the Church as the voice of God," were the impressive words prebended by Bishop Janes, at the ordination of the new bishops, to the usual question, "Do you feel yourself called of God to the office and work of a bishop?" The words were used, doubtless, to satisfy the scruples of any who might not have been conscious of any sensible Divine drawings in the episcopal direction, and whose main evidence that they were called to the episcopal office was the "voice of the Church," expressed in their election.

None but a deist would deny the Divine providence in such a matter; and yet we are prone to look solely at the human side of the question, to see only human agencies at work, to give to attendant circumstances human estimates, to speak of certain things as "small," "insignificant," "trifling;" as though God were not infinite in minutiae as in magnitude; as careful to direct the appointment of the humblest itinerant as to preside at the election of high Church officials; the God of non-elections as well as of elections. In this view, the ballot is not more certainly an expression of the will of the Conference than it is of the Divine will. The call of God may be spiritual, an inner vocation; it may be that outer and more frequent manifestation of the Divine will, a material impulsion, a social revolution, a shutting of all avenues but the one directly before us—the way that may lie through the sea, with the enemy behind and mountains on either hand, through which our footsteps must follow the pillar of cloud and fire.

This is all the apology the writer has to offer for presuming to enthrone himself in the editorial chair, graced, during a generation, with the best and highest talent of the Church; this is his sole reason why he dares to present himself before the ladies of the Church as the conductor of their magazine, as the lineal successor of the graceful Hamline, the elegant Thomson, the scholarly Tefft, the laborious Clark, the lucid Wiley. The history of his election is before the Church. It was what a godless looker-on might have characterized as a curious chance-game of "cross-purposes." It was what the Christian

calls "providential." Somebody is reported to have uttered the word "providential," and somebody else is said to have "laughed" at the utterance; better to have substituted a Methodist "amen" for the untimely smile.

Your editor is here, he firmly believes, at the bidding of Divine providence, and, by the singular workings of that same providence, he is here, sustained by the Christian sympathy and gentlemanly generosity of his friendly rivals in the contested canvass; and, finally, he is here by virtue of what the world calls a "fortunate," and the Christian a "providential," turn of events, backed up by that which the venerable Henry Slicer deemed so desirable, the "moral force" of the vote of the entire General Conference. Under such circumstances, the Methodist preacher who would not do his best, who would not bring every energy to the front, and tax every drop of the "snap and juice" there is in him to make a success of his position, would be recreant to himself, his Conference, the Church, and God.

BISHOP WILEY.—The retiring editor, Dr. Wiley, the deservedly popular editor of the *REPOSITORY* for the last eight years, has descended from the tripod of the sanctum to ascend the bishop's throne. He is the fourth that has exchanged the quill for the crosier, the editor's den for the chief seat in the sanctuary. No wonder there is such a rush for the vacant chair, since this office has come to be considered the regular route to the episcopacy. We have no aspirations, and our chief regret is, that we may be blocking the path of some one who has a "Divine call" in that direction. If we are, and the "called" brother sees no other possible route to make his "calling and election sure," let him write us, and, if the bishops will consent, we will resign again, and hie to our beautiful village on the banks of the Mohawk, and give him, with all our heart, the coveted opportunity. The Preachers' Meeting, of Boston, proffer Bishop Wiley a hearty welcome to the "Hub."

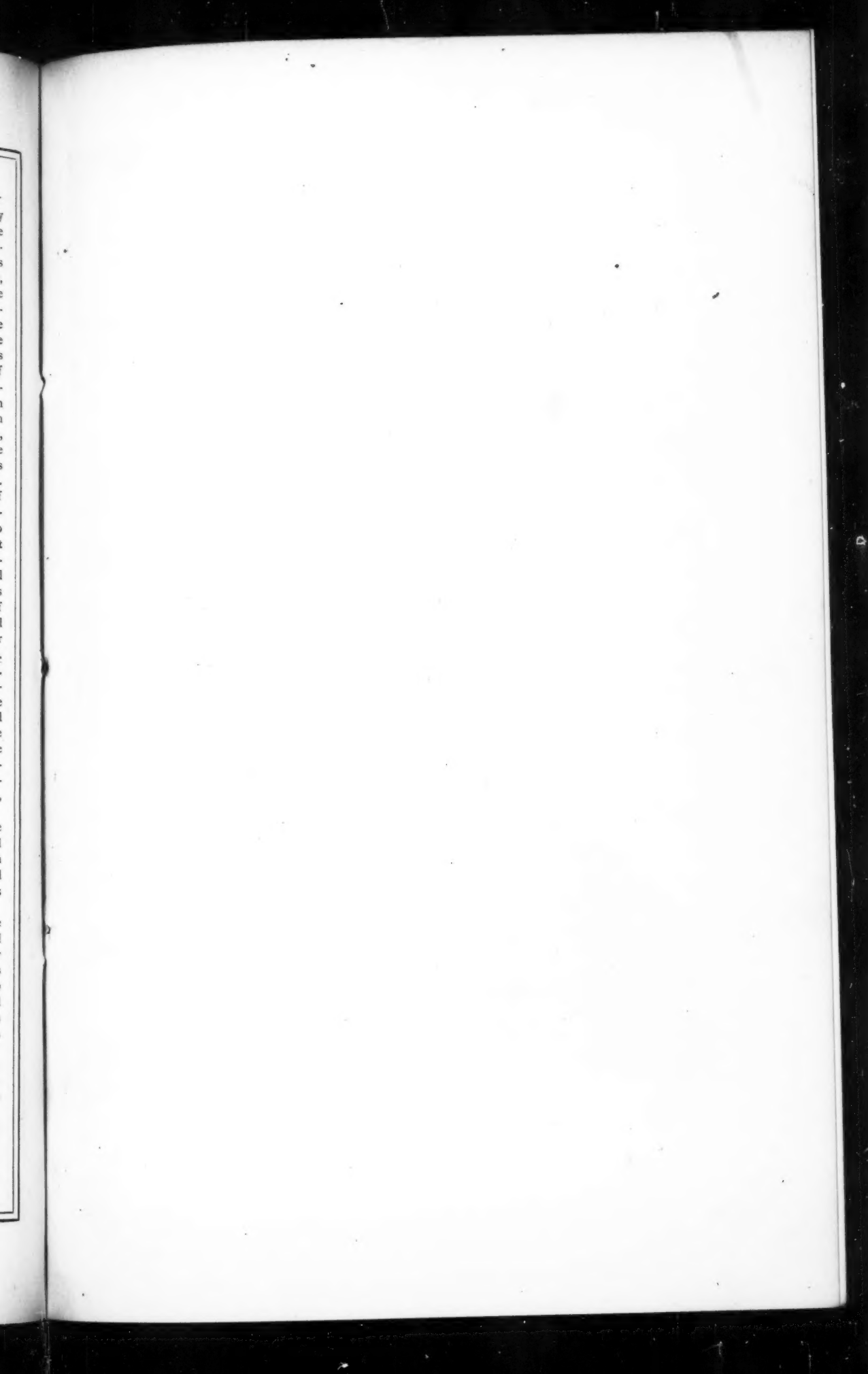
THE JUBILEE.—It would be tautological to say the Boston Jubilee. In all time to come Boston and Jubilee and Gilmore will be synonymous. Boston is evidently the only place on the face of the earth where a mammoth musical festival is possible. The greatest German sängerfests we ever heard of never assembled twenty thousand singers. We never heard or read of a festival where the crack bands of all creation appeared in their uniforms and alternated their own national airs—English, French, Prussian—with "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle." The Jubilee was a sight to see as well as a thing to hear; the vast assembly, the sea of heads, the surging ocean of humanity, the dull Niagarean roar and hum of voices, the waving of enthusiastic hats and handkerchiefs, the flags, the big organ blown by steam, the uniformed firemen filing in in rows, armed with sledge-hammers, to beat time to the "Anvil Chorus," the dull thud of the rhythmic cannon, the national airs, the waltzes, the songs, the chorals,—to see and hear all this will be remembered as the event of a life-time.

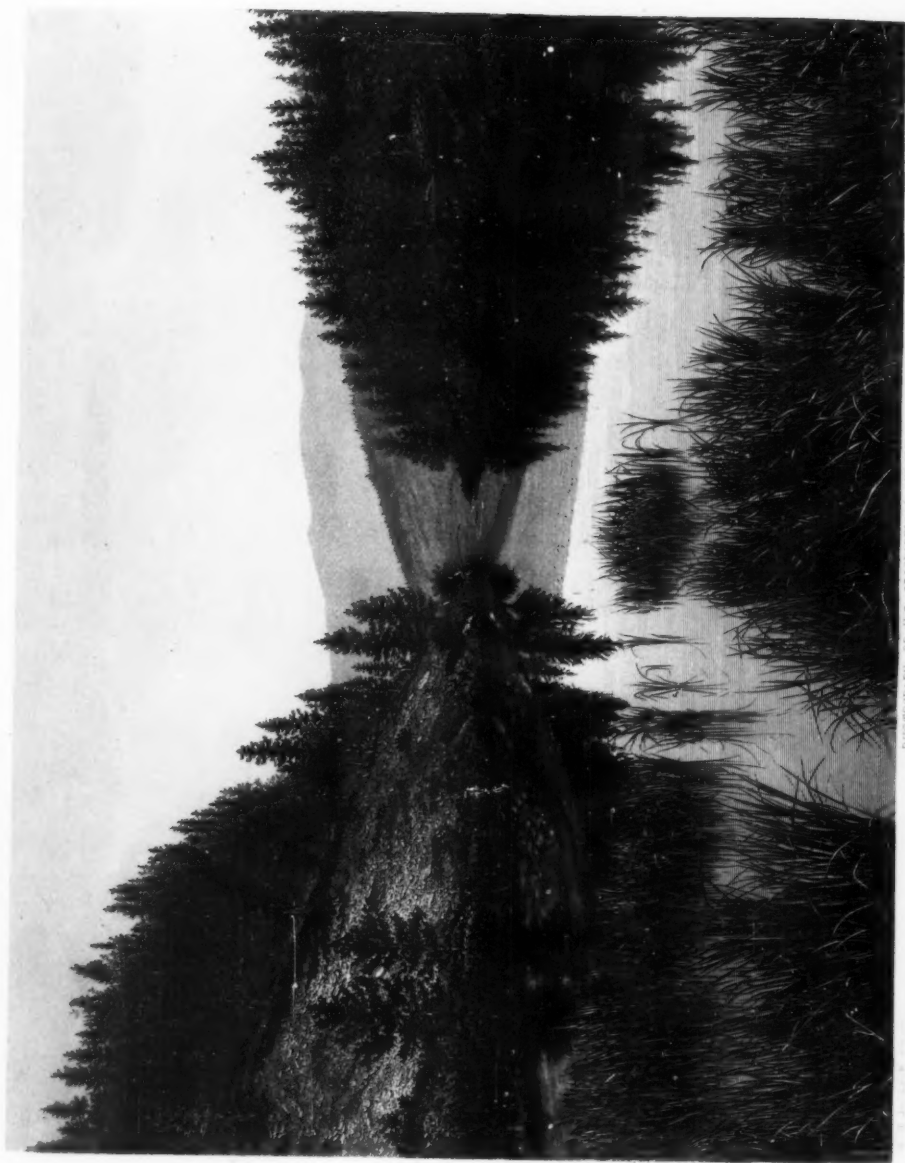
THE REPOSITORY.—The publishers of our monthly assure us of a willingness to second the efforts of the editor to make it in all respects a first-class periodical. Its field is peculiar. In the flood of magazines with which the reading public is in this day deluged, there is not one that occupies the place filled by the *LADIES' REPOSITORY*. Its size and shape are peculiar to itself; and, before we came here, we were disposed to join in the criticism upon these. We find, however, that the form, superroyal octavo, was adopted to allow the insertion of a larger size of engravings, and in this department artists of distinction say that the *REPOSITORY* has excelled from the beginning. No pains or expense has been spared to procure the best work of the best artists, and the best copies of the best pictures. During the thirty years of its existence, the *REPOSITORY* has commanded the best writing talent of the Church. To the original aim of developing the pen-power of the Church it has steadily adhered. It has preferred sense to nonsense, truth to fiction, the solid to the wishy-washy and trashy. It has assumed that the average woman of the day is equal to the discussion of strong points in physics, philosophy, and theology; capable of excursions into the higher walks of art and criticism; fonder of instruction than of amusement; more desirous of informing the mind and bettering the heart, than of filling an idle hour or an idle brain with conceits, flatteries, and vanities.

In this age it is impossible to read every thing. The table of contents serves the purposes of a bill-of-fare, and he must have a wretched mental appetite who can take up any number of the magazine and not find some one article that would be worth the price of the number to his mind or heart. The bound set of the *REPOSITORIES* is a library of itself—a cyclopedia, a mine of information on all topics, sketches of history, of character, of creation, mind, morals, art, savagery, and civilization.

In the future the *REPOSITORY* will be what the Church chooses to make it. Shut away from general circulation on cars and public thoroughfares, and in news-rooms, it is mainly dependent for its spread upon the zeal and interest of the ladies and preachers of our own denomination.

By circumstances already alluded to elsewhere, the attention of the whole denomination has been turned afresh to this commanding interest. Has God any design in this? Shall we deprecate from our pulpits the inrush of degrading literature, and take no means to supplant it by something nobler and better? Shall we banish from our center-tables trash and flash, and put into the hands of our wives and daughters nutriment for piety and thought? If each one of our eight thousand effective preachers would secure five subscribers, it would at once bring up the subscription-list of the *REPOSITORY* to forty thousand, the figure it stood at before the War. We might as well average ten as five in our widely extended communion, and this would give a circulation of eighty thousand, and would enable the publishers to spend a proportionate amount in embellishing and improving the magazine.





PHOTOGRAPH OF U.S. GEOGRAPHICAL SURVEY

SHADOW LAKE
NEAR FORT ELLIS

PREPARED FOR THE LANDS DEPARTMENT

NEAR FORT ELLIS
RECAPITULATED FOR THE LATERAL INVESTIGATION



DESIGNED BY J. SMITH & S. A. S.

ENGRAVED BY W. WILLIAMS

THE DUET

ENGRAVED FOR THE LAMBERT REPOSITORY